THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 203, Number 26

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Modern

~ true to today as travel by air

"Contact!"

The roar of a thousand horses spurred to life by a purple spark – the beat of furious propellers tearing the air apart. The mighty ship lumbers forward, then easily, gracefully, slides away into space – you're riding the skies in Pullman comfort, with lightning speed – on time for business or play.

What an age! An age that demands, and achieves, the impossible. Truly an age that has earned the best things in life.

To match this age and its critical tastes, DEL MONTE Coffee was created.

No old prejudices, no outworn ideas, no obsolete equipment stood in our way. We started fresh – able to take advantage of every modern improvement in coffee selection, blending, roasting, and packaging.

We called in coffee specialists – backed them with world-wide resources – freed them to produce the finer coffee you moderns deserve.

The result – well, try it yourself. Your grocer has DEL MONTE Coffee, or can easily get it for you. Vacuum-packed in the familiar green can with the red DEL MONTE shield, it reaches you roaster-fresh, with every bit of its precious flavor and full-bodied goodness preserved.

Brew it with the care that befits such a contribution to the art of modern living. Then taste it – sip long and deep. You'll agree that here is a flavor that really belongs to today – the coffee you want on your table.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh

IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE Coffee

FOR MODERN CRITICAL TASTES

World's largest soda fountain
in the great department store of Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, where busy Christmas shoppers pause and refresh themselves with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE WORLD comes up smiling after... *the pause that refreshes*

OF COURSE you find wonderful soda fountains in the great department stores. Even Old Santa, busiest man in the world, devotes a minute now and then to *the pause that refreshes*. It's a happy, sociable part of Christmas shopping—a little minute of rest and refreshment that gives you a fresh start. • • *The pause that refreshes*, as everyone knows, is the short time it takes to enjoy an ice-cold Coca-Cola. The busier you are the more important it becomes. You relax, take a deep breath and quench your thirst with the tingling deliciousness of this pure drink of natural flavors. And, like Santa Claus himself, you come up smiling.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN — Grantland Rice — Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra — Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time — Coast to Coast N B C Network —

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This French girl wrote me twice about her complexion . . . now she's taking Camay to Paris!

Several months ago I got a very charming letter from a French girl who was staying at one of New York's smartest hotels—the Savoy-Plaza, no less!

This girl had read some of my magazine articles about Camay. She told me she was greatly impressed when she found that 73 dermatologists had given it their approval as the proper soap for even the most delicate complexions.

She also asked my advice about how to use Camay. She had been used to such elaborate beauty treatments that she didn't know the first *thing* about how simple complexion care can and really *should* be.

I wrote her that the one beauty treatment prescribed by the authorities on the skin whom I had consulted was simply a thorough cleansing with warm water and such a gentle, mild soap as Camay at least once daily, and as much oftener as necessary.

Two months later, I got another letter from this same girl. She told me she had never found anything so good for her complexion as Camay. She said she was *so* enthusiastic about it that she was taking a large supply back to Paris with her. And she urged me to make some special arrangement so she could always get more because she didn't feel she could get along without it!

This letter was very gratifying to me, as you may imagine! But it isn't unique. Actually, I get dozens of letters every day telling me how glad girls are to know of a complexion soap which has the approval of eminent dermatologists; and how gratefully their complexions respond to the simple, regular, *right* kind of care.

So please start right away discovering for yourself how *wonderful* and *delightful* Camay is. You won't need even a week for that—the very first time you use it, I'm sure you'll realize Camay is the gentlest, most fragrant friend your complexion ever had!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

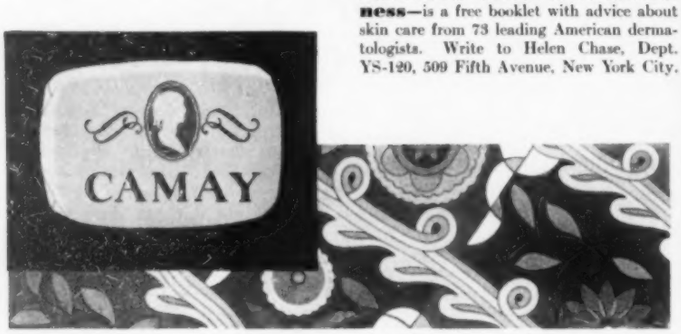
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Face Your World with Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-120, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay [called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble soap—10¢ a cake

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MAKE-BELIEVE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Suppose the Men in the Boat Were Poachers, Eh?" He Suggested. "Poachers Wouldn't Start In by Arguing With the Gamekeeper, Mr. Masteran"

SHE and Lingo were to have been called at four, a long hour before the first gray dawn would tint the east, but Norma Chasteen woke at half after three and looked at the illuminated dial of the watch upon her wrist, and lay indolently for a while thereafter, her thoughts drifting pleasantly. There was a great moon low in the west; in its radiance she could see the heavy, moss-hung boughs of the huge live oak outside her window and the silvered crests of other tall trees in the thick wood beyond. In one of the nearer tree tops a dark mass clung; she knew it for a peacock roosting there.

"You're the one," she thought smilingly, "who wakes me so early in the morning." And she got out of bed and stood looking out, while the warm wind caressed her cheek. The forest that was as luxuriant as jungle pressed close to the house on this side; the trees began just beyond the close-cropped lawn, in the middle of which a fountain tinkled. The west wind brought to her nostrils from somewhere in the wood a fragrant breath. Spring, she thought, was stirring in her sleep; the jasmine was ready to bloom, and then would come the honeysuckle, and mockingbirds would be singing on the next full moon.

She was wide awake, richly alive; her pulse throbbed faintly, as though it caught the rhythm of the surf which pounded ceaselessly on the hard beach a mile away. Then far up the island a peacock, disturbed by some night prowler or awaking to salute the moon, screamed like a huge cat; and the bird in the near-by tree stirred, his feet scraping on the bark of the bough where he roosted, and answered the call. His cry came startlingly in the wide stillness, and the girl clapped her hands to her ears and hissed at him:

"Sh-h! Idiot, be still!"

Other cock birds answered; single cries sounded here and there within a radius of a mile or more. Then silence fell across the wood again.

She stayed by the window, idly dreaming. She and Bert Lingo were to start at 4:30 for the turkey swamp up the island where old Badgero had roosted a flock the night before. Lingo had been here for a week now, bound on some business with her father; but not alone with her father, Norma thought, and smiled. They had first seen each other a year ago, under circumstances which Norma still remembered with a faint chagrin. She and half a dozen others

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"Who are You?" She Demanded. "You Don't Belong Here. No One Has Any Right to be Here. You're a Poacher"

went one night to a boxing match in Madison Square Garden. It was her first experience of the sort, and would be, no doubt, her last; but to the others, when the idea was proposed, it had seemed to promise an amusing evening. What happened was that the young man who bore her company was too anxious to play the rôle of squire of dames, resented the fact that an individual in the seat in front looked around at her admiringly. Her escort sought to make his resentment effective, and the result might have been disastrous for him and unpleasant for Norma. But Lingo, two seats away, intervened; and though he carefully avoided catching Norma's eye or adding to her embarrassment, he nevertheless quieted both the belligerents, and so earned her gratitude and a place in her memory.

Later she saw him one night in the foyer of the Opera, after the second act; they lunched at adjoining tables at Sherry's, and there were other encounters. She learned, by discreetly casual inquiries, his name, and a little more than this. He was a young man with just enough of mystery about him to be interesting. He had been an aviator during the war; had somehow come since then to an easy affluence. He liked music, played golf not too well, and he had the reputation of having read many books, and curious ones.

But beyond this there was nothing; and though she had certainly a dozen passing glimpses of the man, she had never actually met him till he came to see her father here a week ago, with a business proposal. What it was, Norma did not know; she only knew that he interested her father so much that the older man had insisted he prolong his stay for further discussion. So Lingo stayed, but business gave way now and then to other matters, and Norma, already grateful to him for that old service, found in him an audacious ingenuity which pleased her. She liked him—though not, she already understood, as much as he would wish her to.

There would be time, she thought presently, to swim before she dressed; and she went leisurely about the matter, slipping into her bathing suit, tugging the rubber cap over her dark hair. She descended quietly through the silent house. The pool was in an extension behind the living room, and the moon shone through the glass roof brightly. When she came to the margin the moon was so clear and the water so pellucid that she could see the bottom of the pool tiled in blue and gold so that it seemed star-spangled like the sky. Pillars cloaked in vines stood along the borders; two or three Italian marbles were set above the water there. The springboard, she remembered, had a way of creaking loudly. It might wake those who still were sleeping; so it was from the marble rim that she dived as smoothly as a seal, and swam along the bottom with her eyes open to see the moonlight silver on the tiles. When she came to the surface a drooping blossom of one of the vines that twined around the pillars brushed her face as she shook the water from her eyes, and a graceful figure faced her from the water of the pool. She grimaced reprovingly at the lovely reflection.

"Shameless hussy," she whispered; and then: "And you needn't be so proud, besides."

And she laughed at herself, her cheeks burning, and dived again to cool them.

The surface of the water, disturbed by her movements, was like quicksilver in the moon; yet through this mirror she was still visible as she swung in a smooth curve, the golden brown of her arms and legs tinted by the sun vividly contrasting with the smooth black of her single garment. She came to the surface at the farther end, where the ladder was; her hands were on the rungs before her capped head emerged; and she lifted herself smoothly out of the pool and stood for a moment there, rubbing the water off her face, her arms, her legs.

Someone clicked on the lights in the big living room; and Roberts, in his dressing gown, appeared in the door. She bade him a smiling good morning softly.

"You're awake, Miss Norma?" he said in sleepy surprise. "I was just going up to rouse you."

"Never mind," she directed. "I'll knock on Mr. Lingo's door."

Roberts stayed there, a bulky, heavy-shouldered figure with rumpled hair and sleep in his eyes, while she slipped up the stairs, leaving wet footprints on the polished treads.

On her way to her own room she stopped to wake Lingo. She knocked at first softly, then more firmly, till he answered in smothered tones:

"All right!"

She smiled in quick amusement. "Four o'clock," she called quietly.

A moment's pause; then: "Norma? You ready?"

"I've had a swim," she explained. And as she heard him stirring, "I'll be down before you," she challenged, and hurried away, so that she had disappeared toward her own room when he came to open his door, hoping for a glimpse of her.

Twenty minutes later she descended again, in riding boots and breeches now, and a soft chamois hunting vest over her flannel shirt. She found Roberts in the living room, with a silver tray on which orange juice, toast, jam and coffee were waiting; and Norma greeted him again, accepted the service he offered her.

"I ought to wait for Mr. Lingo," she confessed. "But I've been awake for hours and I'm starved."

He said: "Badgero sent word that he would have the horses at the crossroads this side Château, Miss Chasteen. Instead of at the fork."

She nodded in acknowledgment. "Thanks, Roberts. It's easier to reach the swamp from there."

"Will you be back for breakfast?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she promised. "We may ride back, but if we do, I'll bring Mr. Lingo along the beach. You might send a car to meet us at the end of the causeway."

He said he would do so, and she finished presently and went into the gun room to select her gun from the rack there, chose half a dozen shells from the drawer at one side, and found her turkey call. But still Lingo had not come down, and she told Roberts:

"I'm going outside. Tell Mr. Lingo to take what gun he wants, and a few shells, and I'll meet him at the car by the duck pond."

Roberts assented, and she went out across the terrace and, strolling leisurely, her gun in the crook of her arm, she traversed the wide lawn under the great oaks. Trailing scarfs of warm gray moss brushed her cheek. She had a vista of the causeway which led to the beach, and the white sand half a mile away gleamed in the moon, and the green expanse of marsh between was bright as day, save where the long shadows of the oaks extended along its nearer fringe. Here among the trees she was sheltered from the faint stir of the west wind, and the stillness about her was almost palpable. Shell crunched beneath her feet when she crossed the drive, and the sound was startlingly loud; and something scuttled under the palmettos in the thicket toward the marsh, alarmed at her passing there. She left the drive for the fringe of sod along its border, and passed around the south wing of the big house, and crossed the moonlit lawn by the fountain. She paused to look up at her own window and at the peacock roosting in the tree beyond.

The car had been left by the duck pond, far enough from the house so that the noise of the starter would not disturb those who might still be asleep. She turned that way, following a narrow path through dense undergrowth, and put her gun in the rear seat and went on to where a rough bridge crossed the water. Two or three mallards, disturbed by her approach, quacked and paddled silently away. She rested her forearms on the bridge rail and leaned there like the Blessed Damosel, save that her dark hair, instead of hanging down, was smoothly ordered. Her image shimmered in the water below her till the ripples left by the ducks died and the mirror smoothed. The moon was a ribbon on the pool beyond.

Lingo was late, she thought; yet she did not mind. The early Southern spring was stirring in the very grass along the banks; it sent forerunners on the wind. There was a keen and languorous delight in the mere act of living; a gentle and serene content seemed to possess the world. She felt this keenly, but presently, standing here alone in the night that was already blowing warm at the approach of day, she stirred uneasily, filled with a sense of anticipation, a consciousness of the imminence of great events.

This uneasy premonition puzzled her; then she laughed at her own folly. There would be a dozen house guests arriving tomorrow and the next day; three business associates whom her father had invited under pretext of shooting driven pheasants to consult with him on Lingo's project, and thrice as many others nearer Norma's own age.

Also she and her father had for weeks been planning a pirate masque for the night before the holiday; an affair to be carried out in most elaborate detail. With Lingo to help they had spent hours this week inventing gay devices to enliven that event, now only two days away. It was little wonder, she thought, that she had this morning a sense of many things impending.

Yet there was no reason why she should have caught herself shuddering as though with pricking terror, faint and far away. Then she smiled at her own folly and put her fears aside. Things had a way of happening, expected or no.

She stood dreaming there till she heard Lingo coming; heard his feet crunch on the shell as he crossed the drive; heard their steady fall on the packed earth of the path. But she did not lift her head; it amused her to wait for him here. He saw her when he paused by the car; and he stayed there long enough to leave his gun, then came on to where she stood.

"Kept you waiting?" he asked softly. "Sorry, Norma."

He had been quick to call her thus easily by name; yet she smiled up at him. "I haven't minded. I like the dawn hours."

He leaned beside her. "I do too," he agreed.

She straightened up, laughing. "Don't settle yourself," she protested. "You'll be asleep again. Turkeys will be stirring soon."

"I've no particular yen to kill turkeys just now," he said dryly. "They've served their turn; we're up, and together. Let's give them a break; let them live!"

"Nonsense," she protested. "I don't get up at four o'clock in the morning to philander, my dear. Daylight will serve for that, or dusk; but at dawn I prefer something more active and serious."

"Like killing turkeys!" he chuckled.

"This is my deadliest hour," she assured him.

"I believe you," he confessed; but Norma laughed and turned quickly back to the car, and perforce he followed her. She took the wheel, pressed the starter, and almost before he was seated they rolled away. The road lay straight, then turned, then swung

(Continued on Page 39)

The Red-Headed Young Man Moved as Though to Pursue Her, to Compel Her Attention and Her Answer. But He Checked Himself

Through One Banker's Eyes

By THOMAS R. PRESTON

Former President of the American Bankers Association

With WILLIAM S. DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A FEW mornings ago one of our business men—a youngster still in his thirties—came into the bank to apply for a loan. He wanted $100,000, which was three times as much as the bank had ever lent him before.

"What is wrong?" we asked.

"Plenty," he said. "We need that money just as soon as we can get it. We can't keep up with our orders. Unless we do something at once we'll lose customers. We've got to expand."

He showed us his books. They looked more like early 1929 than late 1930. His pay roll had increased. The plant was working overtime. Improved methods had speeded up production, cut costs and bettered the product. The company—which is an old one—had never done so much business. Yet many of its competitors were complaining of poor times.

Our loan officer looked a bit dazed. "Haven't you heard about this depression yet?" he asked.

The young manufacturer grinned. "We've heard some rumors of it," he said, his eyes twinkling, "but we've been too busy to run 'em down. You know, I landed this job only about a year ago. The plant had to be overhauled, the sales policy changed, I had to get acquainted with customers. That didn't leave much time to worry about the bigger affairs of the nation."

I need not add that he got his $100,000 without delay. The real reason back of his company's astonishing prosperity, however, was not disclosed by its books, nor was it something that an outside analyst could readily have put his finger on.

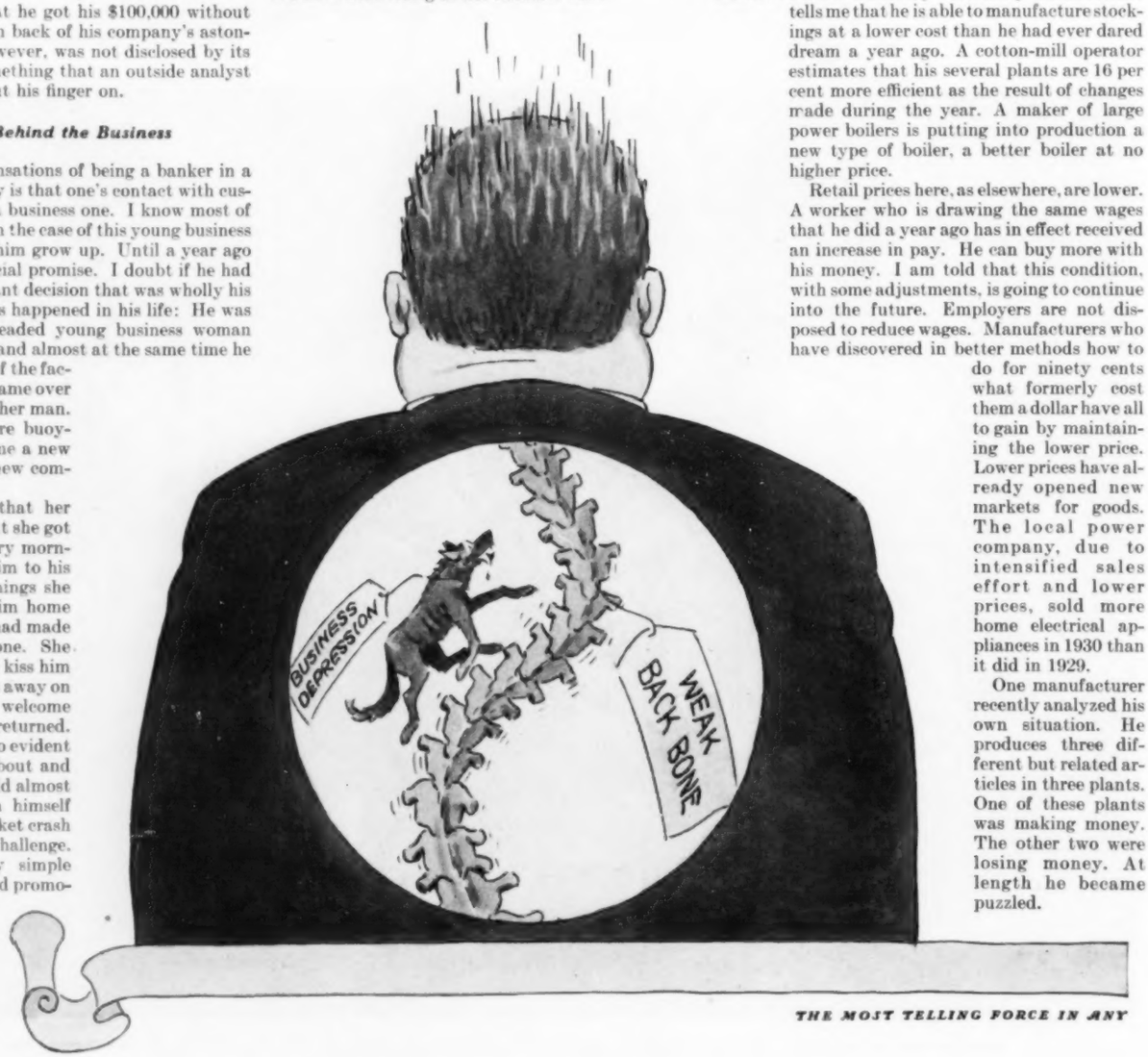
The Man Behind the Business

ONE of the compensations of being a banker in a medium-sized city is that one's contact with customers is more than a business one. I know most of the people in town. In the case of this young business man, I had watched him grow up. Until a year ago he had shown no special promise. I doubt if he had ever made an important decision that was wholly his own. Then two events happened in his life: He was married to a clear-headed young business woman who believed in him, and almost at the same time he was placed in charge of the factory. Such a change came over him that he was another man. His step became more buoyant, into his voice came a new ring, into his eyes a new command.

His wife decided that her place was at home, but she got up at six o'clock every morning and drove with him to his work at seven. Evenings she was there to drive him home to dinner, which she had made sure was an excellent one. She was at the station to kiss him good-by when he went away on a business trip and to welcome him back when he returned. Their happiness was so evident that it was talked about and smiled over. One could almost see his confidence in himself grow. The stock-market crash came to him as a challenge. Two such relatively simple events as marriage and promotion, not recorded in the company's books, had so stirred his zeal that nothing was able to stop him.

It has been my experience, in more than forty years of banking, that the most vital factor in any business is the man or men behind it. And the most telling force in any business man, other things being as they should, is his state of mind. This is true in good years and in bad years alike. In my own community, which is not much different from others, it has been doubly true during the past twelve months.

Chattanooga has a population of 120,000. It has 400 manufacturers, who normally employ about 40,000 workers and produce about 1500 kinds of goods. Its textile mills have shared in the troubles of cotton, silk and wool; its cement plants have suffered by the slump in building; and in the area about are coal mines that have been hit by the competition of oil and gas. The farm situation and world conditions in general have affected us in about the same degree as they have other industrial communities. In short, our business has enjoyed no exemption from current difficulties and problems. We have been riding in the common boat.



THE MOST TELLING FORCE IN ANY

Yet, looking back over the year, I note that those of our business men who did not allow the depression of business to extend to their own spirits, but who, on the contrary, were spurred by it to an added aggressiveness, today find little reason to complain about 1930 profits. In fact, some have earned greater profits than they did in 1929, which for the most part was an abnormal profit year. Few have fallen behind 1928, which was an unusually good year.

The plants of these men have been improved and placed on a more efficient basis. Costs have been lowered through the introduction of superior methods and machinery. New uses have been devised for old products and broader fields found for new ones. In thousands of instances where sales have not been made for the present, potential future customers have been won nevertheless. These latter represent an untouched reservoir of demand that has been built up for tomorrow.

Higher Efficiency and Lower Costs

FURTHERMORE, I note that the improvements made during the year in plant, equipment and goods are of a substantial nature, the effect of which will be more than transitory. A hosiery manufacturer tells me that he is able to manufacture stockings at a lower cost than he had ever dared dream a year ago. A cotton-mill operator estimates that his several plants are 16 per cent more efficient as the result of changes made during the year. A maker of large power boilers is putting into production a new type of boiler, a better boiler at no higher price.

Retail prices here, as elsewhere, are lower. A worker who is drawing the same wages that he did a year ago has in effect received an increase in pay. He can buy more with his money. I am told that this condition, with some adjustments, is going to continue into the future. Employers are not disposed to reduce wages. Manufacturers who have discovered in better methods how to do for ninety cents what formerly cost them a dollar have all to gain by maintaining the lower price. Lower prices have already opened new markets for goods. The local power company, due to intensified sales effort and lower prices, sold more home electrical appliances in 1930 than it did in 1929.

One manufacturer recently analyzed his own situation. He produces three different but related articles in three plants. One of these plants was making money. The other two were losing money. At length he became puzzled.

"I found," he said, "that in recent years we had greatly improved the equipment and product of the first plant, but had made only minor improvements in the other two. This neglect was not intentional, but I do think it was unconscious. When sales fell off we blamed general conditions. Why not? Everybody was doing it."

"What do you blame now?" he was asked.

"Nothing and nobody," he said. "We're not saying what is to blame." Then he added, "But we're sitting up nights trying to find ways to improve those two backward plants."

A census of the business men who are engaged in a similar task, together with an estimate of the money their efforts have saved and of the advances they have made in late months, would furnish some interesting totals for contemplation at this time. The past year might not look so bad in this light. It might, in fact, look surprisingly good.

To me, the year has been one of contrasts. In boom times the average man is blind to obstacles; in depression he is able to see little but obstacles. At one time he spends to excess, at the other he saves to excess. Being human, he likes to take his joy and also his gloom undiluted, though he will deny the latter fact. We had more applications for loans than we could grant in 1929, but only a few requests for advice. In 1930, with our books showing idle money, most visitors sought advice only, and we had to go out and hunt for acceptable borrowers.

The first reaction locally to the break in the market was one of doubt—doubt that Wall Street's troubles could possibly upset business, or, for that matter, that Wall Street was really in trouble. Many plants kept on producing as much as before. The majority were not seriously concerned, despite a slowing of sales. This was but a seasonal reaction, they argued, and added, "Wait until winter business sets in." The spirit of excessive optimism bred by excessive prosperity lingered into late December. Then a little stream of men with worried eyes began to pass through my office and the offices of other bankers. These men had pledged stocks as security for loans, and that security, on the market at least, had depreciated in worth. Here were the first open signs of fear, the real forerunner of depression. But it was spring before we conceded that a major depression was on, and then only reluctantly.

Their Jobs and Their Money in One Basket

REVERSE that situation of late 1929 and you have in every important detail the situation hereabouts in late 1930. The contrast is complete. Again doubt is in men's minds, but this time it is inspired by pessimism. They point out that the whole world is badly upset, that India and China are in turmoil, Europe up to her neck in trouble, South America harried by revolution and North America by unemployment. And they add, "Wait until winter sets in with its cold." The whispers of improving business are put down as mere talk—the sort that one might expect to hear at such a time, say, from a banker.

And again a thin stream of men is beginning to trickle into my own and other bankers' offices. They are the opposite of worried. They bring such news as "We're putting the plant back on full-time work tomorrow" and "Just got a telegram from the Jones Company to ship five carloads of goods; not a competitor could touch our price."

I am struck by the fact that these men have certain qualities in common. The majority of them are young men, in the late thirties or early forties, and they are graduates of colleges and technical schools. Most of them have a substantial financial interest in the companies under their management, and almost without exception that interest was self-earned. One of the ablest of them, in a discussion of this latter fact a few days ago, expressed some decided opinions.

"I really believe," he said, "that absentee ownership is responsible in no small degree for the ills of many businesses today, especially in the older factory districts of the North. A hired manager may function with perfect efficiency in normal times, but he lacks that extra ounce of incentive necessary for success in bad times. A man will do so much to hold his job, but put his fortune at stake as well as his job and he's got double to lose. Take my own case: if I were a hired manager only, I am well enough fixed so that if I lost my job I could take a trip to Europe and forget it; but as it is, loss of my job probably would mean loss of my money as well."

"Do you attach any significance to the fact that many companies which are doing well today are headed by younger executives?" he was asked.

"Yes. Youth at the top has had a lot to do with how they stand," he replied. "Just now enthusiasm is worth more than experience, though, of course, the latter is valuable too. But the older man frequently is too keenly aware of what he's up against. He is handicapped to an extent physically. Like as not, he has a variety of interests, which protect him, but at the same time divide his effort. The younger executive with a single interest, with more physical energy and buoyancy, and with undulled enthusiasm, is bound to hit the line oftener and harder. That is just as true in business as it is in sports."

"Have you dropped your older executives?"

"Oh, no. That is, we've let out nobody because of age," he said. "The older men give us a needed balance. But in the front of our effort we've put younger men."

As I listen to talk of this nature I am conscious that I have passed the sixty mark. But there is consolation in the bank's balance sheet. It shows a net profit for the year that promises to be a little larger than any previous one. Still, I try to face the facts. In the bank I am surrounded by younger men, and I used them unsparingly in 1930. And an amazing number of the reports of good business come from the younger executives of the town.

A Man Who Couldn't Quit

I DRAW no conclusions from these reports. The contrasting parallel they made with the events of a year ago supplies wholesome food for thought, however. It is true that they are not a measure of all business here and, as I have said, they pertain to a single community alone. But they come from some of our biggest plants. The bulk of the sales represented by them was made in the national and export fields, and not locally. Nor is our community unique. With these facts in mind, the reports seem to be worthy of closer study.

A merchant came into my office several months ago. He was haggard. There was a desperate set to his jaw. "I'm licked," he said without ceremony. "You know it and so do I. We haven't made a dime in six months. We owe you money and I can't pay it. You'll have to close us out."

I mention this case first not because of its greater import, but because it is typical of a score of others. The story is an old one to every banker.

"Can't you cut your overhead further?" I asked him.

"If I cut any more we'll lose what little business we've got," he answered. "My personal expenses are down to the bone. I have taken a cheaper house, brought my daughter home from school, and my wife is doing the housework. The worry is killing me. I'm going to quit."

"You can't quit," I told him. "It's the one thing you can do that will put you in a worse pickle than you are. You've got your business now. If you quit you'll have nothing. You've got hold of something hot, but you've got to hang on. It can't stay hot forever. You've got to hang on!"

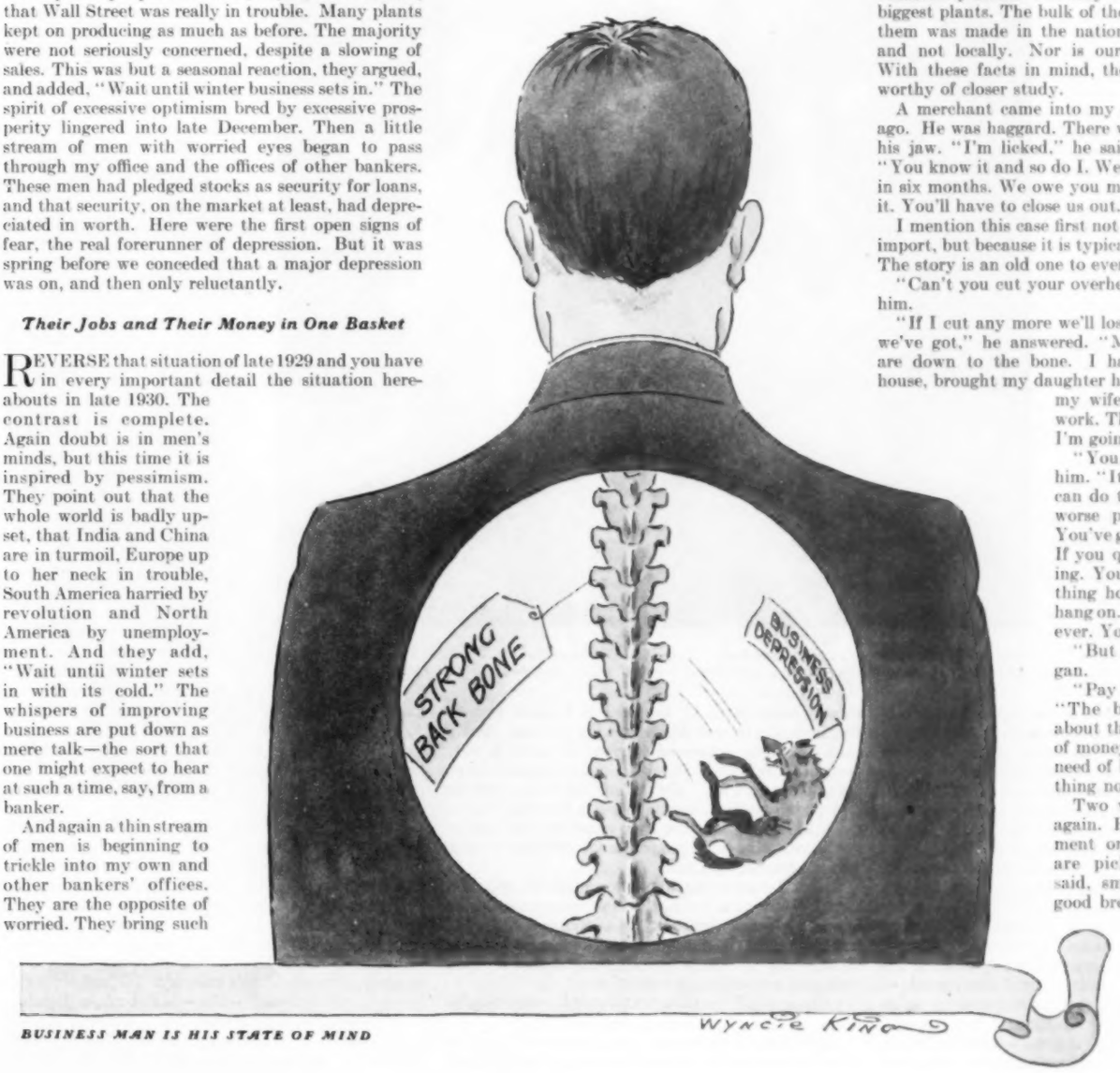
"But my note——" he began.

"Pay it as you can," I said. "The bank isn't worrying about that. You're in no need of money now, but you are in need of backbone. It's something nobody can lend you."

Two weeks ago he was in again. He made a small payment on the note. "Things are picking up some," he said, smiling. "If we get a good break in our Christmas trade we'll pull through."

Long ago I stopped being surprised at the number of business

(Continued on Page 50)



BUSINESS MAN IS HIS STATE OF MIND

YOU GOT TO LIVE

By Susan Ertz

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MR. KEPPLER'S chauffeur, a remarkably punctual and efficient person, was in the habit of depositing him at the station each morning just five minutes before the departure of the nine-o'clock train to London. But on a certain Monday morning Mr. Keppler's watch had gained during the night and he sent for his car in great haste and scolded Fredericks for being late. Fredericks, whose policy it was never to contradict the most obvious misstatement if uttered by his employer, made great speed to Brighton, with the result that Mr. Keppler had more than fifteen minutes to wait.

It was a cold, bleak morning with a prying east wind, and he walked briskly up and down the platform, angry with himself for having been in the wrong, and with Fredericks for his habit of agreeing with him. But presently, his annoyance subsiding, he began to look with a mild interest at the people about him, an interest which was as mildly returned, for Mr. Keppler, judged as a mere spectacle, was nothing to write to the papers about.

He concluded that they were Brighton week-enders, for the most part, of the usual type—clerks, shop-girls, racing folk, business men, idlers—and that he had seen them all, or their counterparts, many times before, and would see them, if he were spared, many times again. But he had no sooner made this somewhat sweeping observation than two persons detached themselves from the crowd over which his eye had been so casually roaming, and by reason of their total dissimilarity to the rest caught and held his attention.

"Perfectly Astounding . . . Incredible . . . Such Sureness of Touch. . . . My Dear, Look at the Drawing of That Man's Back. . . . Ask the Price. . . . Of Course, He's an Absolute Genius"

Mr. Keppler was a much traveled man, and he knew Central Europe as few people know it, for he spent all his holidays there and had a great affection for certain of the lesser-known portions of it. And as soon as he saw those two totally un-English figures his mind at once and almost automatically conjured up a more suitable background for them. He saw green pastures, distant mountains, apple orchards, small white farms, fields of corn and rye. In imagination he whipped off the woman's hat, tied a big colored handkerchief under her chin and an apron about her ample waist, and left her shoeless and stockingless. The boy was already hatless, and Mr. Keppler's imagination dressed him in a short coat of some checked woolen material and short green trousers. The woman he put to work raking hay under a hot sun, the boy carrying cider along a dusty road, or standing beside a grazing cow, patient and watchful.

It was curious that Mr. Keppler's mind should have done these things, for the two who were waiting there on the platform were dressed in the cheap and shoddy stuffs worn by the poor in London streets. But he had a trained and observing eye, and images that had once impressed themselves upon it were accurately retained. He felt a strong impulse to go up to them and say "*Grüss Gott*," knowing, with an odd certainty, that he would get a startled "*Grüss Gott*" in return. But the train came in then, and he got into a first-class compartment and the woman and the boy into a third.

And as he sat there, about to unfold his paper, it struck him that as far as the boy was concerned the interest had been mutual. From under a wide, full forehead those bright blue eyes had regarded him intelligently and shrewdly. He remembered the look well, and was still conscious of it.

"Unusual lad," he thought. "I wonder what they're doing here, and how they got here."

And when he saw them, an hour later, hurrying ahead of him out of Victoria Station, the boy dragged down on one side by the heavy suitcase he carried, he felt sure of two things—that whatever there was to be known about them would have interested him, and that he would never see them again.

About fifteen minutes later he was sitting at his desk in the Keppler Gallery in Brook Street.

"Mrs. Ballantyne has rung up again about that Renoir, Mr. Keppler," Swann, his secretary, told him. "She wants to know if you've said your last word on the subject of price. She hinted that she was going to fly over to Paris tomorrow to see another Renoir at Hoffenstein's. It's a later one, she says, and more typical. The blues are bluer and the browns browner, or something of the sort."

"Let her go, then," said Mr. Keppler. "She has pots of money and could afford double the price. I've already knocked off sixty pounds. She must take it or leave it."

"I'll tell her so. Those water colors of Gustav Frommel's arrived this morning."

"Good. I believe we'll do well with those. Did Vaudier send everything he promised?"

"Yes; I went over the list this morning."

"That's all right, then. I went to a private sale in Hove, Saturday, and succeeded in buying an early Sisley, a lovely little thing. You might ring up Lord Ferrersleigh and tell him. I think it would interest him."

"I'll do that this morning. You'll come upon a letter presently from Liebl, that chap whose work you exhibited three years ago, just before I came. I'd barely finished reading it before he rang through, to know if he could see you."

"Johann Liebl. Oh, dear, I thought he'd gone to America for good. We never sold one of his pictures, you remember. What does he want now?"

"I think this is the letter," said Swann, going through a pile on the desk and extracting a yellowish sheet from the bottom. "Yes, here it is. He seems to be on his beam ends."

"That's where he was before, poor devil. I don't know what's wrong with Liebl. Personally, I like his work. He's got talent—lots of it. He's quite as good a painter as many who do sell their stuff. He simply doesn't catch on. You remember Felix Shapiro, who died some months ago? He believed in Liebl. I think it was he who paid his passage to America, thinking he might have a better chance there. It's no good. I'm afraid he's unlucky. I'll just see what he says. 'Dear friend'—h'm—'am back in London since more than a year now . . . working always very hard . . . sure you would like my new style. . . .' I think that's one of his troubles—he has

too many styles. Poor fellow! I really can't be bothered with him, Swann."

"He's sure to ring up again. Shall I tell him that?"

"Tell him I can't possibly see him. One's got to live. If poor Liebl can't paint pictures that will sell, well, it's no fault of ours."

"True," said Swann. "I'll be as firm as I can. I'd better see about hanging those Frommels now."

"I'll look in presently. I want the Vaudiers in the first room. Mr. Thorogood knows. Has he come in yet, by the way?"

"He hadn't a moment ago."

"And it takes him barely twenty minutes to get here," grumbled Mr. Keppler. "Tell Miss Flood to come in now, will you, please?"

Swann departed. He was a tall, thin young man with a long nose, a pleasant smile and shrewd, bright eyes. He had a considerable knowledge of pictures, and Mr. Keppler sometimes wished that his ailing and somewhat erratic partner, Mr. Luther Thorogood, would retire, as he had long been threatening to do, and allow Swann to take his place. He and Swann got on very well, but Mr. Thorogood thought him too young to be made a partner. Mr. Keppler liked him for being young. He liked youth and liked to have people about him who were younger and more hopeful than himself. Few people knew that he was deeply and secretly fond of children, for he was in the habit of suppressing his great affection for them in order not to make his wife unhappy, she having given him none. He was a kindly, weary, disappointed man who had started life with great ambitions, one of which was to make enough money to possess one of the choicest collections of paintings in the world, a collection he meant to leave to the nation at his death. But as a business man he was signally unfortunate, and in the end his flair for pictures had to earn him his daily bread. His wife had a little money of her own, and they lived comfortably enough in an old, modernized farmhouse on the Sussex Downs.

"There are Other Galleries in London," Fussed Mr. Keppler. "Why Can't He Go to Them?"

"Ah, Well," Said the Other, "Whether You Achieve Fame or Not, There is no More Delightful Hobby in the World Than Painting"

He had just finished dictating to Miss Flood when Swann came in with a smile on his long face.

"Do you want me in the gallery, Swann?" he asked. "I was just coming."

"We do," said Swann, "but that isn't what I came in about. Liebl's here, and won't go."

"Won't go? Nonsense; you must get rid of him. I won't see him. Tell him I'm very busy arranging for an exhibition and can't possibly see him."

"I did, but he says he won't go without seeing you."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall. He's sitting there with his hat on his knee as if he meant to spend the day. Do you want me to put him out? He's bigger than I am."

"I find it so difficult to be firm with people like Liebl," said Mr. Keppler with a worried frown. "He got round me once. I don't want him to get round me again."

"I think you'd better just see him," urged Swann. "Remember that times are bad and that Mr. Thorogood's blood pressure soars whenever he hears his name."

"There are other galleries in London," fussed Mr. Keppler. "Why can't he go to them? Very well, Swann, send him in. . . . That will be all for the present, Miss Flood. I want copies of all those letters, and please ring through to Hobbs & Rixon about those catalogues. They ought to have been ready last Friday."

And in the short interval before the appearance of the painter he walked to the mantelpiece, glanced absently, his mind on other matters, at his reflection in the glass above it, assumed an expression of even greater pessimism, and once more seated himself at his desk. Then the door abruptly opened and Liebl came into the room.

In the three years that had elapsed since Mr. Keppler had last seen him, his recollections of him had not grown dim, so he was perfectly prepared for the figure that now crossed the heavily carpeted floor toward him.

Liebl was a big man, with a fine, powerful-looking head set upon a strong neck. His features were heavy and roughly handsome, and his hair was permitted to grow low down on either side of his full cheeks into the side whiskers of La Bohême. His clothes were very loose on his powerful frame, and suggested that they had been bought in days of greater prosperity and more lavish meals. His look was free and candid, his small, bright blue eyes alive and genial. He had an immense forehead and huge hands, and his whole appearance suggested vigor, self-confidence and a determination to stride over obstacles. He looked far more like a man prepared to grant favors than one about to seek them. It was that forceful, unintimidated eye of his that had such a hypnotizing effect upon Mr. Keppler, who, as he half rose from his chair and proffered a joyless hand, tried to avoid its searching and vigorous beam.

(Continued on Page 52)

A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I'VE just got back from a wedding out on Long Island. A guy I used to know down South, named Emerson McBride, got married to a Manhasset girl, and when they were about to leave the house afterward in his car, a funny thing happened. He got to hiccuping.

Somebody ran in and got a glass of water, and he drank forty swallows, the way they say to do, and some dope burst an electric bulb on the floor behind him, to scare him, which they also say will cure hiccups; but when he drove off he was still at it, and everybody was laughing.

I laughed, too, but now that I get to thinking about it, I don't believe I should have. Once or twice in school, I remember, Emerson got the hiccups. It was when he was very, very frightened. A little scare didn't matter, but when a big one came along, off he went. They seemed to be some kind of nervous reaction, the way some people's hair turns white. I shouldn't have laughed—nobody should have—because to judge from the size of this attack, Emerson had just got the shock of a lifetime.

It was about a year ago, as I remember how the thing started, that Louise got back from the cape in Maine, where she had been spending part of the summer with her family. It seemed that while she and Emerson were not technically engaged at that time, still there was an understanding. They went together. Occasionally, without actually committing themselves in so many words, they alluded to a future together. Nobody had any question but that the whole thing was already in the bag.

It was a Sunday morning when she arrived in Grand Central, and Emerson drove in town to meet her. He, too, lived in Manhasset, where he was a town sight as one of the few bachelors in the world voluntarily living in the suburbs. He had moved out there so he would be near Louise. With the rumble of the car full of bags and hat boxes, they were halfway across Queensboro Bridge when she spilled the big surprise she had for him.

"Darling," she said, "guess what!"

"What?"

"I learned to drive!"

"No kid!"

"I learned to drive," she said, "and the fellow that taught me—a Yale boy staying at the hotel—said he never knew anybody to pick it up the way I did. He said I just seemed to have some kind of instinct for it."

"He did?"

"He said some people, no matter how hard or how long they kept trying, just never could really learn —— Look out, Emerson!"

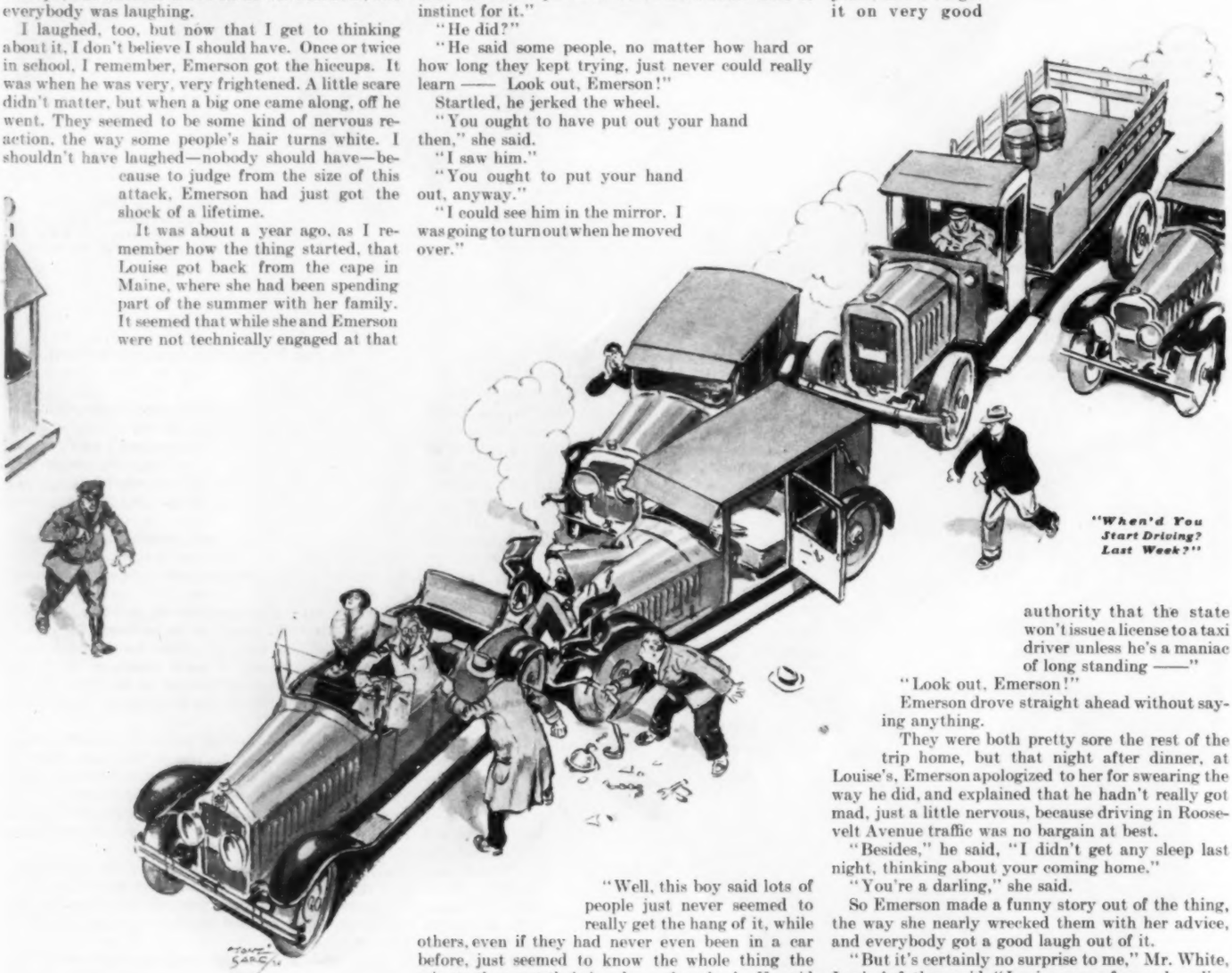
Startled, he jerked the wheel.

"You ought to have put out your hand then," she said.

"I saw him."

"You ought to put your hand out, anyway."

"I could see him in the mirror. I was going to turn out when he moved over."



"When'd You Start Driving? Last Week?"

"Well, this boy said lots of people just never seemed to really get the hang of it, while others, even if they had never even been in a car before, just seemed to know the whole thing the minute they put their hands on the wheel. He said people like that were born drivers, and the way I took to it —— Look out for that light!"

"I see it."

"He said the way I took to it showed him that I was just a born driver —— Emerson!"

"What the hell!"

"Didn't you see that truck, Emerson?"

"Of course I saw it. How do you think anybody could help seeing a truck?"

"Well, you certainly didn't act as though you did."

"I saw it all right."

Apparently she didn't care very much for the way he'd spoken to her, though, for she didn't say anything for two or three miles, until they were on Roosevelt Avenue.

"Well, that's great stuff," he said then. "It's a lot of fun driving a car, especially when you get out of the city. I don't care much for city driving. Too many crazy taxi chauffeurs."

"I just know I'd love it," she said. "If you don't know a great deal about driving they do look crazy, but what this Yale boy said, they're really very expert. They aren't taking all the chances they seem to; they're just expert and can calculate closely."

"That may be what they teach at Yale," Emerson said, "but I've been driving in the city for seven years, and I've got it on very good authority that the state won't issue a license to a taxi driver unless he's a maniac of long standing ——"

"Look out, Emerson!"

Emerson drove straight ahead without saying anything.

They were both pretty sore the rest of the trip home, but that night after dinner, at Louise's, Emerson apologized to her for swearing the way he did, and explained that he hadn't really got mad, just a little nervous, because driving in Roosevelt Avenue traffic was no bargain at best.

"Besides," he said, "I didn't get any sleep last night, thinking about your coming home."

"You're a darling," she said.

So Emerson made a funny story out of the thing, the way she nearly wrecked them with her advice, and everybody got a good laugh out of it.

"But it's certainly no surprise to me," Mr. White, Louise's father, said. "Louise comes from a long line of assistant chauffeurs. Her great-grandmother was right behind Paul Revere, all the way, giving him little tips on waking up patriots, and her grandmother crossed the continent in a covered wagon annoying drivers, cowboys and Indians with her own notions about the trip. It's a wonder she wasn't scalped by her own family."

"Why, father!" Mrs. White said.

"I wouldn't say it was that bad with Louise," Emerson laughed. "She's just got to get some confidence, that's all."

"You don't need to worry," Louise said. "One of the first things I learned was what a nuisance a backseat driver is. This Yale boy told me that the way I realized that so quickly was one of the reasons he regarded me as a born driver. He said he'd be willing to bet his life I'd never be guilty of that, anyway."

"Who was this authority from Old Eli?" Emerson asked, getting a little fed up on him. "Albie Booth?"

"His name was Dodge."

"Well, if a Dodge don't know," Mr. White said, "nobody does."

"I hope so," Emerson said.

I don't know whether he ever expected anything better or not, or whether he was just whistling in the gloaming, because if he'd been driving around New York for seven years, the way he said, he sure couldn't have had many illusions left about women and automobiles, especially together.

"Who's Paying for This?" the Little Man Demanded. "Somebody's Got to Pay for This"

Or if he did have, they were gone for good by a week later. Louise no doubt had meant it when she promised to maintain a state of neutrality in the car, but the laws of Nature are immutable. They allow for no exceptions. And the first of them, scratched in the stone walls of Ur of the Chaldees by the wise old patriarchs, remains unchanged and unchallenged: "Once a back-seat driver, always a back-seat driver—and this goes double if you're talking about a woman."

A depressing part about it, too, was that she couldn't see that she was being a back-seat driver. She couldn't see it at all. "It seems to me," she said to Emerson, "if I see a truck or something coming and I'm good enough to tell you about it—why, it seems to me you ought to be thanking me, not calling me a back-seat driver." After several very kind and patient attempts to explain to her that such bits of pretty obvious information were pretty generally conceded to be aspects of associate chauffeurship, he gave up.

"For seven years, man and boy, I have been driving alone and single-handed," he told her, "and I never scratched a fender."

"It isn't too late yet," she said.

There is no known argument against statements like this.

Still, he never got really angry about it. He got a little nervous, naturally, but once they were where they were going, at home, or visiting, anywhere but on the road, it was just like it had always been. They still thought of a future together.

The first time he really got sore, I believe, was one Sunday afternoon on the Jericho Turnpike, down Long Island. I have to tell you, if you don't know, that Sunday afternoon in a car on the Jericho Turnpike is the nearest thing to Bedlam that they've been able to produce in modern civilization. Every Sunday morning all the irresponsible people within fifty miles of New York City are installed behind the wheels of automobiles and sent out to the Jericho Turnpike and told to do what may be delicately described as their damnedest. The result, if I may use the expression, is pandemonium.

Emerson didn't want to use the turnpike on Sunday, but he had to, to get down the island to the party he and Louise were invited to. By now, though, he had sort of trained himself so he did not hear half of what Louise said in the car, especially when she was issuing directions; his ears closed up automatically.

The thing that made him sore happened at a cross-island boulevard, where there was a traffic light and a cop. Coming up to it in one of the rare bursts of speed that peculiarize Sunday motoring on Long Island, he was about to make it across before the light went against him, when Louise, always the alert little helper, reached suddenly forward, grabbed the hand brake and pulled. The car stopped in three feet, right in the middle of the cross boulevard just as the light changed, and Emerson nearly dove through the windshield.

"What the ——"

He didn't finish the remark, for at that second—oops!—the car behind, unable to stop properly on such short notice, banged into him, and then—oops!—the car behind it smacked into it, and again—oops!—and still more oops! oops! oops! as others in the long snake coupled up for seven cars back, bumping bumpers fore and aft, and just jamming up things generally.

"You didn't see the light!" Louise gasped.

"If you were a man ——"

It was just one of those things. Horns began blowing all around, the way they do when something happens. You could hear them two miles away, Emerson said. Everybody put his finger on the button and let 'em have it. The cross traffic was gummed, too, because Emerson's car had stopped right in the middle of the road, so nobody could go either way, and these babies were making a fuss too. One or two guys were yelling at him.

"If you'd mind your own business ——"

The driver of the car behind—a little, short, bristly fellow—and a large friend appeared at his elbow. One of them was holding as evidence of something the other car's front bumper, wrenched off by the smash.

"What about this?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry ——"

"He's sorry!" the large man shouted. "When'd you start driving? Last week?"

"Make him show you his license!" a guy yelled from behind.

Then everybody got to horning in:

"Whyn't he put his hand out?"

"Somebody's got to pay for this!"

"Where's his license?"

"Listen," Emerson said, "I'll pay for putting it back on. You just send it to my garage in Manhasset and let the fellow send the bill to me."

"I know darn well you're going to pay for it! I just got that bumper new yesterday ——"

"Where's his license?"

By then the cars seemed to have piled up miles back, and they were all sounding off, and it sounded like all hell had broken loose, Emerson said, when the cop, having finally worked his way out of his booth, showed up.

"What's idea—stopping?" he demanded. "Pull 'at car over here to the side!"

"I'm trying ——"

"Snap into it, buddy! Get this car over!"

But there Emerson had more trouble. This yank Louise had given the hand brake had jammed it, and it had taken all this time getting it loose. Then he found the jerk had killed the motor, and when he discovered that, he nearly fainted, because the gas line wasn't feeding any too well, anyway. Putting

(Continued on Page 47)

Somebody Got a Glass of Water, and He Drank Forty Swallows, the Way They Say to Do, and Some Dope Burst an Electric Bulb Behind Him, to Scare Him

THE NEW BEARS—NORMAL AND GRIZZLY

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"People Have Become Very Wise. Exactly One Year Ago They Decided to Get Out of the Market"

ONE of my dearest friends in Wall Street is a commission broker who buys "information" in the same spirit with which a man will buy raw materials for his factory: For use in his business! My broker knows the value of facts, but he also knows that a plausible rumor may serve normal Wall Street purposes almost as well. Sufficient unto the ticker-day is the gossip thereof! Into his highly intelligent ears there pours daily a steady stream of capitalizable chatter. More than one young newspaper man must have wondered at the uniform gratitude with which this millionaire head of a very large commission house listens to facts and fancies alike. Whether it is an official statement or a confidential personal tip from a pool manager or a pipe-dream of a professional tipster or the ravings of a competitor's customers' man, he listens with the same interest: They all help! He knows the out-of-town-wire value of market dope to the last eighth of a point. He may not tell you for certain why a stock has broken twenty points or risen ten, but he always knows what "they say" about the movement. He needs what all commission brokers must have—something to furnish an excuse for buying, selling or holding stocks on margin in the hope of gain.

His broker-needs have made him a specialist in men as well as in guesses, in statistics no less than in unofficial market "explanations." A man to whom perhaps 1500 people, the country over, daily look for stock-market guidance, cannot afford not to know something about everything. The danger of punishment if wrong is not great provided his hearers know he is merely repeating and not inventing. It really is not omniscience that is demanded of a commission broker but the ability to give at all times typical Wall Street reasons for typical Wall Street unreasonableness. And as for the instant acceptance of any market dope by either victims or beneficiaries, I bear cheerful witness that in active markets I have never perceived any difference in the swallowing process whether the throat belonged to a conservative banker or to a reckless plunger, to an experienced floor trader or to an obscure 100-share man in an inland city—so long as the owner of the throat had an interest in the market! Any excuse is always better than no explanation. The "rumor" was invented in order to have something to precede the "official statement." You trade on rumors and take profits on official statements.

Keeping a Secret in Wall Street

FOR many years my friend has known personally everybody who was anybody in the Street, in a trading sense—or known something about him. That is what made me ask:

"What about the new bear leaders? All I hear is that they trade on a scale undreamed of by the old-timers. But tell me how their technic or their psychology differs from that of the old masters."

"I know that you are obsessed by the notion that there is nothing new in Wall Street. Your chief interest appears to be in the incidental dramatic details."

"Well, to give the statistics of Wall Street's anonymous money losses is never as important as telling just who lost the money, how and why. I don't care whether Bat Jenkins, the latest plunger, trades in 150,000 shares whereas old Tom Corcoran never sold more than 50,000 at one fell swoop in 1907. Statistical differences are never the real differences, unless you are making your wife weigh herself before going to Marienbad. What I want to hear is: Do you know any of the big 1930 bears? Answer yes or no."

"Yes," he answered.

"Are they different?"

"I think they are," he said—meekly for him. "Of course, I never knew Keen or Cammack, or Bill Travers or Daniel Drew or any other schoolmates of yours, but I still think that the same thing is true of Wall Street that is true of other business. Methods change with conditions. At the present moment—November, 1930—there are only three or four really important bear operators in the market. They are shrewd, able traders. They are not chronic bears. Every one of them made huge profits on the bull side in 1928 and 1929. If they are bears in 1930, it is because it has been a bear year. I don't claim that they have improved the technic of the game in any sensational way. In fact I even believe that bear operations in this market have shown less ingenuity of manipulative devices and expedients, less picturesque experiments with the psychology of stock speculators, less inventiveness in the way of rumors, than the old-timers'."

"You don't have to go that far back," I said.

"Possibly not. But even without the efforts of the New York Stock Exchange to eliminate unethical practices, you have to bear in mind that the speculating public know too much to be fooled by the old devices."

"People have become very wise," I agreed quickly. "Exactly one year ago they decided to get out of the market. But speaking of the 1930 bear operators ——"

"You know how keen Wall Street is about pinning market movements on individual operators and how difficult it is to keep secret a big market success. Whatever is known to a few customers in an office where a plunger trades, becomes the common property of the ten thousand customers of other commission houses in less than an hour. Would you have thought it possible that a man could operate in Wall Street for two years with sensational success, making millions of dollars for himself and associates, and not be known to every commission house in the Street?"

"No," I confessed. "What's his name?"

"Call him John Doe. He does not belong to any old Wall Street classification of trader. He sells short and yet he is distinctly not a gambler. I am not sure that he is even a speculator! He has no more concern with the 'big men' than he has with my customers in Cincinnati. I do not think that he either hopes or fears when he buys or sells stocks. If he has any feeling at all, it is that, being right, he is going to make money. The hour does not matter; it has to strike. He believes in figures instead of miracles. He deals in facts and not in hopes. He studies intensively as well as intelligently. He not only analyzes but he makes you accept his conclusions. You might even say of him that he sells short for investment! The late Norman B. Ream first used that phrase in the old times when he sold wheat every time it crossed one dollar a bushel. This new-school bear does not bet on general conditions but studies individual stocks and acts in accordance with what he and his highly efficient staff of experts have uncovered in the way of facts and deductions therefrom. That's why I say he is not really a speculator. I have seen in my time many able analyses of annual reports and balance sheets, but never anything to compare with this man's work. You see, he does not seek tips from insiders or outsiders. He determines the facts himself and interprets them in his own way. The company's own figures impel him to buy or sell, because they tell him whether the stock is cheap or dear. As far as my own experience goes, this man is unique. He does not work as the ordinary trader does. Now, honestly, can you match his case in your experience?"

"Well," I said, "I hate to grieve you, but I must admit that your story calls to my mind another prodigy—who, by the way, is still in our midst. My man, like yours, was a mathematician, an analyst. Did you ever hear of the man I have in mind?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "but he's different."

"Sometimes the Liquidating Movement is Speeded Up"

"Do you know his story?"

"I know he is head of his own Stock Exchange house and he has made and lost a great deal of money at different times."

"Well," I said, "I've never dared to print his story, not even as fiction. It was too incredible. I think he was the first mathematical speculator who actually made money in Wall Street. Now, tell me more about your John Doe."

"Well, after leaving college he came to New York, found a job as a bond salesman, decided to marry the girl he had been engaged to for some time and asked his boss for a raise. But all the boss said was: 'I'm glad you have given

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LITTLE GOLDILOCKS

DOUBLES IS A BETTER GAME

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Hate to Share You," He Admitted. "You Have Too Much Energy. You Never Sit Still, Thinking of Nothing"

WHEN Fay Arnold and William Fairfax became engaged their friends said what a perfectly grand seizure of the cosmic urge! They were made for each other, these two fine, clean, athletic young people! Now most marriages have their outs: the man is too short for the girl, or has a mean way with waiters, or conceals until the wedding day impossible duddy relatives. Or the bride's Aunt Mabel drinks like a fish, or the bride herself is said to be bossy, or just a little dumb. Think of this glamorous Arnold-Fairfax rapprochement about which not one cynical prediction was made.

This romance was unexpected and speedy. Over one August week-end, William went to his friends, the Stowes', at Mount Kisco, unwillingly because he had planned to go up to New London to sail his yawl, the Unsinkable III. Bill was a sailor, first and last. However, he wanted to talk over the Impenetrable Cement Company with Stowe, whose father was a director. Bill was a junior partner in Bullion & Ingotz, and his heart was completely in his work. His Bostonian parents had endowed him with brains and character; he was serious and good, but not too Plymouth-Rockish. Moreover, he was good-looking without being a perfect picture, and was nice to children without exciting them to frenzy. For all these reasons women liked him; also because he was bound to get ahead. Canny women like young men who can give a girl a good time when she is fifty.

This particular Saturday at luncheon, he annoyed his hostess, Nancy Stowe. Had she asked him out to discuss cement? If he was so boat crazy, why did he bother to come?

"There's a girl staying with us this week-end," she said, hoping to unnerve him. "A wife would improve you. I just thought of it."

"Improve me?" said Bill. "How? Where is she? Eating under the table?"

She was over at the Greens' playing tennis. "She's tennis crazy, the way you are about your sailboat. She's my cousin. Her whole family is crazy, even her mother, who is forty-eight, and still trying to improve her serve. Fay is going to be ruined!"

"Ruined?" gasped Bill. "In this age? How?"

"They let her run wild at tournaments. She's too young and pretty. And absolutely uneducated."

"Nicest thing about her," said Dick Stowe. "I like abysmally ignorant girls."

"You can make the change any time you like, darling," said his fond wife, the Bryn Mawr graduate. "Bill, please marry my cousin and keep her off the roads."

Bill shivered. Marriage meant home every night for dinner, and "Where shall we go for the summer?" and "We should have the Browns to dine," and "Those men are all right to sail with, but really, dear ——" and all that.

"Don't you wish any woman on me," he said, looking firmly at them, and they all laughed, and thought, "How fond we are of each other, just we three."

Nancy said, "Don't worry. Miss Arnold is in training. She's playing in the Nationals. No liquor. No love."

"Listen," said Dick, "her beaus aren't in training. I don't want any corpse brought in here early Sunday morning, upsetting my sleep."

"She's terribly popular," sighed his wife enviously. "Perhaps when she sees Bill she'll prefer mind over matter." Bill said he hoped not.

At six o'clock he and Dick stopped at the Greens' to pick up Miss Arnold, and fetch her home for dinner. Certainly a still, hot August afternoon, in green, tree-shaded country, was unbeatable. Around the big stone house they walked through a bordered garden, and down to a lower meadow where a tennis court lay shimmering in the falling rays of the sun. The coolness in the shadowed walk, the bright erect flowers, the meadows billowing cross country to the wooded hills, these were perfect. Green had sold enough paint to rise from poverty and achieve this background of gentle living! Bill craved a place like this, nearer the sea so that he could sail his boat.

By the tennis court, people sat having tea, and hooting or cheering the tennis. There was a fat Mr. Green and a smart Mrs. Green; whoever Mr. Green was, he had married with his eye on the day when he should need someone nice to spend his money for him. A wife was necessary to these expansive schemes of comfort, to choose purple petunias, to rule out nasturtiums, to haggle with decorators. Goodby. Bill sent his country house into oblivion as a too encumbered dream.

And then he saw a girl running about the tennis court, and could not stop looking at her. She was sure-footed and graceful, and a remarkable tennis player. Fairfax was a rotten one, and he could tell; she had been born to play this most tormenting of games. She did not show off with lopes or leaps or jumps; her feet were where the ball rose, ahead of the ball, and her lovely arm was ready, without effort, to sock it. Watching her, Bill, who was no poet, thought of Greek boys running, of the imperishable attitudes of the dance, of old age, when one could no longer leap about in the summer air and mock the hot sunlight. Why these fancies? Somewhere out of the blue the bolt which had been waiting for him had been released, and was cutting its way to him; he was about to be bedazzled.

"What's that girl's name?" he said to Dick, who sat next to him, eating chocolate cake.

"What girl?"

"The little one—in white. The good player."

"Oh," said Dick, "that's Fay herself, the ambitious athlete. Skinny little rat, isn't she?"

"Don't you like her?"

"I couldn't say," said Dick carelessly. "She doesn't waste her loveliness on me. Are you struck by her? Well, you always were an open-air boy. Ozone to ozone. If she doesn't finish in two minutes I'm going home without her."

"I like watching her," said Bill candidly. "Let her play."

"You'll be seeing her playing for years," said Dick. "She's going to be National woman's champion or bust. Hey, Fay, hurry up," he shouted brutally.

"Coming," she called back, "in two seconds."

These were the first words Bill heard her speak, and her voice went through him like a cold wind. Nonsense, she was nothing but a child, who, once static, away from her medium, would be like any other stupid girl.

The set ended, and the four advanced upon the tea table.

"You've got to wait, Dick Stowe," she said firmly, "until I have tea. I'm famished." She eyed Fairfax equably, as he was presented to her, but smiled radiantly when he brought her the chocolate cake. The other girl took cake, too, but what of it? He took it back to Fay, who stuffed herself with the happy contentment of the perennially thin.

"Heavens," she said to everybody, "seven sets. How about tomorrow afternoon? Are you staying at Nancy's?" she asked Bill, suddenly looking at him. "You are? How unnerving."

"Unnerving? Why?"

"She said terrible things about you," she went on, loud enough for anyone to hear. "Are you really brilliant, and serious, and a real man?"

Mrs. Green said, "Don't make fun of any man, Fay. It doesn't pay. Don't you want some more tea, Mr. Wilcox?"

"No, thanks," said Mr. Fairfax. "I have plenty. I'll kill Nancy," he told the girl. "Wait until I see her."

She did that storied thing, archaic in this world of complete frankness—she widened her eyes at him over the teacup from which she was drinking. Again he went cold, and he ached to stretch out a finger to measure her eyelashes.

"Don't murder her over the week-end," she begged. "She's looked forward so to having you. Good-by, Mrs. Green and everybody. I'll be over tomorrow and extend myself as usual on your beautiful court." She was kissed by several women, and by Mr. Green, the paint king, and departed.

Driving home she sat in the front seat and explained why her tennis game was improving. She was technical and almost conceited. But why not? Sized perfectly for American life, she fitted snugly between them, without making driving perilous.

When they got to the Stowes' she slid out behind Bill and walked straight into the house, calling to them, "If I don't get straight into a hot tub, I'll fall into a million pieces."

"Well," said Dick, "that's big news." Bill said nothing.

He was perilously interested. At dinner he could hardly take his eyes off her. She had thrown on a creamy chiffon evening gown, her bare feet were incased in high-heeled green slippers. He sat next her, and in her haphazard direct fashion she met the fact that Fairfax was falling. She was twenty-two, she told him, and had been bumming around doing nothing ever since she came out, and now she was looking for a job to keep her in New York. Her family lived somewhere outside of Philadelphia, and she was darned if she was going back there. "After the Nationals, I'm going to work."

"What are you going to do?" he asked her.

"Heaven knows. My Cousin Ann has a job in a big real-estate office, and she may get me in there. She goes around showing penthouses and duplexes and coöperatives. Great fun."

"It must be awful. Don't do anything so stupid."

"What should I do? I'm no genius."

"Marry me," was on the point of his tongue. Was he mad? "It isn't necessary to do stupid things," he countered, in his panic. "Haven't you learned anything?"

"Not a thing," she said. "Perhaps I should study stenography and be the right hand of an industrial king."

"Don't," he groaned. "Horrible. Don't spoil yourself. Couldn't you work for a decorator, for some nice woman decorator?"

She looked at him oddly. "You certainly are protective." As if to prepare him, she said, "Don't get your hopes up. I'm one of those dumb girls. I couldn't get into college, and in school I never listened. I don't even read the new books. The funny thing is, all my friends are quite bright. Look at me, talking to you."

"I'm no world-beater."

"Yes, you are," she said solemnly. "You have that quiet purposeful look. Your forehead is positively lofty. I bet you have regular habits, and burning ambitions, and no vices."

"Great Scott," he groaned. "I can improve. What vices do you recommend?"

"I hate vices," she asserted. "I was raised among them. You keep that pure look. Promise?"

"You are a darling," he said shakily.

"You say it easily."

"No, I don't. I never met one before."

The man next her, of her own age, spoke to her, and she turned to him for the rest of the meal. With him she rode to the dance, and with great difficulty Fairfax extracted her from a crowd of younger people.

He was a good dancer, but he could not hold her long. She knew everyone in the county.

"This is hell," he exploded to her finally, and dragged her out across the veranda, and onto the dark lawn. "Are you running for office?"

She laughed, floating along beside him in the darkness. Some instinct told her that this man would demand her complete attention, that a really big bomb was about to explode.

"Listen," she said, lightly linking her arm in his. "Don't be fierce. We have the rest of the summer,

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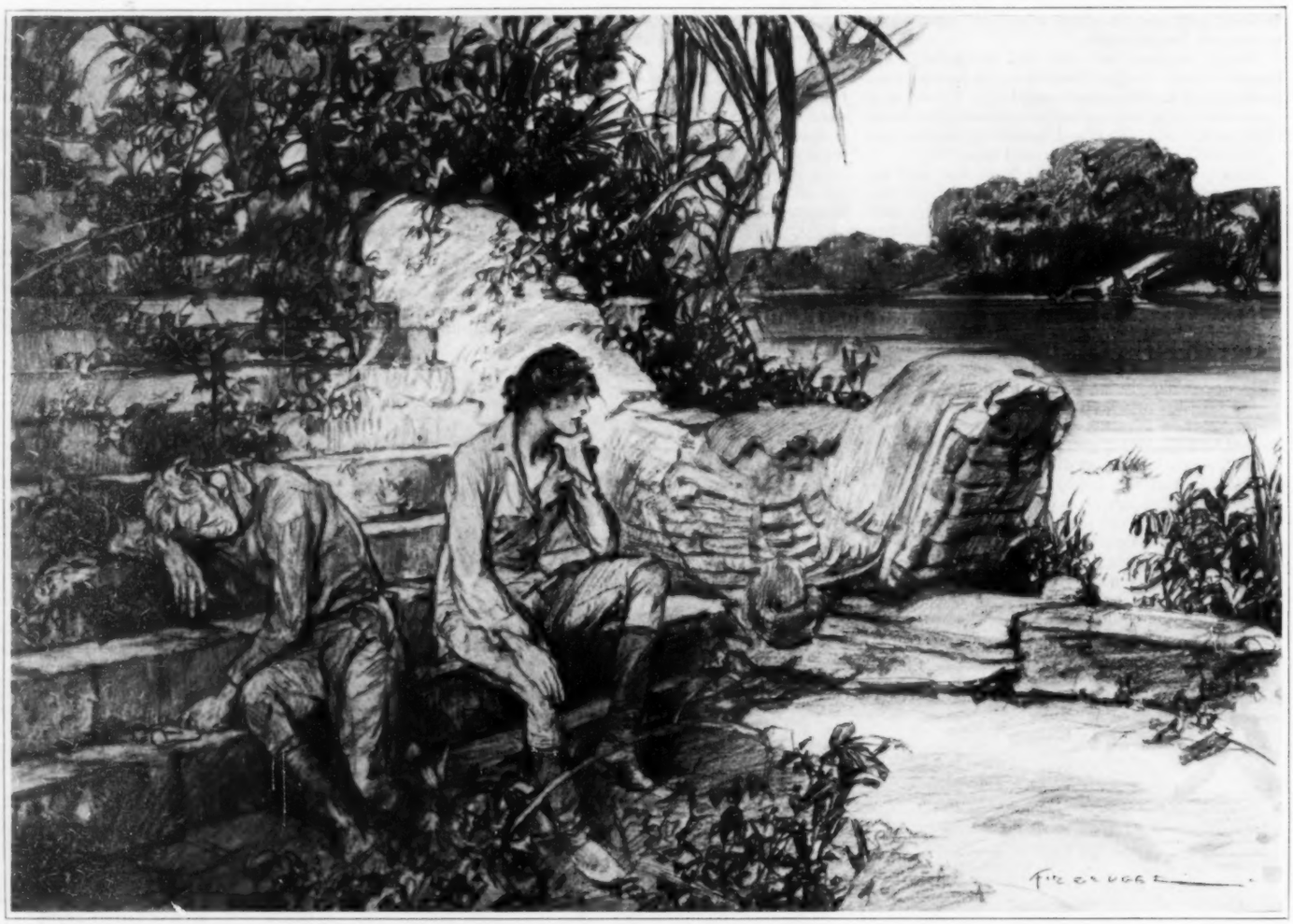
Mrs. Green Said, "Don't Make Fun of Any Man, Fay. It Doesn't Pay. Don't You Want Some More Tea, Mr. Wilcox?"

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS



They Sat There by the Blank, Unstirring Lake, More and More Silent, Hoping Less and Less for a Swift Roar of Power From the Sky

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

THERE was another second into which no sound fell but the slow, vast, empty rustle of the waking wind. Then Kane laid the morsel of iguana meat on a stone by the fire, walked round it and sat down with Bill, the mechanic; the tread of his heavy boots was firm. Davison stumbled to a seat on the parapet, pushing the empty pistol into its holster with shaking fingers.

The girl came and sat with him, sympathetically. She was hungry too, and angry too. Instinctively, fighting panic, she was groping for normal things; and it wasn't normal for Lois Maring to be told that she had fat on her body. It wasn't true—not very true; not visibly. She knew her body, smooth, lithe, slender to the eye. She had a swift, grim vision of herself as she would be—how soon? How soon? The jungle didn't care. Once it had trapped you, it could wait—wait till the silence drove you crazy, till your own struggles stripped you of your human beauty, made you an animal, fighting for life against that vast, blind density.

Why didn't Kane pretend to be cheerful, pretend that everything was going to be all right? It wouldn't have deceived her in the least; she knew the jungle. But he might have tried. He had no right to make her feel like a trapped animal, weigh her resistance to starvation as an animal. He didn't even beg her to be brave. He only sat there, huge, silent, his great arms about his faded khaki knees, staring with somber eyes into the fire.

This wasn't the man she knew, the big, good-humored engineer from Kansas. How could he be so still? He wasn't human. Time didn't worry him. Like a bronze statue sitting there. She wouldn't speak. She swore she wouldn't. She could be silent as long as he could.

Time weighing down on you, waiting to snuff you out. Why didn't somebody say something—something frivolous, civilized?

She saw her father eating, wearily, meekly. No fat on his body, that was sure; a single day's fatigue made him look haggard, old. How old? She had to calculate. He had been thirty-five when she was born. Sixty! It was cruel for a man to have to meet a thing like this at sixty. He couldn't stand it. Unfair, unfair! The jungle didn't care what greatness might be in your mind, what depth and grandeur you might conjure out of the long past. It only cared how strong you were, how much fat on your body.

Davison couldn't stand it either; not if he didn't eat. He had lost blood. He sat beside her weakly, holding his bandaged head in his two hands.

She got up swiftly and retrieved the piece of meat beside the fire, glaring at Kane. He didn't seem to notice. She touched the sick man's hand, her eyes pleading; and he took it. His eyes said "For you." He ate with difficulty through his bandages. He did need food. Her heart swelled oddly, watching him. She could help him. To Kane she was only an encumbrance, a silly woman to be slapped out of hysteria, a poor, frightened female who unfortunately was here.

Bill, the mechanic, was worse scared than she was. She could see his white, blotched face beyond the fire, his eyes that never stopped their frightened seeking. This was all new to Bill. A roaring forest of machinery would have been home to him, but he couldn't stand this slow, vast vegetation.

He said with a dry throat, "Don't somebody know some funny stories?"

Then the bronze statue stirred and grinned and answered humanly, "It does get tedious, doing nothing, huh? But it won't be so bad tomorrow, when we get started. I noticed this morning that you swing a mean machete. You'll be a jungle expert in no time."

"Which way do you figure we better head?"

"North. That's the easiest way out. And there's a colony of jungle Indians on the way, if we can find 'em. They may help."

"May?" echoed Bill. "You mean they may get hos-tile?"

"No. More likely they'll be scared and take to the woods. They don't know much about visitors—not white ones, certainly. I think I'm the only white man they ever saw."

"Treat you all right, did they?"

Oddly, the girl observed, there was a pause before Kane's deep voice answered "Yes." His eyes were masked, wary; she knew the look. But Bill didn't. He knew Kane only as a passenger, a big fella who fortunately knew what to do in a place like this.

"Think you can find 'em?"

"I don't know. I hope so. I know the direction from here, and it's our best chance. Civilized stomachs can't live on the jungle very long."

"By the way," inquired Bill, innocently curious, "what was you doin' here? Lost?"

Then Kane's blue eyes went almost black in the firelight. He said harshly, "Call it that. Lost—that's as good a word as any!"

The mechanic stared. The girl said sweetly, "Naughty, naughty, Bill! Mustn't ask questions."

"Sorry," said Kane, and grinned. "I don't mean to be touchy. Didn't have a very good time—you can imagine. I don't enjoy thinking about it."

His eyes were masked again, impassive. Lois Maring was annoyed. The mystery of life and death that hung about them now made other mysteries seem petty.

She flared, "Yet you wanted to come back. I wonder why?"

"Sorry," said Kane, and did not grin. "I can't tell you, Lois. But if I find what I'm looking for ——"

"Never mind. The question was rhetorical." She explained to Bill, "Mr. Kane has a secret. Maybe he found a palace full of gold. If we're good children maybe he'll share with us. Won't you, Christopher?"

"If I find what I'm looking for," said Kane, "I shall ask nothing better than to share with you."

But it wasn't a tender speech. His voice was level, hard, impassive. He could speak humanly to Bill, but he treated her as if she had no personality.

"Thank you," she said and smiled, but not at him. "Aren't you excited, Captain Davison?"

"I fear," said Davison, "that I am not included in the gentleman's generosity."

Food was reviving Davison. The light was creeping back into his eyes again, the look of mastery that she remembered, mocking and undismayed. Kane's dogged strength might beat the jungle, but this man had lived through battle in the air. She felt their quality—these two hard males. One of them ponderous, inflexible, like stone; one of them harder, subtler, dangerous, like steel.

Later, when Davison was arranging the deflated rubber boat for her to sleep on, she could feel more than gallantry in his solicitude. Part of it was an indirection aimed at Kane. But the big man said nothing more about cutting up the fabric to make blankets for them all. He was already dozing by the fire, waking from time to time to feed it. Davison caught her eye and grinned; and from a safe distance, with a twig, he touched the pocket of Kane's coat that held the pistol cartridges.

Kane's eyes were open instantly. Without a movement of his body his head turned; he saw what touched him.

Davison mocked him, "You sleep lightly, Mr. Kane!"

The big man answered imperturbably, "You learn to do that in the jungle, Captain Davison."

It would have taken more fatigue than Lois Maring felt to make her sleep. She shut her eyes and felt the crash again, opened them and felt the jungle waiting; dozed and woke to find that time had barely moved. She felt insects crawling on her. She heard unseen animals creep somewhere to the water—or was that only the forest creeping, growing? She heard dew begin to drip; the wind had died, but the dead air turned cold. She heard her father groan and saw his weary eyes that stared into the sky. She made him take her place, and covered him with the fabric of the boat and sat by the fire till dawn.

Bill couldn't sleep either. They didn't say much; there was nothing much to say. Morning came, sudden, too vivid, [illegible] the nerves with a foreknowledge of the heat to come. And in that early coolness, their sweet gayety almost intolerable, a million butterflies danced on the lovely air.

XII

MORNING and evening they came out and danced—those light, cool, animated flowers. You couldn't think of them in heavy night or in the blazing heat of day; they seemed to live only that brief half hour, mocking you with their careless, fragile beauty. True, there were vicious thunderbolts that struck among them, whizzing, destroying, eating, but it didn't seem to matter. They danced out their time, their numbers undiminished. Red macaws flashed now like flame into the sunlight, vanishing into gloom like flame put out, screaming defiance at these clumsy human things. The jungle was already learning what they were, how slow and blundering. It knew their proud machine was dead.

Kane asked the girl, "Do you know how to catch iguanas?"

She answered tonelessly, "I've seen it done."

"They like to live around ruined walls. They dive for their holes when they get scared. Just take a stick and camp there, and whack 'em when they run in. Give you something to do."

"All right."

"Poor kid," he said, "you miss your coffee, don't you? Wait." And he plunged down the mound into the bush, along the breach they had cut yesterday, and came back with a lump of grayish gum. "Chew this. There's a sapote tree down there that would make a fortune for some industrious *chiclero*."

Chicle. Chewing gum. . . . Broadway, the cheerful splendor of electric lights, the stir of human

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"Tell 'Em We're Not Angry. Tell 'Em Not to be Scared. Tell 'Em Votan Has Come Again"

POINT ARGENT

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

After Dinner Jonson Walked Down the Long Corridor, Where, Through the Early Evening, There Was Music; He Saw the Saviles

II

JONSON BALEY, with his clothes wet from the sea, went up to his room in the Point Argent Hotel in the bathers' elevator. He mechanically removed all his clothes and sat completely naked and thoughtful. A great deal was clear that, no more than an hour before, had been darkly obscure. But this, Jonson discovered, only served to create a still greater and more threatening mystery. For example, Mrs. Savile and Charlton Weld had tried in an indirect but positive manner to kill Sims Lewes. There was no doubt about that. Weld had as good as pushed Sims into a current where, alone, he was helpless. And with Mrs. Savile—Acacia Fencible—looking on. That was wrong; actually the woman had sent Sims into the treacherous sea. Charlton Weld, Jonson saw, had no more than put her will, her design, into being. There the greater mystery made its appearance: What was Mrs. Savile's design? Aside, that was, from murder. He could not, now, accuse her of an attempted major crime. Nothing he knew rested on proof. He had no case against her at all. If he understood the motive of Mrs. Savile's secret activity, then, Jonson felt, he'd be able to defeat it.

Back of that necessity, more insistent still, was an attachment for Sims Lewes. Jonson found that he liked the boy immensely. Jonson Baley was determined that no harm he could prevent would overtake Sims. He would have to be practical about that too. Immediate. His first impulse was to go to Martin Harris, or even telephone Mr. Roseample, at Baltimore, and explain what he knew and suspected. Jonson hesitated, however, because of his interest in Sims. He knew what Harris or Mr. Roseample would do—either of them, purely in the interest of the hotel, would promptly ask Mrs. Savile to leave; make every effort to save the Point Argent Hotel from scandal. Sims wouldn't be considered. And that must simply remove the very acute danger surrounding him to another place.

It wasn't enough to explain all this to Sims himself. There was no proof and the boy, really, could do nothing. Miss Emily Millard, probably in Newport and unknown to Jonson, seemed far away and immaterial. A choice lay before Jonson Baley: He could perform what was most obviously his duty by laying all that he did know at once before the proper authorities. Then his responsibility would be over. He could, as he had already realized, and with entire propriety, put Sims out of his calculations and mind. Or, considering first his attachment to the boy, proceed at least a little farther upon a course, an investigation, of his own. That, undoubtedly, was dangerous. If there was an accident to his plans, it would be a bad accident. Fatal. At the same time there was a chance of saving Sims Lewes from future danger. "If I was a good detective," Jonson told himself—"hell, if I was a detective, I'd feel better about it. I'm pretty dumb," he admitted. The whole thing was: Could he find out about Mrs. Savile? There was nothing to it but that.

What was she trying to prove? He had, without a conscious decision, made up his mind to ride along, for the moment anyhow, on his own initiative. Jonson owed that much, he concluded, to Sims Lewes. He speculated upon the tragic end of Persifer Lewes and his family in China. That left Sims pretty much without near connections. Jonson knew of none besides Miss Millard, the boy's grandaunt, the doctor, Fencible, and his daughter, Acacia Savile. Sims had an unholy amount of money—millions. A sudden curiosity possessed him to learn the conditions of Gardner Lewes' will. He vaguely understood that wills were more or less on public view and might be studied by all who were interested. The Lewes will, naturally, would be in New York City; he had no time for a trip North, but he could telephone to the attorneys for the Point Argent Hotel in Baltimore and ask them to secure the information. That would commit him to nothing.

He did not, in the meanwhile, know exactly what to do about Sims; it was Saturday, and Sims had told him he'd leave Point Argent on Monday. Jonson didn't wish to keep him; he wouldn't be able to accompany him in the interest of his safety; Sims, the truth was, could not be called secure in the hotel. His thoughts shifted to Charlton Weld and the significant note Weld had sent Mrs. Savile. He had written, "Anything, darling," and signed it. Mrs. Savile was difficult; where she was concerned he must move with a great caution, but Weld was different; he was squashy. Charlton Weld was a squash. Probably the thing to do was to put the works on him. Jonson had never put the works on anyone; it promised to be a very unpleasant business, but he was a detective and it might be necessary. He wouldn't, Jonson thought, have to be very hard with Weld. Perhaps a smack in the jaw and a lot of questions.

It might all, he realized, turn out very badly for him. He had no proof! A detective couldn't beat up even tutors without an adequate excuse. Well, he'd risk that much, Jonson decided. A personal element, he acknowledged, had some part in that decision. He had wanted to smack Weld's jaw for a day or two. His feeling about Mrs. Savile, Jonson Baley was convinced, had changed; now she was no more than a problem. A man, he told himself, was a fool to fall for a woman. He was a boob. If you did you were sunk. Cooked. Like Charlton Weld. He had fallen for Mrs. Savile, and look where it was like to take him. Why, for a ride. Mrs. Savile, Jonson was certain, didn't care for Charlton Weld. He had been conscious of the impossibility of that from the first. Before he guessed at what might be happening. Never, Jonson Baley continued, fool yourself about

women or love. If you do, there is no saying what will come of it. Murder or anything. Yes, he'd address himself to Charlton Weld.

William China, the black bell captain, came into Jonson's room and laid out his things for the evening. He had nothing to report. Mr. Weld was continuously with Mrs. Savile. She was in her room now with a headache, the chambermaid had informed China. Mrs. Savile's temper, it seemed, was bad. She took sleeping pills every night. China had been in Weld's room; it faced the sea and—the wind had gone down—the afternoon was hot, but Weld had shut all the windows and drawn the shades down tight.

"Just like he didn't want to see out," William China proceeded. "He appeared to be a little drunk."

"Tomorrow," Jonson told himself—"tomorrow I'll attend to Charlton."

When he was dressed he went to Sims Lewes' rooms. Sims was there, in the sitting room, in a bath robe of white toweling with his initials on a sleeve; the valet was drawing a bath.

"Planter will make you a cocktail," Sims said. "If you will excuse me, I'll bathe a little. It won't take any time." Sims Lewes vanished and the valet brought a small shaker half full and a single cocktail glass on a silver tray.

Jonson asked, "How long have you been with the Leweses?"

"More than sixteen years," the man replied. "I took care of Mr. Gardner. I was with them in Africa when Mrs. Lewes and him fell to their death."

Jonson Baley gazed at him steadily and Planter steadily met his hard eyes. "All Sims Lewes' meals are brought up here," Jonson spoke suddenly. "I want you to see that what he eats isn't fooled with. Don't ask questions about it, either. I'll take care of the waiter who brings it up. It would be better, too, if he drank bottled water for a time. Pint bottles, and don't let any stand around after they have been opened. Tell him you discovered the water here was bad."

The valet said quietly, "I see, sir. Lately things have appeared strange to me. There has been a black influence over the family for a number of years."

The telegram that, the following morning, Jonson Baley received about the Gardner Lewes will was, in spite of its legal phrases, appallingly clear: The Lewes estate, outside a number of comparatively unimportant bequests, descended to Sims Lewes. During his minority Emily Millard and Persifer Lewes acted as trustees. In the event, during that period, of Sims' death, all the property went to Persifer Lewes. Emily Millard had been given a life interest by Marion Lewes, her brother. There were no further provisions. If Sims did die before maturity and the Persifer Lewes family ceased to exist, the estate would be taken under the law by the next of kin. "In other words," Jonson said to himself, "Dr. Jules Fenci-ble. Or, where he was concerned, by Mrs. Savile." No one, naturally, would have believed that the Lewes family in China might be disposed of entirely. That uprising was an extremely fortunate occurrence for the Fencibles, if they were in a position to profit by it. From the looks of things, Jonson added, they might well be. He began to speculate about the fatality in China; he had, for example, no doubt that a small uprising could be manufactured in the East; he had always understood, as well, that a close community existed between the Chinese in San Francisco and those beyond the Pacific Ocean; and that, universally, money was money. Mr. Savile, at a most inappropriate time, apparently, had left for San Francisco. Jonson wondered if he had drawn any large sums. That would be an interesting discovery. He wasn't, after all, Jonson Baley thought, so very far from being a detective.

Sunday proceeded without incident; it was hot and still; the sea was calm like a canal and safe as a pool. Charlton Weld sat with Mrs. Savile—she kept herself, Jonson saw, entirely folded in her glazed black wrap—and Sims stayed with him.

"Come on, Savile, With the Goods. We Can't Stand Here All Night"

"Planter and Charlton Weld had an argument at breakfast," Sims said. "It was frightfully silly. I don't know what got into Planter; he's been sensible for years. He threw out a cup of coffee I had been drinking and insisted on getting a fresh one."

Jonson Baley casually interrupted him. "Had you left it standing?"

Sims replied that perhaps he had. He couldn't remember. It was all too ridiculous. "I really didn't blame Mr. Weld, except for getting so bothered. He reached such a point I had to remind him that, after all, the coffee was mine." Jonson was silent. It was possible, he told himself again, that he was making a dangerous mistake. He had taken too much responsibility upon himself. If anything unfortunate did happen now, he was responsible for it. He would be blamed.

Mrs. Savile rose from the sand and walked up toward the beach club. Charlton Weld followed, and Jonson saw her speak sharply over her shoulder to him. Weld turned and approached the umbrella where Baley and Sims were sitting. He was, Jonson realized, in spite of sunburn, pale from a strong emotion.

Charlton Weld joined them with an attempted laugh. "Acacia is cross," he explained; "and when that happens I absolutely drop her. She always ends that by sending for me."

Sims Lewes studied him with contempt. The boy deliberately turned away from his instructor.

"Some day," Jonson observed cheerfully, "you'll say the like of that to the wrong party and come to among the angels. To put it optimistic. For a fact, Weld, it's bad. We know the ladies can't resist you, but that's a thing it doesn't pay to advertise. It creates too much envy, see?"

"The comic detective," Weld repeated wearily.

"Now I'll tell you about that one," Jonson went on; "I was comic a day or two back, but I'm not near as funny now. Not by a hell of a sight. I am more what Allan Pinkerton would want me to be every passing minute. Weld, what do you make out of that?"

He made nothing out of it, Charlton Weld answered. It was, he said, professional vanity. Words. Talk. At the same time, a deeper and more perceptible uneasiness settled upon him. He filled his palm with dry sand and watched it run through his fingers. It was plain to Jonson that Charlton Weld was worried to death. It would not be necessary to be really hard; Jonson doubted if he'd have an opportunity to smack him. He would speak to Weld, Jonson Baley decided, today; go to his room before dinner. There he would force the truth from him. Mrs. Savile had made a mistake in depending to the smallest extent upon Sims' tutor. He wasn't a person you could trust. It had been evident, he considered, that she as well had come to the same decision. This was another, a very potent, reason why it would be bad to be Charlton Weld. It wasn't healthy to know anything much about Mrs. Savile's schemes. Not just at present. Weld, it turned out, might be in a worse situation than Sims. It would be comical if he had to protect Charlton Weld too.

Jonson Baley dressed early; he was preparing to leave on his essential and unpleasant errand when William China appeared. "There is something I thought you might want to hear right away," he explained. "Mr. Savile—Mr. Charles Savile—has just arrived. He was drove over. He is with Mrs. Savile this minute."

(Continued on Page 59)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27, 1930

Rush Business

LARGE numbers of aliens are smuggled across American borders, and other thousands illegally enter the country through its major seaports. Europeans cannot understand how it is that the richest and, in some respects, the most powerful nation on the face of the globe can sanction or tolerate such an affront to her national dignity and sovereignty. For the Old World does not scamp on its police establishments or leave its international frontiers unguarded.

It is true that no Western European nation has a coast line or land frontiers comparable to our own. None, indeed, has either so great a problem or such potential resources for coping with it. Moreover, there is no other land which so many unwanted aliens desire to enter. No one can suppose that strict enforcement of our immigration laws is an easy task or even a possible task as long as we approach it with one-fourth or one-fifth of the man power and money power that are obviously essential for its substantial accomplishment.

When we have credited ourselves with the amount of needed appropriations which we have failed to make, we must post the debit side of the ledger. We must duly enter the extra cost of penal institutions, insane asylums, poorhouses, and what not. We must enter as a contingent liability the hordes of bootleggers, white slavers, dope peddlers and other gutter trash that we have allowed to come hither to prey upon our own people. We must make proper allowance for their presence as human breeding stock and for the economic and racial effect of their offspring upon those about them. We must charge up the maintenance of the police forces and the courts and hospitals which will inevitably have to cope with them.

The new Congress has many pressing and important duties before it. None is more pressing, none is more important than to establish an effective and adequate patrol upon our frontiers, to provide liberally for the prompt apprehension and deportation of criminal aliens and all those who have come hither in defiance of the law, and to effect early and permanent reductions in the volume of our immigration, or, better still, to adopt Senator Reed's plan to close America to all immigration for at least a two-year period.

Such matters deserve a place at the top of the calendar, and they should remain there until they have been disposed of according to the dictates of patriotism and common sense.

The Wrong Scent

THE question of sensationalism in the press is an old one and it would be strange if we had anything new to add to the discussion. Daily newspapers have their own problems, and much of the criticism directed against them is uninformed and hasty.

To present sensations in the daily press is not necessarily harmful; everything depends upon the nature of the sensation. But we cannot fail to wonder if a considerable portion of the press feels any real sense of public duty or responsibility in its selection of exciting and morbid news displays.

Of course people always have been and always will be interested in murders where lovers are involved. Triangles, followed by violent death, can never lose their morbid attraction. The killing of wives by husbands or of husbands by wives is almost as fascinating, and any kind of violent quarrel among relatives or friends, resulting in murder, though less thrilling, still finds ample space in the press.

If one is to judge by a glance at news stands, these crimes are the chief events of the day. They drag interminably through a long series of pink, green, red and other colored special editions for weeks and for months at a time.

But the strange part of the whole matter is that such crimes of violence are not very numerous or symptomatic or significant. They have always existed and always will exist. They indicate no new social degeneration and imply no breakdown in general respect for law. They are regrettable, of course, but there is nothing novel about that. Yet, as compared with other kinds of murders, they receive an exaggerated amount of newspaper notice, and this in turn forces the authorities to give a disproportionate effort to their solution.

Yet if a clean-living, hard-working, middle-aged paymaster, with a wife and three children to support, or a wholesome, manly young attendant at a service station, is killed in cold blood by bandits in search of the pay roll or cash drawer, the most that the ultimate in sensational journalism will usually give to the incident is a few paragraphs. The murder is not followed up by any series of shrieking special editions. No tribe of sleuths, half reporter and half detective, is let loose to solve the mystery. If the criminals are caught and tried, there is no glare of nauseating publicity; the press hires no battalions of special writers to do columns upon columns of human-interest stuff. Yet the paymaster and young service-station attendant are entirely innocent of wrongdoing, whereas the murdered victim in the triangle or love-nest tragedy probably has only himself or herself to blame.

We are far from implying that the police or other legal authorities take their cue from the noise which the yellow press makes in regard to a particular crime of violence. Nevertheless, we cannot fail to wonder at the extraordinary efforts that are made to solve an occasional murder of the one kind and the more routine pursuit of the hordes of professional gangsters and gunmen who commit the more numerous and infinitely more serious murders of the other type. Newspaper sensationalism and criminal justice alike have gone off on the wrong scent. It is high time they began to pay notice to something worth while.

Antiquated Laws

IF THE present antitrust laws are not antiquated, they at least form a complicated patchwork which requires simplification and adaptation to modern conditions. It is certainly illogical and contrary to public interest that producers of coal, copper, oil and other natural resources cannot agree to restrict overproduction and waste without the danger of running foul of these laws. Mr. Lamont, the New York banker, was more than reasonable when he recently suggested that it might be advisable for Congress, at least once in a forty-year period, to review the workings of a statute like the Sherman Antitrust Act, which bears so vitally upon the problems of capital and labor. Nor will many people disagree with his further statement that such laws have been in part responsible for encouraging excessive construction of plant and equipment in the industrial field and for the excessive duplication of facilities.

It is always dubious wisdom to urge additional tasks upon Congress, and surely no one can expect such a complicated question as the regulation of trusts and monopolies to be taken up for reconsideration at the short session. But the problem must be faced courageously. In addition to the Sherman Act, which was passed forty years ago, under conditions very different from those which now exist, there is another whole series of antitrust laws of more recent date, which, far from clearing up the situation, seem to have complicated it further. Plainly, these laws as a whole seriously endanger efforts to prevent overproduction and waste of natural resources. Not long ago a Federal Oil Conservation Board was organized under the auspices of the Government itself and consisting of high government officials, but the Attorney-General ruled that even this board could take no action relieving anyone from prosecution in case agreements were made which might run counter to the antitrust laws. The effect is that antitrust laws become actual anticonservation laws.

It is, of course, no slight task to devise methods of preventing oppression, undue limitation of product and exorbitant prices in case greater freedom is permitted. Yet we must have enough inventive genius in this country to find a happy medium between wasteful and annihilating competition on the one hand, and laws which choke efforts toward sane cooperation on the other hand. We refuse to believe that these are the inevitable alternatives.

The Prosperity of France

AMONG all the countries of Europe, the prosperity of France is outstanding. It passes the comprehension of Englishmen and Germans. Gradually, the causes of this prosperity are being revealed. In the main, it is the product of a series of more or less fortuitous circumstances, which have been well exploited by a clever French political and industrial policy. The countryside of France is peculiarly self-sufficient. Apart from her localized industries of steel, potash and coal, her export products are specialties rather than staples. French costs of production are relatively low, and the indexes of production have been well maintained. There is no unemployment; there are many foreigners working in France, and when a job fails, the foreign worker may be sent out, thus preventing unemployment in the native population. The stationary population of the country is an asset. Tourists bring to France a huge sum of foreign exchange each year. Finally, the large stock of gold in France and her large bank balances abroad have been employed to the current advantage of the country. There are other factors, but these are outstanding. How long the good fortune will last need not be forecast. But if France can cling to her advantages, when the rest of the European countries turn the corner toward good times they will find France headed in the same direction.

THE RUSSIA THAT TOURISTS DO NOT SEE—By Eve Garrette Grady

THE first man-size American-tourist invasion of Soviet Russia is over. For the first time in the history of the country—certainly for the first time since the Communists rose spectacularly to power—well-organized parties of men and women from the United States have been permitted to spend the summer traveling through the Soviet Union, seeing with their own eyes the world's greatest social experiment in actual operation.

Before the World War there was scarcely any tourist traffic in Russia, for the Czarist police looked askance at all foreigners. During the first turbulent years of civil war and the reconstruction following, their presence was undesirable. But the Soviet Government, now realizing that travelers furnish a valuable means of obtaining foreign currency to strengthen its financial position and to pay for the millions of dollars' worth of machinery it has bought in the execution of its Five-Year Industrial Plan, astutely decided to compete with the other European countries for the rich American-tourist traffic during the past season. It did so to such purpose that 15,000 travelers have come and gone, leaving behind them a golden trail of shining American dollars. It was a most successful season.

Modern Soviet Russia, the land of the seven-hour day, the five-day week—Sunday is abolished—the free marriage and the easy divorce, is certainly calculated to intrigue the interest of the jaded traveler. Therefore, it is safe to predict that next year and the year after, and the year after that, will reap bumper tourist crops.

PHOTO, BY UNIONBILD G. M. B. H., BERLIN

The Student of Human Nature is Able to Learn Much About Russian Life and Soviet Law in a Trolley

The Thrills of Proletarian Life

I WAS an interested observer of American tourists' activities in Soviet Russia during the summer of this year. In Leningrad, in Moscow, in the Ukraine, in Kieff, and out on the steppes, I encountered them—earnest bands of college professors, students and social-service people, who traveled across the sea in order to study at first hand Soviet policies and practices as well as to do conscientious sightseeing. Men and women, wearied of the well-traveled roads through France and Italy and the Rhine country, in search of the thrill to which a visit to Soviet Russia should certainly entitle them, were all moving like clockwork from place to place under the capable guidance of great fleets of specially trained guides and interpreters—recent graduates of the Soviet Institute of Guides—traveling on special trains, eating special food, seeing special sights and witnessing special theatrical performances.

Somehow, they all seemed to me to be missing the fun that Americans have who live in Soviet Russia all year round. Somehow, after talking to many of them, I was forced to conclude that, perhaps, in the course of their travels they hadn't really learned so very much about Russia after all. Of course, the disadvantage of organized tourist travel through any country is that the traveler never gets that fascinating peep behind the scenes that tells the story. It is particularly to be deplored in traveling through the proletarian republic, for so many exciting things happen behind the scenes there. It is, therefore, my purpose to show you some of the things that, were you an actual American resident of Soviet Russia—as are some 2500 citizens of the United States today—and not a visitor, you would certainly discover for yourself. Here are some of the adventures and many of the thrills that are part and parcel of 1930 Russian life.

There are, for instance, the Russian railway stations. The tourist is usually hustled by so briskly that he has not the leisure to loiter and little opportunity to observe the domestic life that is an established feature of every railroad station throughout the entire length and breadth of the U. S. S. R.—the straw mattresses unrolled, the kettle put on to boil—this, mark you, right out in the center of the waiting-room floor—the little snack of dried fish, black bread, cucumbers and sour cream, to be washed down by a bottle of vodka, that is spread out for the consumption of a man, a woman and four or five children. Here are the men and women who, in lieu of homes and lodgings elsewhere, have taken the station platforms and waiting rooms as their places of residence and who have settled down quite comfortably to keeping house.

The tourist is denied experiences the American engineer on business trips is afforded—like that of trying to make his way through station corridors and waiting rooms to the ticket office in the evening, with the floors so blocked by human beings sound asleep that he has difficulty in picking his way if he is concerned to avoid stepping on a human hand or face or body. Yet it is hardly fair to say that all the Russian families who have taken up residence in the railway stations have done so because they have no other homes to which to go. The fact is that great numbers of them are simply prospective purchasers of train tickets.

Now, the purchase of train tickets in the Soviet Union is a very complicated and arduous matter—one to be approached by its citizens with fasting and prayer. You see, Soviet Russia, where all are equal, considers it a sign of aristocratic weakness to maintain separate ticket-selling windows at the railroad stations for first and second and third class space reservations. Certainly, in a land of full equality to all, there can be no class distinction even in the matter of buying train tickets. Therefore, one ticket window, regardless of the amount of the traffic handled or the size and importance of the city as a railway center, is opened for the purchase of tickets. It is opened one-half hour before the train arrives. It is hardly necessary to picture the pandemonium that breaks loose before the ticket window prior to the arrival of an important train when some 300 or 400 people are lined up to buy space. And it is not surprising that very few of the 300 or 400 succeed in buying tickets and in boarding that particular train at all. It is impossible to pass through the gates to the trains without tickets. Therefore, there is nothing for the frustrated to do but to wait for the next train. And if that means waiting until the next day, wait right there until the next day they do. If you were to walk through a Russian railway station and were to question some of the people you see sitting or lying about on the floors of the waiting rooms, you would find that many of them had been trying every day for three, four or as many as five days to buy tickets to a certain point of destination.

Waiting a Week for the Train

OF COURSE, on the roads that are not on the main lines it is the custom to hold the train until everyone who wants to take it has bought a ticket. Even in a small village station the ticket agent, fully cognizant of his rights as a man of power, will often refuse to sell any tickets whatever until there is a long, surging, murmurous line before the window. Rather than serve prospective travelers who come early to the station—and many do come early—he will wait until the station is crowded and until the people are tense with the fear that they may miss their train, and then preside at his window. If he is in a benign mood, and the train crew agrees, he may hold the train an hour, or even two hours, while he leisurely sells tickets to the men and women who have been waiting for an hour or two to buy them.

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"You Remember Her, Maw—Little Pearlie Snyder!!"

Post Scripts

Campus Notes

OH, FAIR co-ed, with your cigarette,
I have no wish your pose to blame;
You think you are a bold grisette;
You're just a child that plays a game.

Heredity is all the bunk,
And yet no charm can set me free;
For my inheritance is junk—
Dad's was the wrong fraternity.

The freshman finds a welcoming hand,
The senior meets an open door;
But there's no friend in all the world
Who cares about a sophomore.

I claim a fellow should be true
To all his summertime romances;
Yet can that little frosh in blue
Be dated for the Christmas dances?

—L. Mitchell Thornton.

The Cynic: "Anything Sensible?"

Now it Can be Told

BIOGRAPHERS refrain from tellin'
The whole truth about Trojan Helen;
But it is rumored that the maid
Was in the wholesale shipping trade.

—Carolyn Wells.

Short Story

THERE was a young lady who determined to save up and buy a fur coat. So she worked and saved, and worked and saved, and worked and saved.

Finally she got married and had the fur coat charged.

Tragedy

SEARCH as I can,
I find nothing worse in life
Than the lowly, lowly status
Of the average husband's wife.

—Virginia Leddy.

Business is Better

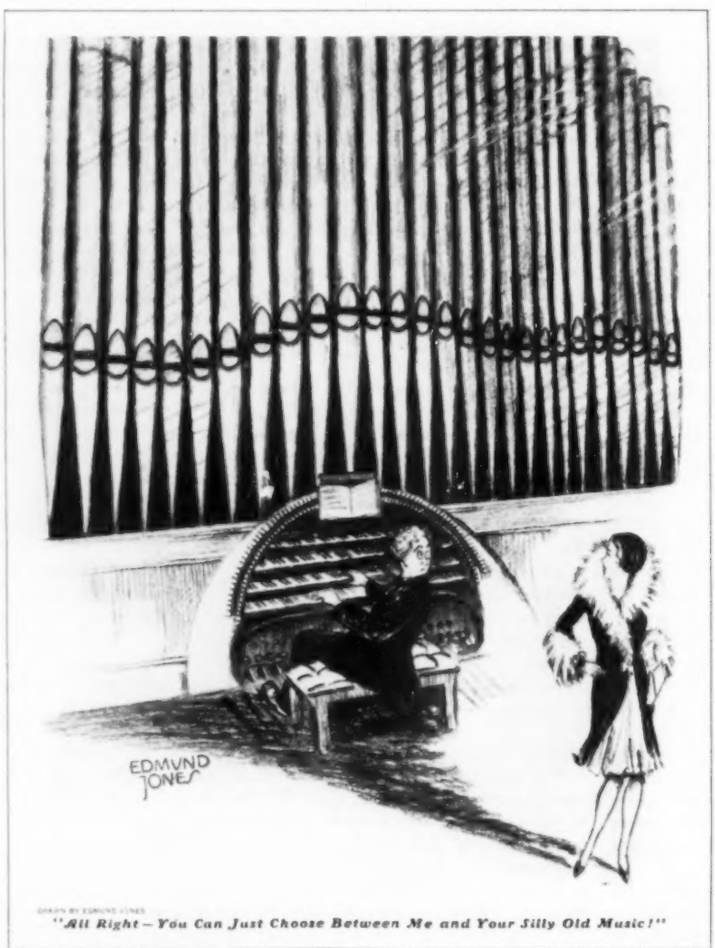
THROUGH her publicity department Miss Dottie Twitch, one of last season's most popular debs, gave out a statement today, dealing with the business situation.

"I find that business is definitely and decidedly on the upgrade," Miss Twitch declared. "During my last fiscal year I have received seven proposals of marriage, compared with four made during the fiscal year ending November 30, 1929. In addition to definite proposals, all coming from the most excellent sources with high commercial ratings and satisfactory lines of credit, there were many encouraging requests for information from prospects that no doubt will become customers later. What I may term 'sales resistance' has definitely been broken down and my own popularity is established on a most substantial basis.

"During the fiscal year just ended, in my receipts of candy, flowers and other favors, including both domestic and imported *parfum*, orchids of prime quality and silk hosiery won in wagers, there has been a material gain both in total receipts and in the value of the merchandise.

"I find that applications for what commonly are called dates have increased during the last fiscal year 17.8 per cent over the corresponding period of 1929 and the increase has come from a choice list of customers.

"These gains have been consolidated in such manner that I can face the future confident that next year will bring even better material returns." —Tom S. Elrod.



"All Right—You Can Just Choose Between Me and Your Silly Old Music!"

Home Again

"WELL, so your son has come home from college for vacation. How is he?"

"Yep, he's home all right. Got back at least five days ago, according to our maid. She said she saw him for breakfast the first morning he was home, and that he was looking fine. According to what she said, he's put on weight. I guess you're glad to have your daughter home too."

"Yes, it's a great help to the wife. She's been pretty busy around the house, and I understand that one of my daughter's friends told her mother to tell the wife that the kid expected to help her redecorate the living room next Thursday. Pretty thoughtful of her, eh? I hear your son was at the Van Estes' dance the other night."

"Yes, that's what they tell me. I was talking to Joe Higgins and he says he heard about it from his son's roommate, who'd seen some girl that my son Ed goes around with a lot. I guess it must have been a good party. By the way, they tell me your daughter has made an honor society at college."

"Yep, I guess it's true all right, because Mrs. Jarvis was speaking to me about it the other day. It seems she'd run into Mrs. Loftus, who knows Cora's house mistress. I'm certainly proud of Cora, and I must congratulate her when I see her. I understand Ed will probably make the basketball team."

"Well, that's what they tell me. I ran into somebody the other evening—I can't remember who it

(Continued on Page 56)

A life-time's experience is in this soup!

Your choice

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's, Campbell's everywhere—
It's in the ads, it's in the air;
But best of all, it's in the plate
And that's *the* place, I'm here to state!

YOU enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup so much that you naturally wonder what it is that makes it so irresistibly delicious. It is not alone our exclusive recipe. Nor our strict standards of Quality. Nor our magnificent and spotless kitchens—the greatest in the world. All of these help, of course. But the real secret is as elusive as personality—and just as impossible to "copy." It is the composite result of a whole lifetime of effort by our untiring French chefs. That racy, lively, dashing flavor is as inimitable as genius itself!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Landlord and Tenant, Partners

By J. SOLIS-COHEN, JR.

As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhardt

SOME years ago the real-estate firm which I represented was asked to find a tenant for a large basement in the heart of the Philadelphia business district. It was, we knew, an excellent location in what realty brokers call a 100 per cent block, with advantages that included proximity to several large department stores, a multitude of well-patronized retail stores, two railway stations and many office buildings. Although the practice of clocking pedestrians, since brought to a high degree of efficiency by the chain stores, was not then in general use, we knew that foot traffic there was extraordinarily heavy. For these reasons we analyzed the site as an excellent one for a restaurant specializing in quickly served, inexpensive meals, particularly luncheons.

Thus was our first problem solved. Our second was to find as lessee a restaurant proprietor who not only agreed with us but whose past record stamped him as the type of business man capable of operating successfully the establishment we had in mind; for the realty broker, no less than the property owner, wants his tenant to prosper. For a while this problem seemed insurmountable. We interested the firm we had in mind, but obstacles developed. Restaurants, insisted our prospective tenant, should be on the ground floor, light, airy and easy of access. We answered that proper illumination, ventilation and entrances would overcome that objection.

The Percentage Lease

THE rent, he then protested, was too large to be met out of the close profits of his type of restaurant. We offered to cut it generously. Still our prospect demurred. "Very well," we finally said to him, "here is a proposition that demonstrates our own and the owner's confidence in the possibilities of the site. Take the basement on a lease that binds you to no particular amount of rent. After your restaurant is established pay the owner, in lieu of rent, a percentage of your profits. If we are right both you and the lessor will profit by the deal. If we are wrong your lease will cost you nothing. But we know that the restaurant will succeed." Naturally he accepted eagerly.

How well our confidence was justified was demonstrated almost immediately. The restaurant succeeded from the start. Not only did the lessee profit by his venture, but the owner received from his property an annual income far greater than the rental originally suggested, and our firm won the confidence of two well-satisfied clients. Today, in evidence of this success, the premises are being greatly enlarged and the restaurant proprietor has signed a new long-term lease containing much the same provisions as did the original.

This incident, to my knowledge, marks one of the first applications to any large city property of what has since become famous among real-estate men as the "percentage lease"—a contract by which the property owner accepts a share of his tenant's gross income as rent. As an example of its *modus operandi* may be cited the case of a drug store which anticipates a business of $50,000 a year.

Owner and tenant will agree upon a rental percentage of 10 per cent of the gross income. If the store does the exact amount of business anticipated the owner receives $5000 rent. If, because of the excellence of the location and the business ability of the druggist, sales exceed this total, both renter and landlord profit accordingly. This is, of course, the simplest type of percentage lease. Sometimes minimum payments are provided for, sometimes a sliding scale of percentages is used, sometimes rentals are based on profits rather than on gross sales, but the case illustrates the general nature of the method. Strictly speaking, the idea is not entirely modern. Every farm owner who operated his property on shares employed the same principle. Modern realty practice has simply urbanized it, with amazing and spectacular success.

Today the system is nation-wide in its application and is spreading rapidly, to the advantage not only of real-estate investors and retail merchants but, I am convinced, of general business as well. Its most recent demonstration on a large scale may be seen in the newest and largest skyscraper in Detroit. There the entire ground floor is rented on percentage and no other type of lease will be considered. The ownership, insistent that the building shall house one of the most attractive small retail districts in the world, installs its own fixtures and selects its own renters. Among the tenants already acquired are fashionable milliners and tailors, druggists, tobacconists, restaurants, a theater and, most interesting of all, a bank whose base rent is determined according to the total of deposits. On the outskirts of Philadelphia virtually an entire suburban shopping district has been constructed within the past few years by a builder who rents his $5,000,000 operation on percentage leases, and who, as a result, has achieved extraordinary commercial success for both himself and his lessees.

But real-estate men in every large city now employ the percentage-lease idea, and the total of rents thus collected undoubtedly runs into many millions of dollars annually. Our own firm lists among its hundred of clients renting under such conditions the branch stores of some of the largest firms in the United States, as well as a multitude of smaller retail establishments, including department stores, mail-order houses, drug, candy, tobacco, florist, fruit, grocery, shoe, clothing, hardware and jewelry stores; restaurants, filling stations, garages, haberdashers, milliners, modistes, cleaners and dyers, radio shops, news stands, theaters and even indoor miniature-golf courses. Our annual rentals from such leases exceed $2,000,000 and are increasing monthly. The encouraging feature of all this lies in the fact that more than 95 per cent of the retail dealers to whom we have leased stores on the percentage basis are successful, many beyond their greatest hopes. Compare this total with the general statistics on retail merchandising failures and the success of the percentage-lease system becomes apparent.

Many Problems to be Solved

NATURALLY business is studying this development with a keen, appreciative eye. Quite recently the owner of a large piece of unimproved property in the business section of a small town near by entered my office to outline an interesting proposition based on his observation of the success of the method. "I intend," he said, "to develop my holdings by erecting retail stores. But before I build I shall send my architect to you. Tell him exactly the type of structures and floor arrangements required; then rent those spaces on percentage leases. I want you to select the clients, plan for their accommodation, and fix whatever percentages are proper. I do not want to dictate arbitrary minimum rentals or to trouble personally with other details of that nature. I am convinced that the method will not only provide for an excellent investment but will assure justice to both the lessees and myself."

This may seem like a broad order until one considers the regulatory features of the percentage lease itself. And to appreciate those an understanding of the factors governing the leasing of retail business properties is demanded. Perhaps the complexity of such factors can best be

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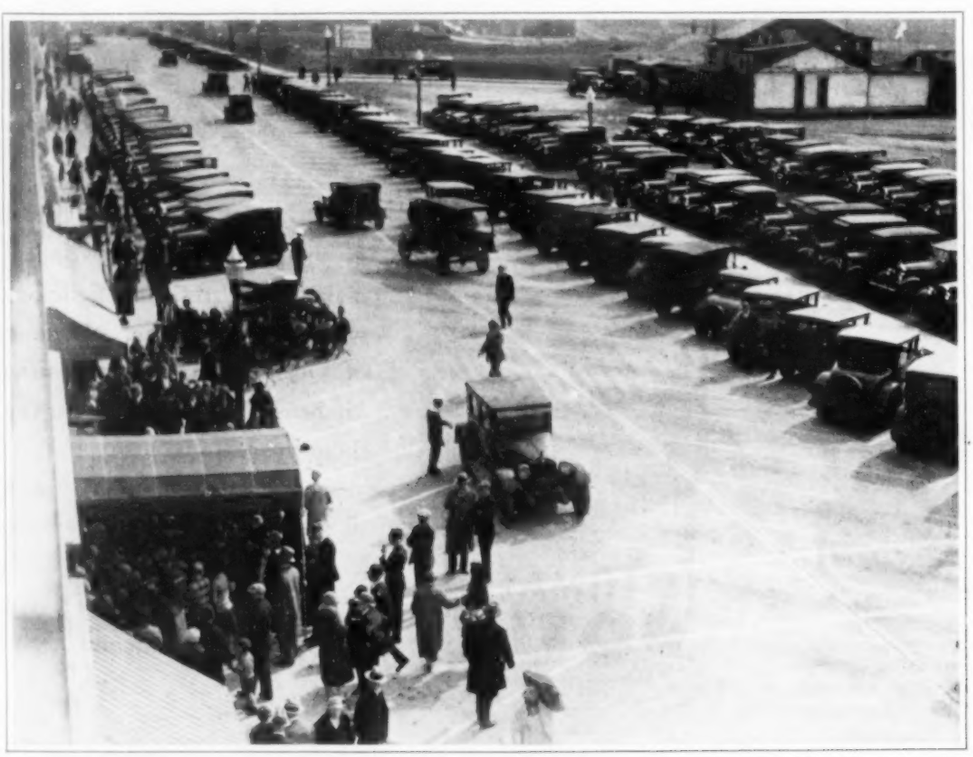
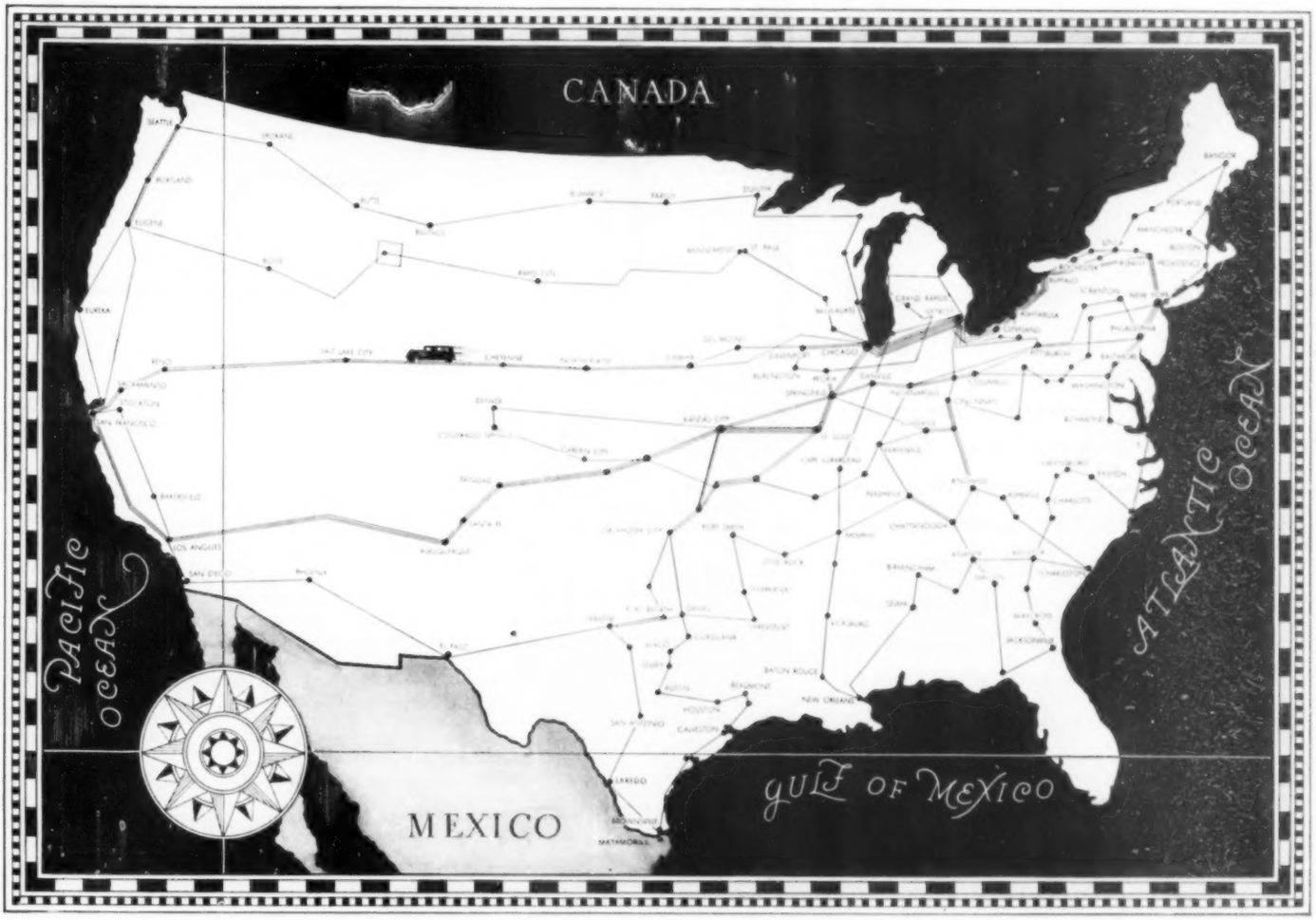


A Graphic Demonstration of the Tie-Up Between Adequate Parking Space and Good Business



ALL OVER THE MAP

THE MARATHON* EIGHT PROVES

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

FROM MAINE to California, from Canada to Mexico, the Dodge Eight Mileage Marathon is emphasizing the dependability of Dodge cars. » » Already, in the brief span of twenty-four weeks, the Marathon Eight has travelled more than 65,000 miles—a distance equal to two and one-half times around the world. » » North, South, East and West, the Marathon Eight has met and mastered every condition of road and weather. On and on it goes—meeting mountain storm and desert heat, clinging mud and hub-deep sand with unflinching dependability. » » Wherever you happen to live, the Dodge Eight, or the Dodge Six, will be a dependable car for you. » » See them at your nearest Dodge dealer's. Learn that they are now offered to you at the lowest prices in Dodge history.

*The Marathon Eight is a stock Dodge Eight sedan, running under A. A. A. sanction and supervision.

DODGE SIX AND EIGHT

DODGE SIX, $735 TO $835, (SEDAN $765)—DODGE EIGHT, $995 TO $1095, (SEDAN $1045)—F.O.B. FACTORY

The sweet-clean City of Sunbrite

"I'm starting the New Year right . . going to keep my gay new granite-ware that Santa left me as lovely as I found it Christmas morning. Sunbrite will do the trick! Keep it fresh and sweet, gleaming and spotless." . . That's the easiest way to make your kitchen attractive —Sunbrite! For "double-action" Sunbrite purifies as it cleans. Just one simple process. Sunbrite saves time and money. And hands. Order a supply for your cleaning today.

Swift & Company

The lingerie you want to keep so dainty, you can trust to Quick Arrow White Soap Chips' gentle suds. Leaves it fresh . . . lovely!

(Continued from Page 24)

demonstrated by describing the typical case of a prospective renter.

Assume that John Jones, an experienced business man, plans to establish a retail store or a restaurant in a city or neighborhood with which he is familiar only in a general way, but where he senses possibilities of profit. His problems are many and involved. If he has a store in mind he should know, before leasing, approximately how many persons pass the prospective location daily and whether they are buyers or merely promenaders. If he anticipates selling women's wear, his interest is limited to feminine pedestrians; if men's suits, to masculine; if a full line of shoes, to both. One chain-store system in such clocking classifies three separate groups of women—"shoppers," who really buy; "lookers," who some day may buy; and "strollers," who offer no promise as customers. Yet a heavy traffic count in itself is not necessarily an index to the volume of possible sales. The site may be located near a factory, where hundreds of moderately paid employes, who buy in their home neighborhoods, pass swiftly twice a day on their way to and from work. A location near a railroad station may be excellent for the sale of such small articles as commuters pick up hastily, but poor for luxury goods, despite heavy pedestrian traffic. A site near a big department store may be excellent, despite the competition offered, because the smaller retailer shares in part the benefits of his larger rival's full-page advertising which brings buyers into the district. Various theories have been advanced whereby a formula of so much per front foot per pedestrian may fix the rental value of a store site, but the changing conditions in neighborhoods, buying habits and methods of travel make them more interesting than practical. The automobile, for instance, has contributed greatly in recent years to rental values in neighborhood shopping centers which offer parking facilities denied in congested central areas.

If Jones has a restaurant in mind he has these problems and many others to solve. Apart from traffic counts, he must know whether the site promises only a luncheon trade or a three-meals-a-day trade; whether it is best suited for a cafeteria, a counter or a table type of service. Once restaurateurs could figure their prospective business at so much a chair, but with the exception of sandwich shops, which in some cities still estimate business at eight dollars per chair per day, this practice is proving impractical, largely because only long study or experience can determine whether the site is suitable for one or for two or more meals throughout the day. The rush of modern business and the scarcity of competent domestics, for example, are causing an increasing number of commuters to buy their breakfasts and often dinners in town, instead of having them at home—a practice which has contributed to the success of many small restaurants that formerly depended almost entirely on luncheon trade.

Lessening Lease Worries

SPECIAL problems comparable to these in nature, though differing in details, confront the prospective lessee in every form of retail merchandising, and it is obvious that no attempt can be made here to estimate formulas of income or of rental minimums for each type. The effort is rather to illustrate in a very general way the involved factors which any business man must consider before he can estimate the income to be expected from whatever location he may have under consideration and, supplementary to that, the rent which he can afford to pay. Heretofore rental has been based almost exclusively on a fair return on the estimated value or cost of the property—whichever is higher—or on a comparison with the rental rates of similar properties in the same neighborhood. This system naturally fails to take into account the great difference in income and in profits among the varying types of retail stores, although experience can demonstrate fairly accurately which particular business enterprises may thrive in certain neighborhoods. Nevertheless, the question of what rental the property should bring frequently requires long, involved and sometimes unhappy conferences on the part of the lessor, lessee and realty broker before a completely satisfactory answer is found.

Now consider how the percentage lease can aid in the solution of the problem for each of the three involved. The tenant is spared much of the involved process of traffic counts or other practices commonly utilized to determine the applicability of the neighborhood to his particular store. He escapes, too, the necessity of obligating himself for heavy long-term rentals on a store in what may prove to be an unwisely chosen location—an important factor in these conservative days. The landlord is spared much of the worry which attends guesses at his future interest, improvement and tax charges, for with a successful tenant the rental income will rise as improved neighborhood values boost these expenses, particularly taxes. Cases of long-term fixed leases on properties whose taxes have risen above the total of the annual rental income are by no means unknown. He avoids also the not infrequent and always painful requirement of being forced to choose between a rate that he knows is too low and the absence of any rental income at all. The broker escapes the annoying necessity of convincing either or both of his clients that the other isn't getting the lion's share out of the deal, and is able also to encourage the establishment of new types of business or of stores in untried though promising locations, in many cases where absence of exact precedents has made prospective renters unusually cautious. He is making landlord and tenant partners, each profoundly concerned with the success of the other, as well as of himself.

What a Realty Broker Must Know

BUT the broker's part, when efficiently performed, is far more involved and difficult than would first appear. His object is, of course, to secure for the tenant a site that will assure success, and for the landlord a tenant who will be permanent. To do this he must select the prospective tenant with care, for an indifferent business man might fail in the best of locations, losing money for both himself and the landlord, and lowering that greatest of the real-estate man's assets—prestige. Chain stores make excellent percentage-lease tenants, principally because they are so scientifically managed. The broker must know the problems which confront the lessee himself—what type of stores, such as tobacconists, prefer corner locations; what type, such as women's shops, should be on the shady side of the street; what type, such as small department stores, need generous floor space; what type, such as 5-and-10-cent stores, require merchandising basements; what type of establishments, such as motion-picture theaters, must be located near adequate parking facilities. But above all he must know neighborhoods, their values, their traffic, their commercial significance and their futures—not as estimates but as concrete facts demonstrable by precise, up-to-the-minute statistics. It is on the accuracy of this knowledge, no less than of his judgments of business men, that the success of the individual lease, as well as of the whole percentage-leasing system, must, in the last analysis, depend.

What he does, in effect, is to place at the disposal of clients the benefits of his knowledge of the best merchandising locations—a knowledge which few merchants have either the time or the training to acquire thoroughly in these days of intensified specialization. Obviously no broker who lacks this knowledge can successfully coöperate with lessor and lessee in arranging profitable percentage leases. Obviously, also, neither the owner nor the renter who is inexperienced in business methods can expect the percentage lease, of itself, to compensate for his ignorance. In other words, sound business acumen is needed here as elsewhere in the effort to achieve success, but the percentage lease, intelligently utilized, can do much to simplify and help the process.

Equal in importance to location and to the business ability of the principals in consideration of any percentage lease is the share of gross receipts which the lessee may be expected to pay in justice to both himself and his landlord. Here again patient research, including many comprehensive surveys, has succeeded in establishing practical and workable standards. The percentages differ widely when applied to distinctive types of business. Naturally it would be unjust to exact from an automobile agency—which retains only a small commission from its gross income on the sale of expensive cars—as high a percentage as is expected from a space-renting garage—which retains its entire income apart from operating costs—or to expect a cut-rate grocer to pay the same percentage as does the dealer in costly luxuries. Thus experience has shown that on a basis of gross annual sales a fair rental rate for an automobile agency is 2 per cent. Garages are sometimes charged different rates on the different details of their business. The percentage on income from storage may vary from 40 to 75 per cent, on repairs it may be approximately 40 per cent, on gasoline, which cuts profits closely, one cent a gallon, on oil ten cents. Drug stores may pay from 8 to 12½ per cent, gift and art shops approximately the same, news stands 15 per cent, restaurants 8 to 12 per cent, millinery and furs 10 to 12 per cent, haberdashers and men's clothing stores 10 per cent, general shoe shops 8 to 10 per cent, women's coats and suits 6 to 10 per cent, cleaners and dyers 10 per cent, beauty parlors 25 per cent, furniture stores 3 per cent, chain groceries 2½ per cent, department stores 3 to 4 per cent, 5-and-10-cent stores 5 to 8 per cent. A similar scale of figures could be supplied for virtually every type of retail store. The figures must be accepted as approximate, varying in neighborhoods and communities. Many factors other than location can influence them. If the lessee is known as an extraordinarily successful merchant, his rate should be correspondingly lower, because a larger gross income may be expected. If, apart from his business ability, his fame or popularity promises unusual success, that, too, must be considered. Should Jack Dempsey, for example, open a cigar store, or Greta Garbo a beauty parlor, the percentage of gross income charged them as rent might be lower.

Although approximate, the percentage rates cited above are no mere guesswork. They have developed, as must all successful business practice, out of close study and experience. Their accuracy and applicability may be judged not only from the fact, cited before, that more than 95 per cent of the merchants with whom I coöperated in making such leases have achieved success but also from the fact that though many had clauses permitting the landlord to cancel if business failed to reach a certain volume, not one has yet been terminated for this reason.

Tenants Who Raised Their Own Rent

AUDITORS' accounts can furnish still further and more conclusive evidence of the success of the system. For example, a cigar-and-soda stand that guaranteed a $3900 rent in its percentage lease paid at the end of its third year not only its guaranty but a $3800 excess. Today the proprietor has a new lease providing a $10,000 maximum and a $7500 minimum. Yet a few years ago the estimated rental value of the property was only $6000. A department store opening in a new retail district on such a lease expected eventually to pay rental on an annual $1,000,000 gross income. It exceeded this amount by $500,000 during its first year. The second year is not yet completed, but business to date indicates at least a $2,000,000 gross, on which percentage rental will be paid. A drug store in the same area anticipated a $100,000 business. In this, its second year, sales will pass the $250,000 mark. The property owner's confidence in the percentage-lease method will yield him handsome dividends.

These figures, incidentally, illustrate not only the practicability of the percentage lease but, to my mind, the fact that, despite some pessimistic utterances, business today remains healthy when conducted by the type of hard-working, efficient merchants to which we recommend percentage leases. Glancing at random through my records I find a drug store which did $29,000 worth of business in July and August of 1929 and $40,000 worth in the same period of 1930; a small cigar, soda and candy store whose 1929 summer trade of $7000 rose to $8200 this past summer; women's wear, men's clothing and other retail establishments which had similar increases. All these expanding sales are reflected, of course, in the landlord's rental checks, but

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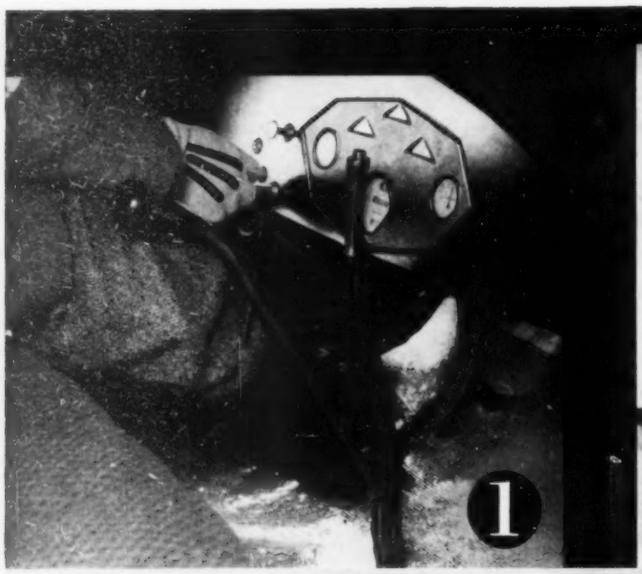
Will your car be *2 years older* Next Spring?



HARD STARTING—Below freezing, heavy summer oil congeals to a stiff, sticky film. Your battery cannot spin the engine without heavy drain. Then unprotected moving parts grind together. This means deadly wear.

HARD RUNNING—When you drive your engine hard, even in coldest weather, piston temperatures run far above boiling. Bearings get hot. That's when many so-called winter oils thin out beyond the danger point.

STARTING, running, and gear-shifting without the correct winter oils will bring punishing wear to your car this winter.

Not only will your car be worth less next spring, but it will be worth less to *you*.

Why drive a car next April that lags when you want to spurt, that is noisy when you want smooth operation? Gruelling winter wear is unnecessary. The Vacuum Oil Company have perfected unique cold weather lubricants that will fully protect your car this winter.

Mobiloil Arctic will protect your engine as it has protected hundreds of thousands of other engines. Mobiloil Arctic is the leading winter oil throughout the world because it is a double-range winter oil. It flows freely at zero and below. It gives you easy starting. Yet at hot running temperatures, it does not thin out. It keeps on giving your engine full rich lubrication at all speeds.

Mobiloil "CW" will completely protect your gears. Unlike ordinary lubricants it does not harden and separate on cold days. It remains soft, and clings to swiftly revolving gear teeth, protecting them from wear. You'll be delighted with the new ease in shifting.

Both these products are easy to get. Mobiloil has wider distribution than any other oil. Ask for Mobiloil Arctic and Mobiloil "CW" by name. Your car would thank you if it could, and you will enjoy miles of fresh vigorous service.

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

HARD SHIFTING—On cold days ordinary gear lubricants stiffen. They cannot cling to gear teeth and cushion them from wear. Gears become worn and noisy.

Mobiloil ARCTIC *for your engine* "CW" *for your gears*

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Keeping Amateurs That Way

By SOL METZGER

An amateur sportsman is one who engages in sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation.
—AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

IF BILL TILDEN, America's most famous tennis player, competed against a professional, he would forfeit immediately his amateur status. But if Tilden were a golfer he'd be cheered through such a match by an admiring and enthusiastic gallery.

If Bobby Jones, America's greatest golfer, had accepted expenses to play in a minor club tourney, he could have been immediately suspended. But if Jones were a tennis player, acceptance of a reasonable amount would be a recognized custom.

If Charlie Paddock, once the world's fastest human, ran for a prize worth more than thirty-five dollars, he could be barred from further amateur competition. But if Paddock were either a tennis player or a golfer, the prize might be worth any sum.

It's all very confusing. But so are many other rules in amateur athletics. For example:

If Helen Wills Moody, National Women's Singles Tennis Champion, were to use that title in signing articles for the press, she could be suspended by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. But Glenna Collett, who holds the National Women's Golf Championship, can use that or any other title won on the links in whatever she writes.

If Miss Helene Madison, who holds many swimming records, accepted, without special authorization, expenses for competition in another city over a period exceeding one day before and one day after the actual events, she could be disciplined by suspension from the Amateur Athletic Union. But Miss Helen Jacobs, who is rather wonderful at tennis, wouldn't have that worry about the calendar under similar circumstances.

The Maze of Rules

THESE names, of course, are used only for purposes of illustration. The apparently conflicting rules which govern their owners apply to all amateur participants in the sports in which the headliners happen to excel. Similar contrasts can be found among the rulings of virtually all governing bodies of the various fields of sport. Consider, as further examples, some collegiate discrepancies.

If an undergraduate of some school in the Rocky Mountain Conference plays summer baseball for money, he is still eligible for any team within that organization. But if he should transfer to Yale or any one of scores of other colleges, he would be barred from athletics as a professional. Nor could he, however adept he might be in field and track events, compete in such amateur sports here or in the Olympics.

If a member school of the Middle Western Intercollegiate Conference even proposes beginning football practice before September fifteenth, or playing more than eight games in one season, it is brought sharply to book. But many universities not in the conference start fall practice late in August and recognize no arbitrary limit on the number of games played.

If a collegiate golfer has expenses paid and equipment supplied by his school in intercollegiate competition, there is no protest. But let him accept similar consideration from his country club and the best he can hope for is immediate suspension by the United States Golf Association.

And now as to the athletes who are frankly professionals—big-league ball players, paid football coaches, and the like. In at least one sport they are apparently not regarded as professionals at all. If Babe Ruth should develop sufficiently to win the United States Golf Association's amateur crown, there is no rule to prevent him from accepting it. Arnold Statz, former major-league player, was admitted to the National Amateur Golf Championship at Pebble Beach, California, last year, and competed in it. The late Percy D. Haughton, former paid Harvard football coach, was not barred as an amateur golfer. Neither was Eddie Driggs, although he accepted a salary as assistant to Bill Roper, Princeton's famous gridiron tutor. Ira E. Rodgers, the salaried football and baseball coach at West Virginia University, won the West Virginia State Amateur Golf Tournament last year. Yet none of these men would be eligible for amateur tennis, track or swimming events.

More conundrums! But here are still others, more generous in their scope:

Tennis players and track stars may go abroad and, after receiving permission, accept expenses from various national governing bodies, but golf amateurs can be debarred for financing their world tours in this way. If Bobby Jones should attend the British amateur golf tournament, he would be required to pay his own expenses, unless such event happened to coincide with the Walker Cup matches in England or Scotland, for which expenses are allowed.

If a track star completes the complicated process of officially entering an event sanctioned by the Amateur Athletic Union, he is required to appear. Unless illness or something of similarly serious nature prevents it, he can be suspended for disappointing spectators. But a golf or a tennis star can be more temperamental. There is nothing in the rules providing for the disciplining of an amateur who defaults after qualifying.

Enforcing the Code

NOW, although the majority of cases cited above are theoretical, there exists both practical and adequate machinery for enforcing the rules which they typify. The various eligibility codes enacted by organizations governing amateur athletics are not without teeth. The United States Lawn Tennis Association, for example, has disciplined many famous and popular amateurs for what it considered violations of the code, and, as everyone knows, has brought upon its head bitter criticism as a result of some of its stern judgments. The story of its efforts back through the years to keep amateurs that way is an odd and interesting one.

There was, for example, the case of Maurice McLoughlin, the Red Comet of Tennis, who defeated Brookes and Wilding of the Australasian team in the Davis Cup matches of 1914. The hero of all tennis enthusiasts, McLoughlin was barred from the amateur game because he entered the sporting-goods business. There was the case of Vincent Richards, suspended when his employer in the sporting-goods business advertised that the brilliant young star would help purchasers select their rackets. He was reinstated when it was proved that the advertisement had been written without his knowledge or consent. The many complexities arising out of distinctions between what constitutes an amateur and what a professional in tennis have caused an odd ruling which leaves certain players dangling between the two. Thus at one time Tilden was barred from amateur tennis, but was still not considered a professional.

Golf, too, has had its striking examples of rigid disciplining of players suspected of capitalizing their athletic ability. All golfers remember the case of Francis Ouimet, who

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Charles Hoff

THE FLAMING CHARIOT

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS an afternoon of lowering skies and leaden seas on which the whitecaps gleamed with that unaccountable brightness which presages a storm. A wind that had swept across four hundred miles of Mediterranean since it took its leave of Africa was whisking away these whitecaps, turning them into spray, and then sullying the spindrift with clouds of Tyne-coal soot which belched from the funnel of a singularly ugly tramp steamer. This vessel was the Inchcliffe Castle, and she was snouting her way northward past the Balearics toward Marseilles at a spanking clip of seven knots. Now it happened that this rate of speed, although considerable for her and being, in fact, about twice as fast as a man can walk, was by no means satisfactory to Mr. Montgomery, the mate. Therefore he growled impatiently to himself, strode to the speaking tube and whistled the engine room.

"Gents," said the Skipper, "These Here's My Sons—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. . . . Tell the Comp'ny Howdy, Boys"

"The bridge'll speak to the chief," he said. . . . "Oh, are you there, Mr. Glencannon? Well, I s'y, ay'nt there nothing you can do to choke another knot or so out of 'er? There's a chap out 'ere 'oo's sculling past us in a punt."

"Ah, noo!" replied a voice in which were combined the tin of the tube and the timbre of Aberdeen. "What ye say, Muster Montgomery, is inaccurate on the vurra face o' it! In the feerst place, the poont is a type o' craft unknown in these waters, and the waters is too deep for it anyway. In the second place, I've got the old teapot deleevering her maxeemum and leaking steam at every pore. And in the theerd place, I'll thank ye to leave the engines to me and mind yere ain domned business." Whereupon, with crushing finality, the tube snapped shut.

"There!" complained Mr. Montgomery to the quartermaster at the wheel. "Bly'me if there ever was a man like 'im!" And returning to the starboard wing of the bridge, he trained his binoculars astern at a three-masted barkentine which, close hauled and with all sails set, was scudding along in swift pursuit.

"Why, I never seen anything like it!" he muttered, in awed and reluctant admiration. "In another 'arf hour, that perishing old windjammer'll be showing us 'er 'eels! I'd better notify the Old Man."

Shortly, he was joined by Captain Ball, who borrowed his glasses and scanned the barkentine with an expert eye. "Well," he said after a thorough inspection, "he's certainly giving her all she'll take, but he'll jolly well yank her sticks out if he doesn't watch her!"

"Yes, and he'll jolly well pass us if we don't watch 'im!" said Mr. Montgomery. "'Umiliyting, I calls it, sir—being trimmed by a ruddy windjammer!"

"H'm," mused Captain Ball. "Sail beating steam. It is a narsty idea, at that! I'll just speak to Mr. Glencannon." And he, too, stepped to the tube and had parlance with the choleric genius who presided below.

When he returned, his face was purple and his mustache was trembling. But soon the clank of furnace doors and the scrape of coal shovels came up through the skylights—these, and a voice raised in profane exhortation. Then the pulse of the engines throbbed swifter to the stimulus of steam, and the deck plates set up a new vibration as the Inchcliffe Castle protestingly increased her gait through the water.

"Ah-ha, now we're snorting!" said Captain Ball, glancing at his watch and peering through the glasses at the indicator of the patent log. "I bet Mr. Glencannon'll get a good ten and a quarter out of her."

Mr. Montgomery shook his head dubiously. "I suppose 'e could if anybody could, but just the syme, captain, I'm afryde that blinking syle boat will shyme us yet!"

The crew, now, were watching the vessel astern. They stood in groups along the Inchcliffe Castle's well deck, marveling at the other's speed, waxing sarcastic about their own ship and laying bets as to the time which would elapse before they took the windjammer's wake. For steadily, steadily, she was overhauling them.

Captain Ball beat his fist upon the bridge rail in helpless exasperation. "Hell's bones!" he groaned. "She's an old-time racing clipper, or the ghost of one, that's what she is! I was fifteen years in sail myself, and I tell you no ordinary tub can travel like that. No, nor no ordinary skipper, either!"

"I can't myke out 'er nyme; there's no 'eadboards on 'er," said Mr. Montgomery, addressing Captain Ball. "My word, captain, look! Look what 'e's doing! 'E's planning to shyve us close!"

"Yes, so's he can give us the horse laugh when he goes by," growled Captain Ball.

High aloft above the barkentine's deck, tiny figures clambered out along the foreyards, while below, groups were hauling in on the main and mizzen sheets until the great sails stretched taut as drumheads. Heeled over until her lee rails hissed whitely through the water, she charged along like a massive pile of gale-driven thunderclouds. Her sails were dirty and frayed and patched; her black hull was streaked and lumpy as the outside of a leaky tar barrel and yet, despite it all, she was regal, majestic, beautiful. As she swept alongside the Inchcliffe Castle, the roar of water past her bows and the drone of wind through her towering pyramid of hemp and canvas made a hymn to honor the passing of a queen.

"By George, what a sight!" exclaimed Captain Ball. "I say, just ask Mr. Glencannon to step up here. He might as well share our shame."

By the time Mr. Glencannon, in overalls and carpet slippers, had arrived upon the bridge, the two ships were neck and neck. "Foosh!" he said disgustedly, wiping the perspiration from his chin. "So yon's the cause o' all the uproar! Weel, I've seen sailboats monny's the time before ——"

"Yuss, and I spose you've orften 'ad 'em syle rings around you, too," sneered Mr. Montgomery.

"No, I never ha'," replied Mr. Glencannon with unshaken calm. "And for the vurra gude reason that all the vessels I've sairved on in the past had speed enough to get oot o' their own way. But as long as ye've seen fit to get pairsonal, Muster Montgomery, I'll just remind ye that ——"

He was interrupted by a shout. Down on the Inchcliffe Castle's well deck, the men were pointing excitedly toward the barkentine.

"Look, look yon!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, following their gaze. "Why, domned if I ever beheld such a spectacle!"

The vessel's decks and rigging were peopled with characters who might have stepped from the pages of the Old Testament. Every man aboard her was clothed completely in black and had hair that swept his shoulders and a flowing beard!

"Lunateeks oot for a peekneek!" pronounced Mr. Glencannon, breaking the awed silence.

"Lunatics and no mistake, but they're great sailors all the same!" grunted Captain Ball. "That's the

skipper—the big brute there on the quarter-deck. I say, give the old shellback a hail, Mister Mate."

"Barkentine a-hoy-y-y!" called Mr. Montgomery. "Wot's yer nyme?"

"What the hell is it to you?" bellowed a voice from between the cupped hands of the bearded skipper, and its accent was distinctly American.

"Haw!" chuckled Mr. Glencannon delightedly. "There's yere answer, Muster Mate! Yon is a master o' repartee and a'mon after my ain heart!" And reaching for the whistle cord, he applauded the patriarch with three hoarse blasts of the Inchcliffe Castle's siren. Then, as the poop of the barkentine slid past the Castle's bridge, he removed his cap and waved it politely—a salute which the bearded one acknowledged by thumbing his nose.

Mr. Glencannon, outraged by this gratuitous discourtesy, leaned over the rail and shook his fist. "Why, ye whuskery Yankee goat!" he shouted. "Get oot o' our way or we'll run ye doon!"

"In a hawg's eye you will!" scoffed the bearded one, turning on his heel to glance into the binnacle. "Well, so long, you limping lime-juicers! I'll tell 'em you're coming in Marseels!" He paused just long enough to thumb his nose once more—this time over his left shoulder, and with something of a flourish.

The wind was freshening, and in response to a gust the barkentine lay over and surged triumphantly ahead.

"Well," sighed Captain Ball mournfully, as her transom hove into view, "that's that! What's her name, anyway?"

"Flaming Chariot," read Mr. Glencannon, squinting his eyes. "Flaming Chariot, o' Savannah, Georgia."

II

WITH much coughing and churning, two little French tugs butted the Inchcliffe Castle between the granite walls of the Bassin de la Joliette. She ran out her lines and made fast to the wharf. Mr. Montgomery, his labors ended, waved to the bridge from the foc'sle head and pointed to a stately three-master berthed in the opposite side of the dock.

"Well, damme if it isn't the Flaming Chariot!" exclaimed Captain Ball.

The Marseilles harbor pilot, hearing him, nodded, and placing his forefinger against his temple, agitated it as though scrambling eggs. "*Fous—ils sont fous*—all crez-zee," he declared, indicating the barkentine. "Crez-zee Americains!"

"Yes, I fancy they are a bit cracked," agreed Captain Ball, observing that those members of the Flaming Chariot's crew who were not engaged in labor were wearing long black robes and smoking corncob pipes. "Who are those chaps, anyway?"

"Crez-zee Americains," repeated the pilot, in full and final explanation.

For the next few days the gentlemen of the Inchcliffe Castle were too busy to bother about their hirsute neighbors. But one afternoon, when the cargo had been discharged and they were awaiting orders from the agent, Captain Ball yawned, stretched and said something about paying the barkentine a visit.

"Me wisit them impudent coves? Well, orl right if you s'y so, sir," agreed Mr. Montgomery reluctantly. "But suppose we tyke Mr. Glencannon along. Arfter orl, it's 'im we 'ave to thank for our disgryce."

"I'll deem mysel' honored to accompany ye, captain," said Mr. Glencannon. "I'd like to mak' an inspection aboord yon Yankee zoo. The boorish behavior o' that whuskery skeeper still rankles beetterly."

They strolled down the pier and entered the gate at the opposite side. Over their heads soared the mighty jib boom of the Flaming Chariot—a spar which jutted from her bow out over the traffic to the very center of the Rue Sainte Pauline.

"An old clipper hull—of course, I knew she was a clipper!" declared Captain Ball. "Look at the taper of her; why, she's built like a wedge!"

"Vurra curious," conceded Mr. Glencannon somewhat absently, as he abhorred all sailing ships, and this one in particular. "But whoosh, captain, do ye look at the rust and feelth o' her. 'Tis a wonder the old tub stays afloat!"

"You bet it's a wonder! Why, do you realize, gentlemen, that this craft must be at least sixty years old? Before they rerigged her as a barkentine, I wouldn't doubt if she'd done seventeen knots or better."

"Only fawncy!" remarked Mr. Montgomery, casting a sour glance at Mr. Glencannon. "Seventeen knots and not a hengineer aboard 'er! Bly'me, look!" And he lowered his voice. "Look there, captain! The silly blighters are wearing sandals!"

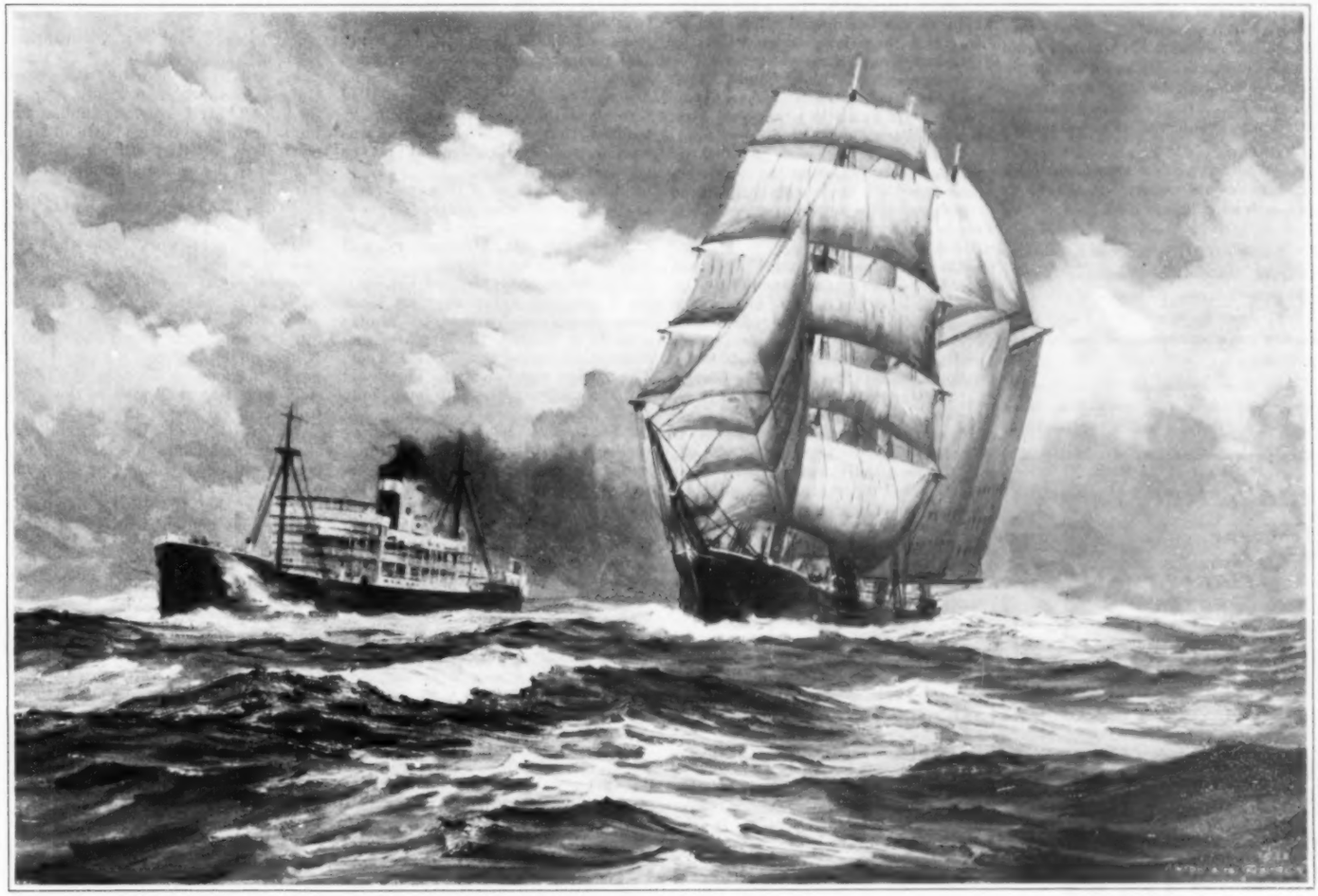
With their flowing black robes tucked under them, a number of the crew were sitting in the shade of the deck house, rolling dice. Two or three of them were smoking, and from the condition of the adjacent scupper, it was apparent that the remainder chewed tobacco. They looked, talked and behaved like a conclave of renegade saints.

Aft, beneath the awning, the skipper was engaged in darning a pair of red flannel drawers. Beside his deck chair stood a two-gallon jug and a tin cup, to which he referred frequently and with gusto. It was during such an interval that he spied the delegation from the Inchcliffe Castle.

"Well, damned if it ain't the limping lime-juicers!" he roared. "Howdy, brethren—howdy! Come aboard and rest your hats!"

"A-weel," murmured Mr. Glencannon. "He seems a bit more ceevil, but I dinna trust him. There's the ladder to yere left, captain. . . . After you, sir."

They were welcomed on the deck by the bearded skipper, who towered at least six feet seven in his



Her Sails Were Dirty and Frayed and Patched; Her Black Hull Was Streaked and Lumpy as the Outside of a Leaky Tar Barrel and Yet, Despite it All, She Was Regal, Majestic, Beautiful

"Tipton Bud has an idee that he claims would solve the farm problem, end unemployment, an' bring back prosperity with a rush.

•

"He says that what the country needs is a seven-cent nickel.

•

"Think of it, he says. A man could buy an ordinary five-cent cigar an' get two cents back.

•

"Better still, he could buy a rocky ford which costs a nickel but which is equal to the average ten-center on account o' superior tobacco. Add two cents change an' that makes twelve cents all together. Why a man couldn't afford *not* to smoke.

•

"Any political party wishing to acquire the idee as an election plank should git in touch with Tipton Bud."

•

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Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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sandaled feet and was broad and resonant in proportion.

"I'm glad you-all dropped in, brothers!" he boomed. "We're clearing with a cargo for Barcelona tomorrer night. Jest unjoint yourselves under this here awning while I go to my room and break out a fresh jug. Sho, it's the slickest homemade cawn you ever tasted! I can't abide these namby-pamby Dago liquors, can you?"

Shortly he reappeared with a jug and three tin cups. "Aft, the mates!" he shouted; and then, uncorking the jug: "The mates is my sons," he explained. "I'd like for you-all to shake hands with 'em."

They were joined by three hairy, bearded huskies who stood fumbling with their robes and digging shyly at the deck calking with their horny bare toes.

"Gents," said the skipper, "these here's my sons—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. . . . Tell the comp'ny howdy, boys. . . . You, Meshach, take your fingers out of your nose!"

"Do ye look at yon Meshach," whispered Mr. Glencannon, plucking at Mr. Montgomery's sleeve. "I saw him this morning, wiping up the dock wi' five French stevedores."

"Yes," the skipper was saying, as the trio shuffled away, "they're three good boys and three good mates. And now I'll interduce myself. I'm Ezekiel the Prophet." Quite oblivious of the startled expressions of his visitors, he shook hands all around.

"I spose I ought to ax pardon for the way I acted t'other day," mused the Prophet, as he tilted the jug over the crook of his mighty arm. "I'm always kind of short-tempered when I'm at sea. And then, besides, we'd lost the Prophetess only the night before."

"Oh, noo, let me understand ye, sir," said Mr. Glencannon with ready sympathy. "Do ye mean to say that Mrs. Ezekiel is—er—dead?"

"Yop, you got the idea," nodded the skipper airily. "During the night, ma heard the Call, so she clumb up to the crosstrees and jumped overboard. It was a mighty slick passing, I'm here to state!"

"Weel, weel, weel, I never!" breathed Mr. Glencannon in amazement.

"Why, sure you never!" beamed the Prophet. "I reckon it all sounds strange to you, brethren, because you don't understand our religion. Well, it's a danged good religion. I'm the boss of it, back in Savannah. I wrote it all myself." And helping himself to a sizable snifter of corn whisky, he raised his cup, bowed politely and tossed it off.

"Dawg-gone!" he exclaimed. "That there's the stuff for your bunions! How does it set with you, gents?"

"It's vurra deleecious," said Mr. Glencannon. "It tastes a wee bit like petroleum, only sweeter. . . . But aboot yere releegion, sir, ye interest me. I'm a member o' the kirk in gude standing, and a bit o' a theologian mysel', so I wonder wad ye just briefly expoond yere doctrines for my benefeet?"

"Well, they're pretty complicated," said the Prophet guardedly. "Besides, we don't want no Scotchman in our religion, anyway."

"Oh!" said Mr. Glencannon, gagging as the corn whisky reached his tonsils, and therefore failing to feel the kick which Mr. Montgomery landed on the bulge beneath his deck chair. By the time he had finished his drink and refilled his cup, the Prophet was telling Captain Ball about the ship.

"Why, sho, she's one of the oldest and fastest ships afloat!" he declared. "She was a clipper, built to run the blockade out of Charleston during the war, and ——"

"The war? Well, that ayn't so long ago," chimed in Mr. Montgomery.

"Aye," agreed Mr. Glencannon, taking his nose out of his cup and feeling to see if his mustache was on fire. "I reecall the war as though it were yusterday!"

"From 1863 to now ain't long? And you, Mr. Scotty—you say you can remember it? Oh, why, hell, boys, it's the Civil War I'm talking about—the American War of the Rebellion, not the German War!"

"Oh," said Mr. Montgomery. "A bit of a family brawl, so to s'y. Well, I 'adn't never 'eard of it."

"No, you wouldn't of, you being a limejuicer," said the Prophet, deep pity in his voice. "But I'll tell the world it must of been some war jest the same! Why, if you look sharp along them bulwarks and deck houses, you can still find canister shot and minnie balls under the paint and pry 'em out with your knife. Yes, sir"—and his eyes twinkled strangely—"we've found some mighty funny things aboard this here old ship!"

Mr. Glencannon, engaged in further experimentation with the liquor, had heard comparatively little of this discourse. At about this time, as a matter of fact, he was surprised to find himself floating in a silvery fog through which voices filtered strangely. He peered curiously at the distance-dimmed faces to see if this sudden separation of his astral and physical selves was occasioning comment, but observing that the company was too busy having another drink to bother about such minor psychic phenomena, he banished his fears and joined them. It was really very pleasant, albeit a trifle confusing.

Once he was conscious of singing Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled through all its several verses. Again, he realized that a whiskery giant was weeping upon his shoulder and that the whiskers tickled his ear.

There was a lapse of time, and then, magically, the scene shifted. He was seated at a table around which were Captain Ball, Mr. Montgomery, and four men with long beards.

A Negro, similarly bearded, but wearing a gingham apron over his black robe, was serving fried chicken smothered in a creamy white sauce, and pouring a colorless liquid out of a jug. The chicken was delicious. The liquid tasted something like petroleum, only sweeter.

"Yea verily!" boomed a thundering challenge out of nowhere. "We Americans can outsail, outfight, outdrink and outspit any other nation on the face of this earth!"

"Amen!" came a basso response from three black figures seated in a row. "Amen and hallelujah!"

"A hoonderd poonds ye're wrong!" cried somebody, springing to his feet. "Though ye trimmed us at sea, ye domned Yankee, I'll bet ye five hoonderd o' yere ain dollars that ye canna do it again, and you to arrange the details!"

Mr. Glencannon was about to applaud these stalwart sentiments, but then, too late, he realized that the voice was his own, and that, instead of springing to his feet, he had merely fallen into the mashed turnips.

III

MR. GLENCANNON was awakened by someone shaking him violently, and he opened his eyes to find himself in his room aboard the Inchcliffe Castle.

"Come, wyke up!" said a voice which he recognized as that of the mate. "Wyke up! You 'aven't any time to wyste, you 'aven't!"

With difficulty managing to disengage his tongue from the roof of his mouth, "Any time to waste for what?" he inquired thickly. "What is the necessity for a' the roosh and boostle?"

"Why, to get ready for the ryce—the lifeboat ryce you challenged the Prophet to larst night!"

"Lifeboat race? Why, mon, ye're daft! Whatever are ye talking aboot?" Mr. Glencannon sat bolt upright and then abruptly lay down again.

"Well, it's you who's daft, if you arsks me," shrugged Mr. Montgomery. "Nobbut a cryzy man would 'ave challenged them gryte 'airy aypes to a rowing ryce and bet a 'undred pounds on it, like you did!"

"A hoonderd poonds?" repeated Mr. Glencannon weakly. "Ah, noo, noo, Muster Montgomery, let's get this straight. I dinna reecall a word of it!"

It appeared, from the mate's explanation, that the race would be rowed over a course from the basin entrance to the Anse des Catalans light buoy and back; that Mr. Glencannon and the Prophet Ezekiel would act as coxswains of their respective crews; that the craft used would be two identical lifeboats furnished by the Inchcliffe Castle; and that the race would start promptly at two P.M.

"Yuss, and you agreed to it yourself larst night," insisted Mr. Montgomery. "Orl 'ands of both ships 'as been betting on it since morning. It's 'arf arfter twelve now, so you'd jolly well better be picking your crew and getting ready, you 'ad!"

"Whoosh!" said Mr. Glencannon, rising with a Spartan effort. "'Tis vurra plain that with a hoonderd poonds at stake I must summon a' my keenest faculties." And reaching under his bunk, he dragged forth a bottle of Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, filled a tumbler to the brim and drank it without a flicker of an eyelash.

"There!" he said, smacking his lips. "I shall noo pull on my troosies and set my intellect to work. Meanwhile"—and he bowed his head and gnawed thoughtfully at his mustache—"meanwhile, Muster Montgomery, I'll thank ye to order Number 1 lifeboat lowered into the water richt away, and to have Number 3 let doon so's it's exactly opposite the loading door on the poort side. Stand by till I give ye the word to lower it the rest o' the way."

"Right-o!" said Mr. Montgomery, stepping briskly out on deck and blowing his whistle. Then, having given his orders, "Strike me if I don't believe 'e's sunk this time!" he chuckled. "Even that Scotch 'ighw'yman can't swindle his w'y past a boatload of ruddy seven-foot 'Ercules!"

But later that afternoon, as he stood with the cheering crowd upon the pier head, he changed his mind—yes, and cursed himself for having bet his money on the Flaming Chariot's crew. Even though the racing craft were still beyond the Vieux Port, it was evident that the Castle's was well in the lead. Through his glasses, Mr. Montgomery could see that the men were pulling along swiftly, easily, and that Mr. Glencannon, standing in the stern sheets with the tiller between his knees, was fortifying his strength with copious draughts from a quart bottle. Several similar bottles, he observed, were in circulation among the oarsmen.

As the boats approached the finish line, the bearded giants were jaded,

(Continued on Page 75)

DOUBLES IS A BETTER GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

the autumn, and then years and years. Don't be grabby. Be calm."

At least he had her hand. "No," he answered her, "I can't promise you that."

She patted his sleeve and began to talk about her family—a haze of parents and boys and girls who sounded like nothing related to Fairfax. Shades of Commonwealth Avenue! What did he care? But a brute stalked her and hauled her back to dance, and he was left alone.

Before this, most women had been odious to Bill; they were all high voiced, large busted, homely, silly, greedy, motherly, good-fellowish, intellectual or hard-boiled creatures. Unpleasant in one way or another. Before this discouraging mob shone this Fay Arnold, whom he had known five hours. He might be all over it tomorrow, but he prayed not, as he went to the ballroom to ask Nancy Stowe to dance.

They were married early in October, after a harrowing courtship. Fairfax lost pounds and sleep. He wasted hours at tennis tournaments, crashed strange house parties where she was invited but not he. In the National she got as far as the quarter finals, and the sporting pages were full of her. She was championship stuff, and a favorite with the crowds. Having laid aside her racket, she capitulated to life; Bill said they must marry immediately or he would lose his reason. A forest ranger was stationary beside her, with her week-ends and her tennis, her friends and his rivals. She agreed, and he was beside himself with joy.

He went down to marry her at her father's country place in Virginia. The Arnold clan was there for the wedding and the hunting and the drinking; they left Fairfax a little cold. A good thing, they said, that the wedding was on a Thursday when there was no meet! His Back Bay mother was a little uncomfortable when Mrs. Arnold, at the prenuptial ball, got slightly exhilarated, but the arrival of a bishop for the benignant service in the family church reassured her. But Bill had a slight sense of saving Fay, a delicate spar, from inevitable wreckage if left among these relatives.

He took the train for the honeymoon with a remote dream, and came back with a close reality. In her bridal satin Fay had been ethereal; but a fortnight later he knew she could walk on her hands, liked detective stories and ate candy before breakfast.

Her Uncle Matthew had lent them a camp in the Virginia mountains, and there was luckily neither a sailboat nor a tennis court. There was no excuse for separation. They rode, they walked, they climbed the least precipitous mountains because Fay was a coward about high places.

"I can't help it," she groaned. "I went up the Woolworth Tower once and peered over. That finished me. I'll never be able to hand you a sandwich on the top of the Matterhorn. Darling, are you sorry you married a coward?"

"It's only nerves, Fay. You can beat them. You only saw more than there was, at the wrong time."

"It's cowardice. A noble girl would conquer it. I don't even want to. Lord! I've never gone up in an aeroplane. Suppose I had to sometime and was too scared?"

They were lying on an upland meadow, the world around them and beneath them. He could see, when she stared up at the sky, her innocent, impudent profile, one ear, one astonishing eyelash.

"You'll be surprised," he said. "The thing will be gone some day. Events crowd a fear like that out of your life."

"And put another in its place. Not in your life, Bill." She rolled over to look at him. "I can't imagine you having a nervous moment. Sure, steady and steel-like."

"Not too steel-like," he said, leaning over to kiss her. He remembered that day at the Stowes', when he had been so sure he would never marry. What a joke. Her timidity delighted him because he had never suspected it. She was new and fresh and strange, a lovely cake not to be eaten in one bite. How much better to marry as comparative strangers, before long acquaintance had removed the edge from their separate oddities.

Then Fay decided that they had had enough of these hills and must visit her Aunt Anne on the Eastern Shore. Poor Aunt Anne, her godmother, had not been able to come to the wedding because she was an invalid. Bill thought this rather sweet of Fay and acceded, but when he got to Aunt Anne's he suspected Fay of missing her accustomed excitements. Poor Aunt Anne had fallen off a horse and for three months had sat in a wheel chair, cursing her fate, and dispensing liquid hospitality to a willing countryside. Her house was filled with guests who rose at unearthly hours to hunt and shoot.

Bill, who liked neither sport, sat with Aunt Anne, who dilated raucously on the scandal of the countryside. Fay spent most of the day over at a neighboring house where there was an indoor tennis court.

"Gosh," she said, "it's lucky we came. My chop is terrible"; or "We should have gone to Hot Springs, where I could play with the professional."

"You didn't have to marry, darling," he said darkly. "Or we could have taken a room out at Forest Hills."

She asked him not to be perfectly crazy, and gave him one of her sweet fierce kisses. "How would you like being separated from your sailboat forever?"

"I like being with you better."

"We can each have both," she insisted. "Now don't be gloomy." There was no question of his playing with her; he was too rotten.

The equine absorption of her relatives tired him, and his New England soul resented the passive luxuriance of this countryside. Fay's relatives laughed at work and worked at pleasure. Fay herself was born to this empty life, and he hated her easy delight in it, her insatiable appetite for active pleasure.

In New York things improved. From nine until seven he was all himself, driven, absorbed, unbothered. In his office he was as successful as Fay on the tennis court. Finance was an impersonal if hazardous medium; markets crashed, but one could pick the salvage from the wreck and cheat ruin again. Whereas life with Fay was illogical, elusive, and without much peace.

She put up a good show of competence as a wife. Almost immediately she found a flat, attractive, reasonably priced, through her cousin, the realtor, and an Aunt Dolly who was a successful decorator gave her free advice about furnishing it.

"We won't buy much," Fay said. "The wedding presents are nice and we can use some of the stuff from your apartment. Aunt Dolly's going to England in the spring, and she'll buy for us then. As soon as we get settled, and get a good cook, I'm going into her shop."

He protested violently, horrified by the impending complexities.

"But, Bill," she said, "don't be Victorian. Think of me, so stupid, with nothing to do all day, and Aunt Dolly so clever. I'll learn about periods, and history, and salesmanship. You want me to have taste, don't you?"

As she argued, he thought of that Mrs. Green in Westchester. "Oh, go ahead," he said finally. "You're a magnet, Fay. In the summer it's the tennis players; in the winter it'll be the furniture experts. For heaven's sake, don't have them around here at night."

She said he needn't worry; she was too unimportant to know anyone.

"You can't help it," he said. "You create crowds."

He remembered his idea that he had plucked her from a wreck. He was wrong. It was life he had taken her from—untidy, disorderly, wearing life; and he now had to hand her back.

"I hate to share you," he admitted. "You have too much energy. You never sit still, thinking of nothing."

"I can't change my nature," she said. "You knew I wasn't a quiet little girl. You married me at my worst."

"I love you," he explained. "I want to be first."

"You are," she protested. "Don't be old-fashioned. You have your banking. Let me have my chairs."

He let her have them. Fay was up early now for breakfast; her job captivated her and she lived in an excited daze of cretonnes and clients. The humblest errands she performed with an electrifying zeal. Bill, as he observed her new concentrations, her expanding world, the knack she had for getting ahead without aggression, thought, "I have married a smart girl." She had the gift of intimacy, and a memorable face. She chose to dress herself in a red tweed fur-trimmed costume in which she looked Russian and romantic, but she never made a mistake in measuring or forgot to be tactful. Clients trailed after her into the shop, and Aunt Dolly talked of taking her to Europe to buy, next winter after the tennis tournaments were over.

She was less a wife than another runner in his race. He tried to let go the image he had had of his wife waiting for him at dusk, warm and radiant, wearing a trailing chiffon thing such as actresses wear in plays. For this rôle Fay had the slenderness and the dark beauty, but not the desire. When he got home, at six or seven, Fay was not in yet, or too many people were. Invariably they were her crowd, people she played tennis with at the Armory, cousins, married couples, old beaus younger than he.

Alone with him, she could allay his alarms. Once they dined in the palace of the great Ingotz himself. She was polite, exquisite, but untouched by the grandeur.

"That generation was born stuffy," she commented, as they pranced up Park Avenue on their way home. "Didn't you long to put your feet up on their lace tablecloth?"

The joke of it was that she had pleased the dowagers, who thought her a lovely little thing.

"Let's get some sandwiches at a delicatessen," she said. "I couldn't eat a thing. No matter how rich you get we'll stick to good plain food."

What a wife she was in this mood, running along the dark streets beside him.

Over the kitchen table in their flat they sat up late, a bottle of milk between them, as she asked about Bullion and Ingotz. Did they appreciate his peculiar especial qualities? She was stupid, but she would never let them know it. She had handed them, she said, her sweet side, her lovely feminine sweet side.

"I never mentioned the shop, Bill," she said, "or tennis. They're so conservative. I wanted them to think you had a lovely little wife. It will help you to get on."

She was inconceivable at fifty, as were those wives he had seen tonight, subdued, thick waisted, content. He kissed her, knocking over the milk bottle, and they sat embraced, letting the milk drip on the floor.

Spring crept in, like a cat, over the back fences, around the corner from the Avenue, a little more brazenly every sunset. The late afternoons had a damp sweetness to them, the sunsets were riotous; the whole world clearer, more highly colored, more intensely alive; even Fay in a bright green frock dashing in to explain why she was so late getting home.

One night in April he came home to find her seated on the living-room floor, surrounded by tennis rackets. He had not known she had so many and he was amazed when he discovered that she was throwing most of them away.

"Hey, don't do that," he said. "Let me send them to my brother's kids. They're too good to throw away."

"O. K. These five I'll get restrung. They'll do to start with," she said as she piled them. "Bill, what do you suppose happened today?"

"You saw a robin."

"No; I heard of a house. Mrs. Benkard wants us to take a cottage on her place at Oyster Bay. It's dead cheap."

It had never occurred to him that they would do anything in the summer but what he had done for years—cruise for a month in his yawl. He said so.

"You will love it, Fay," he said. "Believe me, it's grand."

She shook her head. "I'm no sailor. Scared green. Anyway, we can't stay here all summer."

"Why not? I always have, and I like it."

"But, Bill, my tennis. I've got to be near a court."

"Your tennis?" He was always forgetting that her tennis was not just anybody's tennis, a couple of sets of doubles, but a summer career. It died away during the winter, but now with the tulips and the lilacs it was heading the program of events.

"A house in the country!" he said. "The boat costs me a lot of money. I can't afford it unless I use it as vacation." A horrible fear struck him. "You don't want me to give up the boat?"

She hesitated, as if she knew what was ahead. "I don't see how I can go with you. When were you going?"

"August."

"My heavens," she cried, jumping to her feet, "August! Why, I'm playing at Southampton and Sea Bright and Longwood. In September, Forest Hills. If mother will pay my expenses, I was

even going to Utica and Wilmington. Bill, darling, are you crazy?"

He remembered well the anguish of last summer, when he had lived to catch glimpses of her in the Grand Central Station, when he had got eyestrain watching at Forest Hills. Over-tennised he had been with the talk, and the waiting, and the monotony of a sport to which he was only married.

"I shan't like your summer, Fay," he said. "I can't ask you to give up tennis, but do you think you have to play it so hard?"

"Hard!" she cried. "Would you be a good banker if you only banked on odd Fridays? Do you realize how really good I'm getting to be? I came within an inch of licking Daisy Fell last summer, the big horse, and she licked Poppy Faxon, the pride of England. This year I may beat them both. Wouldn't you like it if I were singles champion?"

He was afraid to tell her the truth, which was no. How he would hate her picture in the papers, the mobs watching her, estimating her, hashing over her life!

"I'd like it for you," he said halfheartedly. "If that's what you want. You play a lovely game. I fell in love with you on a tennis court."

"Don't be opaque, then," she said. "Imagine how I feel playing it. Playing it better than anyone else."

"You will."

"I'll probably be licked in the third round," she said, trying to be modest. "But this is my year. Now or never."

"All right," he said, "take it. But you'll have to come on the boat too. You can go as far as Portland and see my father and mother at Harpswell. About ten days. Then I'll pick up a couple of men, and we'll go on down to Nova Scotia and you can go back to New York."

"Ten days." She was figuring. "I could sandwich it in between Utica and Southampton. I've got to play in the doubles in Southampton with Derry Case."

He was jealous of Derry Case, a strong handsome boy with charm enough to melt a Diesel engine. Mr. Fairfax would be slopping about the wet Atlantic, while Mrs. Fairfax was eating up Southampton with Case. How his mother's face would register the news. To her a wife enjoying herself as a champion apart from her husband was incomprehensible.

He succumbed to a small house at a small rent on Mrs. Benkard's estate for two months, so that Fay could have the Benkards' tennis courts, and a field of snappy partners. Mrs. Benkard was a close friend of Aunt Dolly's; Bill would have refused to inject himself in such a millionaire's milieu had not Joe Benkard been in his class at law school, and as crazy about sailing as himself. So he sailed his boat over from Stamford, and tied her to a mooring of the Benkards' private wharf. Old Cap'n Jepson, his captain and crew, was pleased. It looked to him like Bill wuz to git some smart sailing this summer, and he wuz sure that Mis's Fairfax, once they got her aboard the boat, would take to sailing like a mackerel took to water.

But she fooled him. Cap'n Jepson had to admit that that woman of Bill's wuz dead set inside herself aginst gittin' used to the wattah. She raved about the boat, she hoped Bill would put her in the races, the china was too adorable, and so was the sea, but an experienced eye could tell that aboard the Unsinkable III she was not happy. Inactivity palled on her, and she was too uneasy mentally to learn how to sail. Bill saw on her all the signs of sea fear; the eye measuring the angle of the boat as it tacked, the interest in clouds and possible thunderstorms, the desire for smooth inland passages instead of the shorter way by the open sea.

"I'm a poor wife for a tar," she said.

Bill said she was doing fine. She was beating everybody in sight on the tennis court, and he was lucky to get her on the boat at all. He was forbearing about that, and on the last Saturday in July, he deigned to go down to Seabright, and saw her win a singles championship. Without his help she had become a popular figure; the grace which had snared him that day in Westchester had snared likewise a vast public.

Waiting for her at the clubhouse, he was important as her husband. He had a New Englander's horror of publicity, of posing for newspapers, of the pawing mob. Old Mr. Ingotz himself came across the lawn, and demanded: "Is that girl your wife? Why didn't you tell us you married a tennis champion?" Ingotz had a place at Rumson, and couldn't see why they didn't both come down for the week-end.

"Sorry, sir," said Bill, "we're starting off on a cruise tomorrow. My vacation."

"Well, well," said the magnate, "girl like that ought to be pretty handy about a boat."

The possession of this startling wife had made Ingotz more enthusiastic about him than if Bill had settled the German debt. Did he like it? He didn't know.

The voyage to Maine started beautifully, and ended in calamity. The first two days out were equable and lovely—fresh westerly winds and sunshine, which blew them quickly down to Nantucket. There they anchored a night and a day. Having consulted the local weather bureau, they decided to do what all sailors want to do, cut straight across the open ocean for Portland. The boat was seaworthy and comfortable. If rough weather came, they could make for Boston or Gloucester or Portsmouth. It was a cool summer morning, the wind in the southwest.

"This is perfect," Fay said, coming on deck from her breakfast. "If you can serve up days like this, take me anywhere."

It was perfect that day, and the next. With luck he might reach Portland the next night if the wind held. Late in the afternoon the sky lost its lovely clearness, and faded into a dull gray. In the night, the wind blew, whining and howling. The sea piled up behind them, and they pitched and heaved.

"I'm petrified," said Fay, over and over again, sitting up straight in a corner of her bunk. "When will this ever stop?"

Bill was too interested to observe that she was really frightened. He was having a sailor's love, a bit of weather, and he laughed at her fears. The next morning she thought it was better, but he knew it was worse. The wind had gone, they flopped and dipped in an ominous oily sea, in a damp, cold stillness which presaged a northeaster.

"Good godfrey," said Cap'n Jepson, "looks like the old gal is goin' to send us flyin' back to Glosta. Better start up that enjun."

Bill assented, unwillingly. He hated to use the engine. But the darn thing wouldn't start. All day long they rocked, and rolled, and pitched; off to the east, something was waiting to jump at them, something cold and wet and windy. Bill suspected that they had drifted back almost to Gloucester. Still the engine wouldn't start, and the storm right on their shoulders. Suppose it struck and beat them inshore? Finally at four o'clock the engine started and they ran for it. Something like a hurricane hit them contemporaneously and finally outstripped them. In the mêlée they hauled down sails, took in quantities of water; everything was upside down in the cabin, where Fay sat miserably in the flood, sure that at last her end had come.

"Sit tight," Bill yelled at her as he banged down the hatch. "We'll pump you out as soon as we can."

He didn't come below for two hours. He and Cap'n Jepson needed both their eyes to keep from running head-on onto some section of the Massachusetts coast. As it was, by a miracle of God they picked up Thatcher's in the midnight that hovered over them at seven o'clock of a summer night, and at eleven they were anchoring in Gloucester harbor.

Was it any wonder that Fay arose the next morning, packed her bag and took the train for Portland? Cap'n Jepson felt real bad. Having seen what the boat could do, she hadn't ought to be afeard of nothing.

"Guess she thought she was goin' to be drownded," he remarked.

Bill was too annoyed to argue. Why be a sport on a tennis court and a baby on the sea? As if to show her, the boat flew down to Portland, where Bill picked up Gordon Soames, who was going down East with him, and the next day made Harpswell. There Bill found, not an expectant regretful wife, but only his perplexed mother.

"Fay telephoned from Portland," said his mother, "that she'd be here in a few days. She's met some people on the train and decided to enter the Squirrel Island tournament. Didn't she come all the way on the boat with you? Do you know anyone at Squirrel Island?"

He was furious, but he could not show it because on his mother's face was a look that said, "What a queer way for her to act. We will pretend we don't think so."

He said mendaciously that the Squirrel Island scheme was his. The next day he and Gordon and Cap'n Jepson and a senior in Yale set sail for points east. They got as far as Eastport and were planning to cross over to the Basin of Minas, when Bill got a telegram forwarded from Harpswell. In it Ingotz said this, inexorably and flatteringly:

PLEASE RETURN TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY SIMONS PRESIDENT MUTUAL TRUST CLEVELAND DIED SUDDENLY BOARD WANTS YOU TO TAKE OVER SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY WIRE ME RUMSON WILL MEET NEW YORK OFFICE ON ARRIVAL TO DISCUSS BEFORE YOU GO ON TO CLEVELAND FOR INSPECTION DON'T WORRY THEY EAT OUT OF MY HAND AND I WILL BE BEHIND YOU INGOTZ

It was a compliment but also a command. It had never occurred to him that he would leave New York any more than it would occur to his mother to leave Boston. He had apparently become a favorite of Ingotz, and must move up to a Middle Western front.

Going down on the train he wondered about Fay. She wouldn't want to come; certainly she'd hate leaving Aunt Dolly's shop and all her friends. Also Fay had the Easterner's contempt for what she called the West. But she was not in the flat when he got there; there was nothing there but dust, and depression. He hadn't heard from her since she took the train at Gloucester for Portland, and if he was sure of his dates she might be at Southampton. He would telephone out there tonight.

Ingotz kept him downtown all day, going into long-winded tales about the financial history of Cleveland. The old man had reached the age when he didn't have to be snappy and efficient; he liked to send young men out to distant posts, and fancied himself as an empire builder. Bill got away from him at five, sure that Cleveland was going to be no snap and that Ingotz knew something about everybody in town.

Ingotz's motto was lose no time, and his secretary had made reservations for Bill on the Pantherine. He had an hour and a half to pack his bag, and get in touch with his wife. Now Bill was rather a highbrow, and rarely read the sporting page. It was left to a comparative stranger, a blithe soul named Robineau, Harvard, 1919, to yell at him as he entered his club, "Say, what are you doing in town? Why aren't you down watching your wife?"

"I've just come in from a cruise down East. Where did she win today?"

It was Southampton, and she had won the mixed doubles today with Derry Case. "My sister says she's a pippin. She's been having a time with her. What do you do, you two? Segregate your outdoor lives?"

Fairfax made for a telephone, and an operator who thought he was surely drunk. "Sure, I'll get her," she said, "if you'll just leave me have time." In five minutes he got her. Fay was still at the tennis club.

"Darling," she yelled, "darling. I thought you were drowned. Why didn't you write?"

"You should have gone straight to Harpswell," he argued. "Listen, I've got to go to Cleveland."

"Cleveland! I don't know him."

"Cleveland, dear; Cleveland, Ohio. To be president of a bank. What possessed you to go to Squirrel Island?"

"Cleveland, Ohio? How terrific. Bill, we don't want to go there. Can't you fix it up somehow? Bill, are you there?"

"I'll wire you. I'm leaving at seven."

"Do you know we won?" she said, regardless. "Derry was grand, and I was miraculous. Bill, it's grand here."

"I say I have to leave tonight. Take the Twentieth Century to Cleveland tomorrow. Come on!"

"You're crazy," she told him. "I have to give an exhibition match here, and then I'm going to Forest Hills. Bill, it's the National Singles."

"Yes," he groaned, "I've heard of them. But come out to Cleveland for a day. Listen, Fay, I may not come back. You'll have to move yourself right out."

"Not till after the singles, and then I want to see the men's singles. This is terrific. Cleveland! What state is Cleveland in?"

"Kansas. You don't care where it is."

"You might have wired me," she said, "honestly."

"How could I know where you were?"

"You could read the papers."

He gave a short nasty laugh. "Read the sporting page," he yelled, suddenly going wild, "to find out where my wife is? I see myself."

"Don't be impossible, Bill."

"Don't don't me," he roared. "You're always don'ting me. Don't be dull, don't be gloomy, don't be old. Don't be married, I'll say. I'll tell the world." The president-elect of the Mutual Trust of Cleveland listened to the silence he had achieved. There was a

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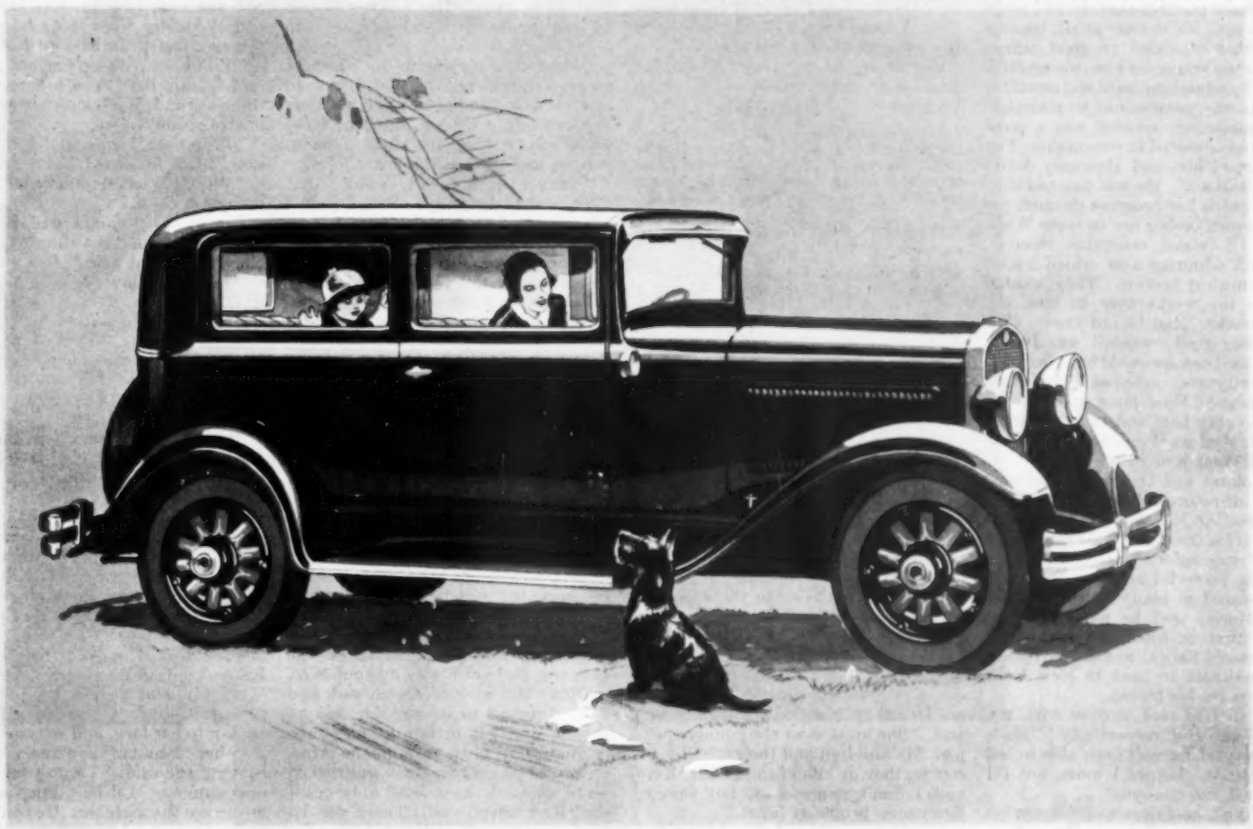
HUDSON ESSEX

invades a new field



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For the 2-passenger Coupe (Coach $895)

Other body models as attractively priced.
Extra equipment additional.
All prices F. O. B. Detroit

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Owner-management enables Hudson-Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson-Essex to lead in design and engineering quality. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

THE NEW

ESSEX SUPER SIX

$595

For the Coach or 2-passenger Coupe

Other body models as attractively priced.
Extra equipment additional.
All prices F. O. B. Detroit

(Continued from Page 34)

tiny click, millions of feet away. "Fay," he said, "I never meant it."

There was no answer. She was gone.

He took the train to Cleveland, and spent a miserable night. Certainly he had never intended to yell at his athletic wife, but what did it matter, since she was perfectly willing to go for weeks without speaking to him at all? Did she expect him to sit at Harpswell until she returned from Squirrel Island? It was quite possible that she had never gone to visit his mother at all, because his mother provided no good tennis. She was too young for him, too egoistic, spoiled by adulation, unfit and unwilling to make any concessions to marriage. This momentary quarrel was a proof of a division rooted in personality: Fay led a grand life, and obviously didn't need a husband. He was damned if he would watch her progress through the tournament, or beg her to come West.

The Cleveland magnates received him with admiring awe, which healed his diminished egoism. They wanted to turn the works over to him, the whole works. Had he not known that what they really wanted was Ingotz behind the bank he would have doubted their sanity; they acted as if the future of the Middle West hung upon his decision to stay here and run this bank, which looked as if it were running itself well enough anyway.

The oldest and the most important of the directors, Harrison T. Kerr, dined him at his country home, and kept him for the night. This experience in itself was unforgettable. Mr. Kerr was rich, powerful and beneficent; he had financed so many railroads, mills and factories that he naturally considered that he ruled the world. He appropriated Fairfax and saw no reason why he should go back to New York except to get his trunks.

"I'd like to talk it over with my wife," said Bill respectfully. "She's been away. I haven't been able to tell her about it. Before I move her I'd like to ask her consent."

Stuff and nonsense was written on Mr. Kerr's granite mug. His wife, a well-wadded and kindly old soul, had never been consulted when he moved his career about the country. She packed up and came along as ordered.

"She's always lived East," explained William. "She'd be crazy about it here, but I'd like to tell her before I decide." Just how he was going to tell her, he couldn't say. He'd be darned if he'd urge her; let her come or let her stay. It was time she grew up.

"I was thinking," went on Mr. Kerr ponderously, "that Mrs. Kerr might give a dinner for you and your wife Saturday night. Why not telephone her now, and ask her to come on?"

How could Bill reveal to this stickler for the home that he had no idea where his wife was staying?

"She's down at her Aunt Dolly's in the country," lied he. "There isn't any telephone."

"Indeed," said Mr. Kerr, implying that in Cleveland no one was so inconveniently rural as that. "We are leaving for California Monday to visit our eldest married daughter, and Saturday is our only available night. I should like to introduce you to the people you should know"—"the rich important people," thought Bill, "who will bore my little Fay"—"not only for your own sake, but for Mr. Ingotz's. He was very kind to us last winter; he entertained us at his London house. This is not New York, Mr. Fairfax. I would not say it was a substitute. It is a different life, more American, less hectic; perhaps, more satisfying. Think of us, Mrs. Kerr and me, in the country, and only an hour away from my office."

Bill agreed that it was enviable, but it was a harness Fay had never worn. A smaller community, public opinion, a nice conventional social life, had never claimed her. Hers was not Mr. Kerr's code. Nevertheless, she must be persuaded to come Saturday night, if she was coming at all. A well-oiled start in this society would make it more bearable. At noontime, after a morning in the bank where the vice president was endeavoring to tell him everything about everything, he escaped to send a telegram:

CLEVELAND OFFER TOO GOOD TO REFUSE INGOTZ INSISTS ANYWAY CAN YOU BE HERE SATURDAY NIGHT FOR IMPORTANT DINNER LOCAL MORGAN IS THROWING FOR YOU BE A GOOD GIRL AND COME LOVE BILL

At seven o'clock that night, he got an answer:

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MY TENNIS MIDDLE WEST REPULSIVE TRY TO GET OUT OF IT

This made him furious. Biting his nails, grinding his teeth, he finally achieved this:

IF ELIMINATED COME FRIDAY LOTS OF LUCK AND LOVE YOU COULD FLY HERE TELEPHONE TEDDY AXMAN MINEOLA

She did not wire again until Wednesday afternoon, evidently after a match.

DISPATCHED FAT TULLY IN STRAIGHT SETS EXHAUSTED TOO PETRIFIED TO FLY YOU WILL HAVE TO CRASH THROUGH WITHOUT YOUR LITTLE FAY

This showed such callousness and flippancy that he crunched it in a ball and threw it in the air in the lobby. It hit a passing bellboy, who decided that guy was nuts. Mrs. Kerr telephoned again, and said that they had invited fifty people and would go to a private dance later in the evening.

"It will be nice for your wife," she said. "She must meet the younger people. My children and their friends. Of course, they do lots of things Mr. Kerr and I don't approve of, but they're fine young people at heart."

Fine young selfish brats, he wanted to tell her. In his room at the hotel he spent an hour trying to reach Fay on the telephone. She was not at the club, at the Inn or at the Benkards', where the butler said she had not been all week. He sent more telegrams everywhere, asking her to try to come. The next morning, Thursday, the paper said she had won through and was now in the quarter finals. Well, if she were put out today in the quarter finals, or Friday in the semifinals, she might get here yet. If she went right to the station and took a fast train. But if she were in an uppish mood or if someone she liked asked her to go to a good party Friday night, she would not come. Riding in a train bored her.

Mrs. Kerr telephoned him again that night; had he heard definitely from Mrs. Fairfax? Everyone was so anxious to meet her and it would be so unfortunate if she couldn't come before they went away. Her politeness had an edge to it. He decided to tell the old lady the truth.

"My wife is playing in the National tennis tournament," he said, trying to make it sound important. "If she gets put out before Friday, she'll be here. Of course, if she wins she'll have to stay on and play in the finals."

"Tennis tournament," said Mrs. Kerr, rather distantly. "Oh, I didn't know just what it was. Is it important?"

"Important?" he said jestingly. "I should say so. The Nationals at Forest Hills. The championship. It's all in the papers. In the sporting page." He was making it worse and worse. For Mrs. Kerr had gone to a church seminary and had devoted her womanly life to her home and her six children. She believed it was up to wives to keep things nice in this coarse world. Championships reminded her of race tracks and prize fights and bicycle races, of derby hats tilted sideways and women smoking.

"How exciting," she said, as if it were anything but. "Do let me know if she's coming. As soon as you can." She hung up, wondering whether her husband knew about this. She liked that young man; it might be better if he left his wife permanently on the seaboard, and got a new one out here.

Friday Bill went to Akron with two of the directors to salvage a moribund factory, and got in late at night exhausted. The next morning he woke late, grabbed his breakfast and rushed out to the bank; he wanted to be out if Mrs. Kerr telephoned. There was no word from Fay. The directors met for two hours, and argued hectically over an issue of utility bonds. At one o'clock Bill went to the hotel, wishing he were not a bank president. These men were older than he, yet he had to control them and be polite, and keep them from acting foolishly in a terrain where they knew the roads better than he. He was no fool, but this playing for control was a new rôle. Thank God, he could eat alone. He opened his bedroom door, and saw that this wish was not to be granted.

"For heaven's sake," he said to his wife. "When did you get here?" She was lying on the bed in her clothes, and as she half rose to meet his extended arms, he saw that she looked very sickly, tired, unkempt. His exquisite Fay.

What had happened to her? He held her tight in his arms; now no directors could appall him. Surely this girl was here to stay; this suppliance and surrender were inconsistent with taking a fast train back to New York.

"What are you crying about?" he said, holding her. "You're here. Everything's grand. We'll have a swell lunch in this room."

"I can't eat," she said. "I've been so sick. I was so scared."

"Why? What's the matter? Have you got a cold?"

She sat up straight and looked at him. "Bill, don't be dumb. Do you know how I got here?"

"You must have taken some speedy train."

"I flew." She waited for the effect and she saw it. "That Axman man brought me. I telephoned him out of his bed last night and we left Mineola at dawn. He was a peach; I was petrified all the way."

She must have been put out in the semifinals, he realized. "Did she beat you, the Fell girl?" he said. "You poor kid."

She shook her head. "No one beat me. I defaulted. Thursday noon."

He couldn't believe his ears. "You defaulted? But, Fay, you had a good chance of winning those singles. You didn't do it because I wanted you, did you? You'll never forgive me that. I don't give a whoop for this old lady Kerr. You can play again next year."

She lay back against the pillow and smiled. Color was beginning to come back into her face, and she was regaining her familiar liveliness. "Don't worry," she said. "I won't be playing next summer. I'll be taking our child out to see the matches. He can't begin to see them too young."

The battle was over. An hour ago she had been a sore spot in his mind; there she lay, and gave his life a permanent meaning. Everything disagreeable and hectic and quarrelsome had been put behind her; she belonged to him, and had overcome a nauseous fear to get to him.

"Still, it's too bad," she insisted unconquerably. "I'm such a good singles player. You know I was really awfully good this summer. Had you only seen me, William."

The tears were in his eyes. He got up and walked around the room.

"Don't stand over there," she said, "awestruck and apart." She patted a place beside her. "Sit down here. I suppose I'll never be good for singles again. Motherhood mars the Fairfax form, Bill, and you've lost your ocean."

He leaned over and kissed her. "Gosh, Fay, you're a funny girl. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you? Say, I only went to the doctor Thursday morning. I had a queer feeling. So I said to all I had tonsillitis, and defaulted. At first I was furious and couldn't leave the flat. Two days I lay and sulked. Then I came to life and flew out here." She lay thoughtfully still for a few seconds. "What's Cleveland like?" she asked with interest.

"Not bad at all," he said enthusiastically, kissing her again. Each of them was thinking that doubles really was a better game.

DRAWN BY MAGEE

"Cert'nly, Mr. Smith, I Agree With You About a College Education. But I Think a Little It is Awfully Nice, Too, Don't You?"

THE FIRST LADY OF THE SCREEN

RUTH CHATTERTON "IN" "The Right to Love"

The secret of Ruth Chatterton's popularity perhaps lies in her ability to make you feel she is actually living her parts. You think of her not so much as a great actress portraying a role, but as a warm, lovable, human person you'd like to know. ¶ In "The Right to Love" Miss Chatterton *lives* a fierce emotional experience such as few of us ever encounter. But *you* live it too. ¶ An excellent supporting cast, and produced with the care, intelligence and quality characteristic of all Paramount Pictures, making good for each and every one the slogan *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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MAKE-BELIEVE

(Continued from Page 5)

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northward again, up the island; and she drove swiftly. Tall trees scuttled past them on either hand; they passed through belts of fragrance where the scent of some forest bloom lay like a ribbon across the road; twin balls of fire, the eyes of some wild thing, appeared in the glare of their headlights far ahead, then disappeared as they drew near. By contrast with the bright shafts which illumined the road, the wood all about was dark; the sidelong rays penetrated only a little way, to erect there a screen of leaves and trailing vines and veiling moss behind which lay dark mystery.

"Where is it we're going?" he asked when silence had held them for a while.

And she told him: "To the big swamp. Way up the island, almost to Château." She laughed softly. "We must stop and call on Elegy after you've killed your bird. She's worth seeing."

"Who is she?" he asked.

"A Negro woman," she explained. "But more like a man than a woman. A tremendous creature. She always wears men's clothes, and she can whip any two men, I expect. She's a sort of warden and gamekeeper for that end of the island. You can be sure no poachers risk trouble with her."

He chuckled. "Elegy?" he repeated. "That's some name!"

Norma nodded. "They love queer names," she smilingly agreed. "Her father was Obituary. He was old Mr. Irelan's body servant." And she added: "Elegy lives at Château—there are half a dozen cabins there—on the creek just beyond the swamp where we're going. If you get a bird she'll be as pleased as Punch. And you will," she promised. "Old Badgero roosted a flock last night, and there's a big gobbler in the swamp. This may be your lucky day."

"If he gobbles at me I'll run like a rabbit," Lingo asserted. He was tall—tall enough so that he overtopped even Norma's slender height—and by his rusty red head and his pale blue eye, he was not the man to run like a rabbit from any living thing.

Norma told him so. "And no matter how fast you ran, you'd never look like a rabbit," she added. "Like a kangaroo perhaps."

"I spent a month on a farm once," he explained. "When I was a kid. The geese bullied me scandalously, and an old gobbler chased me right into the kitchen one day. They've had my wind up ever since."

"It's time you conquered one of them in single combat then," she pointed out. "Down your enemy and forget your terrors, my friend."

"Well, I'm here to give it a try," he agreed.

"This is your last chance," she reminded him. "The others will be beginning to come today. I won't have time for turkey hunting from now on."

"It's been great to be here with you all," he told her.

"I've liked it too," she assented honestly. "And you've helped a lot about the party."

He watched her narrowly, but her eyes were intent on the road and she pretended not to be conscious of his scrutiny. His arm lay along the back of the seat behind her shoulders; and he stirred once, as though with decision. But before he could speak she said quietly:

"We're almost there now."

So he waited, and a minute later their headlights picked up forms beside the road ahead. When she brought the car to a stop the horses looked at the headlights with alert interest, and their eyes shone in the glare. Badgero, a little old darky with a wide grin that revealed the essential individuality of his teeth, touched his cap and came hobbling toward the car. Norma shut off the engine and she and Lingo alighted.

Badgero touched his cap again. "Morning, ma'am," he said, chuckling with pleasure.

"Good morning, Badgero," Norma nodded. "I hear you've got the big gobbler in a pen, waiting for Mr. Lingo."

Badgero cackled with delight. "Yes, ma'am," he assured her. "Him and his whole fambly. Young gen'man can take his pick ef'n he's quick enough, ma'am."

"I didn't know whether you'd get back in time," the girl suggested; and Badgero said more soberly:

"Yes, ma'am, I come across in de boat. Landed at de No'th End yestiddy aft'noon. Dat give me plenty time."

"Mr. Masteran was so sorry he couldn't be there. Did you give young Mr. Irelan the message?"

Badgero said readily: "I tole 'em whut Mr. Masteran say. But Mr. Irelan di'n't come hisse'f. Seem like he had too much to do up No'th."

She bit her lip. "Oh! I'm sorry. His father would have wanted him." She hesitated, turned toward the horses; and Badgero lifted the guns out of the car. He leaned them against a tree while Norma and Lingo mounted. Norma's mare danced a little, but she controlled it easily, and Lingo was equally at home on his big gelding. They took the guns the old Negro handed them; and Badgero scrambled on his own horse.

"Which way?" Norma asked. "Across the savanna?"

"Yes, ma'am," he told her. "Little longer so, but dem grapevines in de big woods would cotch you sure." He swung his horse. "I'll go de bes' way," he promised.

And he turned aside, threading a course through the trees, Norma at his heels and Lingo close behind, till they emerged presently into the open, where tall grass brushed their stirrups, dry and rustling. Badgero struck a slow jog, and Lingo pulled up to Norma's side.

"Curious old cuss," he said, nodding toward the Negro ahead of them.

Norma smiled. "He knows every turkey and deer on the island by its first name," she assured him. "He was born here, you see. The Irelans owned St. Anne's then; so he's an Irelan Negro. He was born a slave. That makes it seem pretty close to us, doesn't it?"

"Irelan?" he repeated. "You were talking about him a while ago."

She nodded, grave and thoughtful. "He died last week. The funeral was yesterday," she explained. She was silent for a moment, then spoke half to herself: "Martin Irelan. The finest gentleman! Of course, he had sold St. Anne's long before father bought it."

"You always call Mr. Masteran 'father,' don't you?" Lingo commented.

"He likes me to," she explained; and she continued: "After we came here, father wanted to know the history of St. Anne's; so he went to Mr. Irelan, and they grew to be good friends. Mr. Irelan held aloof at first, but no one could help loving father." She laughed softly, in a tender understanding. "Even if he is a Northerner!"

Lingo's horse was just beside hers; their knees brushed together. About them lay the broad, moon-drenched savanna, and the dark forest wall of the swamp began to loom ahead.

Lingo said softly: "That must run in the blood. Even by adoption."

Norma looked at him, faintly puzzled. "What?"

"I can't help—loving anyone in the family," he told her.

She colored, smiled. "Your mind should be on turkeys," she chided gayly.

But he leaned toward her, gripped her arm. "Norma," he said, "my mind hasn't been on anything but you, ever since that night I first saw you."

She met his eyes gravely. "You're hurting my arm," she said.

"Don't you want me to—speak?" he challenged, almost truculently.

She hesitated. "If you like," she told him steadily at last. "But don't unless you must. Because I can't say what you will want me to say."

"Sure?" he demanded.

"Sure," she answered; yet she smiled again.

"Dead sure?" he challenged, as though her smile emboldened him.

She hesitated, looked toward the wall of trees ahead of them; then she laughed, with dancing eyes. "Sh-h," she bade him. "You'll scare the turkeys."

"Bother the turkeys," he protested.

"You will if you talk," she assured him; and her horse, at the pressure of her knee, lifted its gait, drew up with Badgero.

The red-headed young man moved as though to pursue her, to compel her attention and her answer. But he checked himself, held at last his pace behind her, while they began to thread a slow way among the trees.

He chafed at this delay. Red hair goes always with a bold temerity.

II

ST. ANNE'S is one of a chain of lovely islands off the Georgia coast, separated from the mainland by a wide belt of green marsh across which toward sunset bands of color move in shimmering order.

Here before the war there were wide cotton fields where black folk moved among the furrows patiently, but nowadays the fields are grown in long-leaf pine, tall trunks standing in an aristocratic fellowship with the warm sun bright about them. And between what once were fields lie low ridges, rising no more than a few feet above the general level, where great oaks draped with moss intertwine their mighty boughs; and the jasmine cloaks them, and trumpet vine, and honeysuckle, and the bright star of the Cherokee rose. And the tough strands of the scuppernongs and muscadines hang nooses for the unwary horseman who rides beneath their shade, and wisteria cloaks a tree here and there, at certain seasons, in a mantle of purple bloom. The ridges are in hardwood, the fields in pine, the swamps in cedar and water oak and holly and tupelo; and in these swamps deer lurk and wild turkey take their ever vigilant way.

St. Anne's was Dent Irelan's in the old days, and Martin Irelan's afterward. But you cannot grow cotton without hands to work the fields, and Martin Irelan in the end gave up the useless struggle. He learned to spend his days at his smaller plantation up the coast among old rice fields whose dikes were broken now; and St. Anne's was sold in small parcels and passed to other owners. Till Masteran, from the North, bought first a small holding for a hunting camp, and learned to love the land; and so, in the course of years, gathered all the small parcels into one and brought St. Anne's back to a single ownership again.

Masteran dwelt here at first only in the winter months, but as the years passed, the island claimed more and more of his time. He repaired and remodeled the old house with stout walls of tabby compounded of sand and oyster shells and oyster lime; he reopened the drainage ditches, he set cattle to graze in the wide savannas. Under his hand St. Anne's came, bit by bit, to life again. And here nowadays he and Mrs. Masteran, and Norma Chasteen, who was their ward, spent months on end.

Sometimes they were alone in the big house, but more often the rooms were filled with guests and gay laughter. There would be many folk coming today and tomorrow, but just now Lingo was the only visitor. And Norma wished him to kill a turkey before the others came.

They rode into the swamp in single file, and slowly; old Badgero on his shaggy marsh pony led the way, Norma was close behind him, and Lingo followed on her heels. But presently Badgero halted and dismounted, and they did likewise and he took their reins. He spoke to Norma in a whisper.

"They's roosted in by de cypress, ma'am," he told her. "You-all want me to come along?"

Norma shook her head. "I'll call them for Mr. Lingo," she returned. "I don't want to shoot; I want him to get a turkey."

Badgero nodded. "Yas'm. Put him by de big oak, and you set in behind him by de holly bush, and likely he'll git a shot at one," he promised.

Norma nodded. "You stay with the horses," she directed, and she touched Lingo's arm. "Keep right behind me," she whispered. "Don't speak, and walk softly."

He grinned his assent and she swung about, her gun under her arm, the turkey call in her hand. She led the way, and he came close upon her heels. The forest about them was full of gray ghosts, with uncertain silhouettes against the sky where the huge boughs draped with moss spread and interwove. Rotted logs lay in wait to catch their feet; soft ground moss deadened their footsteps; once or twice Lingo felt the keen trickle of water when his foot sank into miry ground.

Norma moved slowly, taking care where she set down her feet; her progress was almost soundless. Lingo, behind her, did not quite so well; an occasional stick broke beneath his weight. But they advanced with little noise enough. Dawn was half an hour away; the turkeys would still be asleep, heads tucked beneath their wings. The human voice might alarm them, but sounds such as Norma and the young man made might pass, even if they

(Continued on Page 42)

THE EIGHT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BU

Below is a list of the 1,532,691 Buick c
for service in 1930, according to the last a
registration reports. The first column give
production. The second column shows t
cars from each year's total production n
The third column gives the age of each

Year built	Buicks in use today	N
1904	1	
1905	1	
1906	10	
1907	3	
1908	17	
1909	12	
1910	39	
1911	29	
1912	99	
1913	160	
1914	609	
1915	1,643	
1916	5,011	
1917	9,984	
1918	16,543	
1919	15,388	
1920	33,829	
1921	21,538	
1922	64,185	
1923	133,879	
1924	136,176	
1925	147,111	
1926	218,563	
1927	228,913	
1928	199,373	
1929	165,462	
TOTAL BUICK REGISTRATION IN U. S.		
SECOND CAR IN U. S. (in Buick's price range)		
THIRD CAR IN U. S. (in Buick's price range)		

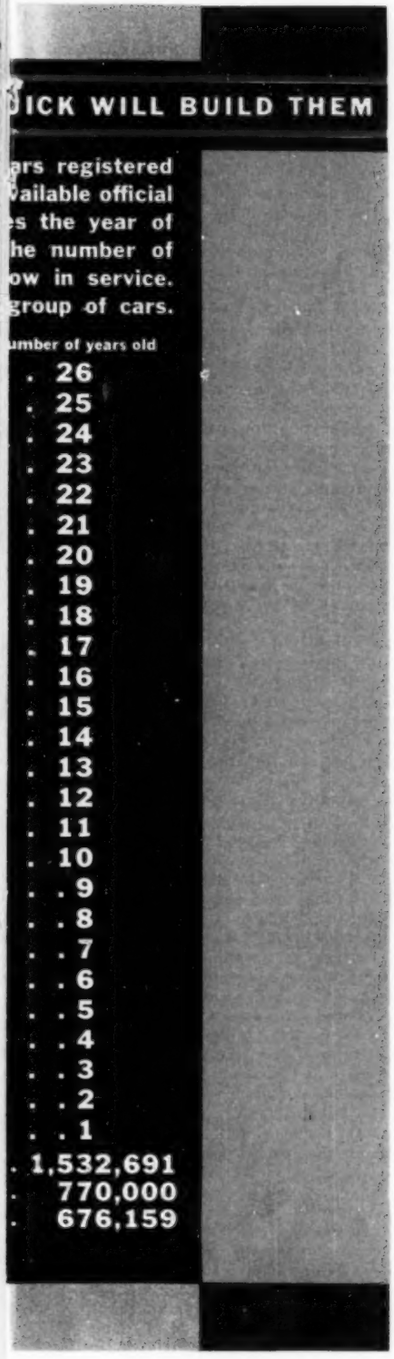
Totals include cars registered up to August 1, 1930

A 26-YEAR RECORD OF BUILDING SOUNDLY AND WELL

. . . the underlying reason for Buick's Leadership

Men and women everywhere are buying the new Buick Straight Eight with implicit confidence that it is a surpassingly fine car . . . because back of this Eight is a twenty-six year record of building soundly and well, as is proved by the above table.

Listed here are hundreds of thousands of Buick cars 5 — 10 — 15 — even 20 years of age — all of which are in active service today. There is one Buick built in 1904 — 26 years ago — yet its owner bought license plates to drive it in 1930. There are ten Buicks, 24 years old, all registered for service this year. And there are more than 70,000 Buicks, 10 — 12 — 15 years of age, still serving faithfully day after day.



AS BUICK BUILDS IT

● *Registration figures used in this advertisement compiled by R. L. Polk & Company.*

The majority of buyers of new Buick Eights will not choose to drive their cars this long. But they will enjoy *finer, more reliable performance through all their months and miles of ownership* because of the extra stamina which Buick builds into its cars—and which is the priceless heritage of the Eight as Buick Builds It.

The motorists of America are purchasing more new Buick Eights than all other eights of its price combined. They favor Buick so strongly that, in state after state, they are giving it 45 to 65 out of every 100 sales of the fourteen eights in its price class. They are bestowing upon Buick even more decisive leadership than at any previous period in Buick history.

The greater performance, beauty and comfort of the Eight as Buick Builds It are important reasons for this preference—but even more vitally important is America's deep-rooted confidence in Buick design and manufacture, inspired by Buick's twenty-six year record of building soundly and well.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 39)

were heard, for the slight disturbance made by a moving deer, a strayed cow or a stirring pig. A deep, damp silence did surround them; the air was wet and chill; its faint currents touched their cheeks with a clammy breath, and the scent of mold and decay was in the wood.

Norma knew her way. Badgero's directions, meaningless to Lingo, were clear enough to her. She advanced until her accustomed eye could pick out through the intervening growth the black blot of cypress a hundred yards to one side. She turned the other way and withdrew till she came to the foot of the big oak where so many times in the past she had waited while Badgero, in the holly behind her, yelped his invitation to the waking birds. She paused there and waited for Lingo to come to her side; and she whispered his instructions then.

"Sit here, your back against the tree. Don't move, or smoke, or cough," she warned him. Her whispered tones were alive with anticipation. "You'll hear my call, behind you. But the turkeys will come from the swamp. If they come."

Her lips were near his ear as he bent his head to hear, and he thought more of the fragrance of her cheek than of the turkeys he had come to slay.

"Stay with me," he urged. "Call from here."

"If they see anyone, they'll never show themselves," she reminded him. "And they're twice as apt to see two of us as one."

"You can hide behind the tree," he insisted. "I'll need coaching."

"Nonsense," she protested smilingly. "This is serious business, my friend. It's not romance."

He chuckled. "Hard to think of you as killing even turkeys," he protested. "And the sight of you would never scare them. Not if they're the wise birds you say they are."

"Sit down," she directed. "Make yourself small and silent; look as much like a grapevine as possible, or a clump of leaves."

"It's too wet to sit down here," he argued.

"You're a trifler," she retorted, amused but definite too. "Behave yourself. I'm going now." She looked toward the eastern sky. "They'll be stirring soon."

And she turned with no further word and slipped away behind him till she disappeared in the dusk of the wood. He watched her as long as she was visible. He had smiled when he spoke to her, but there was no laughter in his glance upon her now. Her slender figure vanished at last, and he stood for a moment fixedly. But in the end he settled himself as she had bidden him, sitting on a tuft of moist moss, his shoulders against the tree, his gun across his knees and pointing forward so that it could be easily brought into play.

He heard a stirring in the holly thicket while she made herself at ease there; then silence fell. The day would be warm; even now a thermometer would have shown a moderate temperature, though the moist air felt cool. Thin vapors rose from stagnant water here and there and drifted upward, the gray veils vanishing among the gray scarfs of moss which draped the trees.

There was for a while no sound at all, but by and by the hush imposed upon the denizens of the swamp by the disturbance of their arrival gave way to a tiny stir of movement everywhere. Something splashed in one of the still pools, a dry stick cracked, a bough swayed and the leaves upon it brushed against other leaves. Through the tree tops overhead light began to steal, and the high stars suddenly had disappeared, only the brightest one remaining yellow against the pale blue of dawn.

But Lingo, after the first few minutes, seemed to forget his surroundings here. His eyes narrowed and became fixed and inattentive as his thoughts absorbed him, and his brow gathered in a frown. It was hard to guess what thoughts these were which so engrossed the man; yet there was that in his aspect now, as he sat alone and utterly off guard, which seemed to belie the audacious good humor which was his usual habit. Sitting there with his back against the tree, so absorbed in his own reflections, he was a figure daunting and almost sinister. He remained thus for a long time, till at last he stirred and put aside his thoughts and came back to the present scene again.

He began to wonder why Norma did not call, but it was not yet time. Then off toward the cypresses something stirred; there was a movement among the upper branches faintly audible. The light increased, and suddenly from the undergrowth behind him there sounded the yelp of a hen turkey. Lingo was startled by the call; he moved unconsciously, as though to turn and look; then remembered and sat still. The call seemed to him a perfect counterfeit. He had never heard a turkey; yet this was, he thought, exactly the way a hen turkey ought to sound. When, after five minutes or so, the call was repeated, he grinned admiringly; and he began to fix his attention on the business in hand. His eyes searched the low undergrowth ahead of him, his glance flitting this way and that, with no movement of his head at all.

Lingo wondered how the turkeys would come. He imagined their black forms moving silently along the ground, long necks extended, small heads outstretched, eyes peering. He thought of them as hiding behind trees to peep out at him, and he began to feel incredibly large and conspicuous. Here and there he saw what might have been a turkey, watching him, but as the light increased he was able to discover his mistake. He identified the suspected objects as broken stubs, swaying leaves, the elbow of a grapevine.

The stars had now all disappeared; even that one which had shone bright yellow against a field of blue was gone, and the blue sky was tinted with a brighter hue. Out beyond the knife-edged horizon of the sea the sun must be climbing; must soon lift itself to lance its bright rays across the island. At intervals behind him Norma called again and again, softly, urgently, seductively. He had an almost visual reaction to the sound; it evoked a picture of a hen turkey, feeding quietly, pausing now and then to lift her slim neck and utter her shrill, yelping invitation to any within hearing who might desire companionship. Lingo grinned to himself and forgot his vigilance for a while in amusement at the thought.

Something dark moved across the sky at a little distance, low above the tree tops; he had a glimpse of beating wings. Not till it had disappeared did he realize that it had not been a crow. Its flight was straight, its wing beats were brisk and full of business. His pulse lifted. The turkey had passed across his front, much too far away for a shot; but even its passing made other turkeys credible, and the birds became a reality to him. He for the first time began actually to expect that one would appear before him here.

Behind where he sat, Norma called again. And after a little while she had an answer from somewhere in the swamp. Lingo heard it with a prickling sensation at the back of his neck; his muscles stiffened to a rigid readiness. There was a difference in the call which answered Norma's. Even Lingo's ear detected this. He waited breathlessly for her to call again. She did not do so for a long time, and he knew a hot impatience, a hunger for the sound. It might have been five minutes—it seemed to him an hour—before he heard the familiar yelps from the holly thicket where she hid.

Across the swamp, after an interval, the answer came. Lingo thought it was nearer. Norma waited. Presently she called once more. The answer was slow, but at last it sounded; yet Lingo thought it was this time no nearer where he sat. He was hot with impatience now, trembling like an eager dog, his teeth pressed together to stop their chattering. He hardly knew it when the sun did rise, when light suddenly touched the upper boughs of the trees before him. He forgot the sun, furiously anxious for Norma to repeat her luring call, fretting at her delay. When she did sound those shrill yelps again, the answer was as far away as it had been before.

The young man slowly gathered his feet under him. This waiting began to be unbearable. He had forgotten the ache of his cramped muscles, but he could not forget the furious lust to kill which that distant sound evoked in him. He was half crouching now, gun ready on his knees.

Norma called, and the distant turkey answered; no nearer. Lingo slowly raised his hand and wiped his brow. It was wet with his excitement. He gripped the stock of his gun till his fingers ached. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw something close beside him and he came swiftly to his feet, his gun swinging. But it was Norma; she caught the end of the barrel in her hand, holding it away from her side, and she laughed softly at his pale intentness.

"Sh-h," she whispered. "Quiet. Don't move. And be careful with that gun."

"You scared me," he confessed. "I didn't hear you coming."

She nodded, glancing toward the swamp. "That one isn't coming," she told him. "Suspicious, or just stubborn. You stay here, and I'll circle around behind him. I may get a shot, or I'll scare him over this way. Keep your eyes open while I'm gone."

"I'll go along with you," he offered.

She smiled. "You're noisy," she pointed out. "They'd hear you for miles. Wait here."

He hesitated, then nodded his assent. He had a curious sense of helplessness. He wanted so ardently to kill that yelping bird across the swamp; yet Norma knew best how to make this possible. So he submitted and crouched again, and Norma disappeared as silently as she had come.

She withdrew a hundred yards from the swamp and began a circuit of its circumference. She chose her way carefully, moving slowly, making no sound; and she was steadily alert, scanning the woods ahead, moving from tree to tree, advancing only after a long scrutiny had assured her there was no bird within her view. Once she remembered Lingo's surprised movement when she appeared beside him, and smiled at the thought. He puzzled her sometimes; he had a man's certainty and poise, and she felt rather than discovered in him a quality of hard determination. Yet he had been a while ago as excited as a boy. She smiled. Turkeys were apt thus to affect a man.

Across the swamp the turkey called again, and Norma paused to listen and to fix the direction of the sound. She forgot Lingo. To stalk a calling turkey is a task almost impossible of achievement, and Norma had little hope of doing so. Yet if she did succeed, it would be a feat of which to boast; and if she failed, the bird might be driven across to where Lingo waited for its coming.

She went on a hundred yards or more and waited till the turkey called again; she advanced a lesser distance then, changing her direction, pausing at last for further guidance. The call this time sounded from not far ahead and a little to one side, and Norma began to pick her way with infinite care in that direction.

The sun was risen well above the horizon; its rays slanted down into the depths of the swamp at a long angle. Pools of water here and there smoked at the touch of these rays, wisps of mist arose.

The calling bird was, she estimated presently, no more than a hundred yards ahead. She marked a thicket there, guessed this was its hiding place. And she went forward, one slow step after another, keeping a stout oak's trunk between her and the spot. She came to this huge tree at last and waited. Unless the bird had moved, it must be within fifty yards; perhaps much less. And very slowly Norma peered around the trunk of the tree, and with her eye she dissected the thicket, inspecting every tangle and shadow which it concealed.

Then the call sounded again, near at hand, but beyond the thicket. And the girl began to move once more, at once sidewise and forward, picking out what cover offered, till presently she was able to see past the undergrowth into the clearer ground on the other side. A water oak stood there, its thick trunk black against the green of the swamp. And she advanced more rapidly, her gun ready, her eyes alert for any least movement that would betray the hidden bird, which must now be within easy range.

She was within a dozen paces of the oak when she was halted in her tracks. Far across the swamp there sounded another yelping call. It came, she guessed from somewhere near where Lingo waited. Had this bird gone that way? The call was broken; it had a quality which she found unusual, without being able to define this feeling. She stood puzzling over this, but her eyes searched every inch of the ground before her while she waited. And while she still stood there, something moved; her head turned as her eyes darted toward this movement, and she saw, past the edge of the trunk of the oak just before her here, what it was that had moved. The toe of a man's heavy shoe!

A man sat there, hidden by the tree, within ten paces of her where she stood. She was for a moment startled, then angry. No man had any business here. Some Negro, perhaps, seeking to kill a turkey for his pot. She smiled, nodding. The island Negroes did kill the birds; Masteran never forbade it. If this were a Negro, he had spoiled her hunt but done no other harm. She took a step forward.

But that was not the sort of shoe the Negroes wore! And her anger rose

again. Then the man yelped like a turkey; she recognized the call as the one she had been stalking so cautiously, and humiliation because she had been deceived made her more angry than ever. Her head high, she took a step forward. As she did so, suddenly he spoke; spoke, incredibly, to her. "Morning," the man drawled. And when she did not answer: "I reckon the turkeys are gone. You might as well come on."

A white man; therefore a poacher. Her gun was in the crook of her arm and her color was high as she stepped around the tree.

III

NORMA was tall, her skin the pale golden hue of old ivory, her hair a black mass above her brow. With this coloring she had the happy combination of blue eyes, and her eyes were usually smiling. But just now, when, with her shotgun in the curve of her elbow, she stepped around the tree and looked down at the man who sat there on the ground, her eyes were not smiling; her color was high with her rare anger. She looked down at the man, and he looked up, and he grinned and said cheerfully:

"Ma'am, you're fair sparking, you're so mad!"

She was instantly, despite her anger, amused. His slow tones were so soft and at the same time so cheerfully impudent. He was a young man, not much older than herself; and by his garments and by the way he spoke he seemed to be one of those indolent and casual folk who dwell so easily in the Georgia pinelands, content to take each day as it comes, beset by no misgivings and spurred by no ambitions. He was, she guessed, even taller than herself; though while he sat here with his knees cocked and his hands clasped across them, it was impossible to be sure. His shoes were stout enough; he wore a very old and ragged and faded hunting coat, and a soft blue shirt open at the throat, and his battered hat clung shapelessly to his head. Only his eyes belied the appearance he presented; they were at once amused and serene and calm. They were not, Norma thought, the eyes of the man he appeared to be.

She was startled and silenced for a moment by the fact that he betrayed no surprise or consternation at her appearance there, and she was faintly amused by the man himself.

Yet she said presently, "Certainly I'm angry. You've spoiled my chance for a bird!"

"That's too bad," he said gravely; yet there was a light mockery in his tones which irritated her.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "You don't belong here. No one has any right to be here. You're a poacher."

"Why, ma'am," he protested, "I've been killing turkeys all around this part of Georgia for more'n twenty years, and nobody's stopped me yit."

His utterance was indescribably soft; it had an elusive softness, impossible to define or reproduce. The word "Georgia," as he spoke it, became a slow caress; his r's had a trick of fading into nothing.

"You mustn't kill them here," she insisted. "This is St. Anne's, and Mr. Masteran owns all St. Anne's." She added suddenly: "He's never forbidden people hunting here; yet it is poaching, for all that. It's only because he is so generous, so kind."

"I've heard he was generous and kind," he confessed.

"Then you shouldn't steal his game," she insisted.

He looked carefully to one side and then the other. "Game?" he protested gently. "Where at is all that game I been stealing, ma'am?"

"You were trying to," she reminded him indignantly. "You were calling turkeys."

"I don't see any turkey call around," he pointed out. "Nor any gun, nor nothing. You-all must think I'm mighty clever, to try to git me a turkey without a call nor a gun."

"You were calling," she reminded him. "I've been hearing you for an hour."

"Guess it was someone else you heard," he urged. "There was someone"—his tone was utterly grave—"there was someone over 'crost the swamp yelping like a hurt pup, about sunup."

"That was me!" she cried, flushed and angry again.

"Sho now," he echoed. "Was it so? Going thisaway?"

And he cupped his hands curiously about his mouth, and from within his hands there emerged a succession of yelps, so that Norma listened in astonishment; then in amusement, too, for the sounds he made were like a turkey call, yet they were not like a turkey. She recognized the resemblance to her own efforts, and said so honestly.

"I'm afraid it was," she confessed.

"Why, you'll scare every turkey off St. Anne's, ma'am," the man protested. "That ain't the way a turkey sounds; this here's the right way."

And he cupped his hands and called again; and the imitation this time was so utterly exact that Norma half expected to see a hen turkey stalk out from behind the tree against which he sat. He finished, suddenly, with a robust and booming gobble; and Norma's eyes danced with quick appreciation. She said swiftly, full of respect for this ability:

"Oh, yes, yes! That's perfect! But do you call without anything—any bone or whistle or ——"

"I've got turkey blood in me, ma'am," the man said cheerfully. "That's all the way of it. I talk to them the same as they talk to me."

Yonder across the swamp a turkey suddenly did answer him; and Norma said:

"Sh-h! There's one now."

But he shook his head. "I guess it's gone, or going," he assured her. "Yore hunting partner over there, he's moving around, trying to work over this way. He scared that bird, I reckon."

"My partner?" she echoed, and looked at him in surprise. Her own ears were keen, and she was used to the sounds of the woods, yet she heard nothing which suggested that Lingo was astir. "How do you know?" she challenged.

He smiled slowly, as though he were brooding on some secret matter. "Mebby my ears are more used to hearing things than yours," he told her. "I said I've got turkey blood; turkey ears too. I heard you coming half an hour before you got near me here."

She was more and more interested. "Who are you?" she asked. "What's your name?"

"Shad, ma'am," he told her readily. "Shad Darrell."

"Where do you live?"

"Mostly anywheres," he said as readily. "It never did make much difference to me."

Someone whistled, off in the swamp, and Norma heard and recognized Lingo's signal.

"He is coming," she confessed. "But I didn't hear him before." And she whistled to answer him, three notes on a rising scale.

"I could hear him splashing in the swamp," said Shad.

Then Lingo called, "Hello! Norma!"

"This way!" she answered.

She, too, caught presently the sound of his awkward progress through the undergrowth and the mire; and then he shouted again, and Norma guided him with her voice and went a little way to meet him.

Before he came in full view he began to question her. "I heard you talking," he said. "Did you run into someone over here?"

Norma looked back toward where Shad still sat. She had a faint, absurd feeling that there was already an understanding between them. She hesitated, smiled at last.

"Yes," she said.

Lingo broke through the last barrier to join her. He was smeared with mud above the knees; there was a bleeding scratch on his cheek where a thorn had touched him, and he had lost his hat. She spoke of this.

"A branch slapped it off into a puddle," he admitted. "I didn't want it badly enough to go after it. Who's here?"

She turned, and he came beside her and saw Shad; and Lingo looked at the seated man with swift doubt and suspicion in his eyes. Norma said, smothering her amusement at Lingo's quick antagonism:

"This is Mr. Lingo, Shad Darrell."

Lingo nodded. "Hullo," he returned, and his eyes questioned Norma. "Is he one of your father's men?" he asked.

Norma hesitated, and Shad drawled: "Miss Chasteen reckons I'm a poacher."

"How do you know who I am?" she exclaimed.

"There couldn't be two to fit your pattern, ma'am," he assured her. "Folks around here do a lot of talking about you-all in the Big Tabby, you know."

Lingo hesitated, coloring angrily. "Is this fellow a trespasser, Norma?" he asked. "What's he here for?"

Somewhere off to the north a hen suddenly began to cackle. The bird must have been half a mile or more away; she belonged, perhaps, to one of the Negroes at Château. Norma heard, and guessed that the hen must have stolen a nest in the edge of the forest. She forgot to answer Lingo till he asked again:

"How about it, Norma? Was he after the turkeys?"

Shad said slowly, "I come after turkeys, yes. Nothing else to bring a man into the swamps before day."

Lingo stared at him through narrowed eyes. He said in quiet tones that yet were dangerous: "Stand up."

But Shad lifted his hand. "Listen," he bade in a hushed voice. They were silent, but heard nothing. Lingo watched him, and Norma asked in a whisper:

"What is it? A turkey?"

Shad shook his head, smiling. "No, ma'am," he told her while he still seemed to listen. "It's a boat coming up the creek from the ocean side. A shrimp boat with a one-lung motor in her. Pretty near to the landing at Château."

"A boat?" Norma echoed. "How do you know?"

"I can hear the engine," said Shad; and there was a moment's silence while they all listened.

"I can't hear a thing," Norma protested. "Can you, Mr. Lingo?" Lingo shook his head. "How can you know what kind of boat?" she persisted.

Shad said gently, "A man that lives in the woods gets to know things without knowing how he knows."

Norma nodded without understanding, but Lingo said, in a sudden impatience:

"Rot! It's probably the boat he came in, Norma. I believe he's here for mischief. If he were after turkeys he'd have a gun."

"I told you-all I come after turkeys," Shad drawled. There was a warning in his slow tones.

"Then where's your gun?" Lingo challenged.

Shad's eyes searched the border of the swamp. "What's that little knot on the oak yonder?" he asked. "A puffball?"

Lingo and Norma turned to look. "A puffball, yes," Norma agreed. And as she spoke there was a sharp explosion behind them, and the puffball exploded in a small cloud of brown dust. They whirled. Shad held a light target pistol balanced in his hand.

"A twenty-two will kill as many turkeys as a twelve bore, if you can point it, Mr. Lingo," he said calmly.

Lingo's cheek was red with a rising anger; and as he swung truculently toward the man, the muzzle of the weapon under his arm swept across Shad's breast.

"But don't point your shotgun at me, please, sir," said Shad calmly. The pistol was still in his hand.

Lingo started to speak, then checked himself.

"It's unloaded," he grumbled.

But Shad still watched him, smiling pleasantly; and Lingo laid his gun down on the ground and proceeded to find and light a cigarette, as though it was for this he had freed his hands. As he did so, Shad reached over to pick up the other's weapon and broke it and extracted the cartridges.

"The gun that ain't loaded is the one that scares me," he explained.

Lingo was purple; and Norma looked from him to Shad, conscious of the issue between them, bewildered by the violence of their instinctive and mutual antagonism. She sought suddenly to ease this moment, and she laughed softly.

"The joke's on you, I'm afraid," she said, looking at Lingo; and she unloaded her own gun. "We're certainly not going to kill any turkeys this morning," she decided. She looked at Shad again. He had put the pistol away in a holster under his coat, and he told her thoughtfully:

"That shrimp boat's standing in to the landing at Château."

While she stood listening he was on his feet. He was, she saw then, even taller than she had expected; he overtopped her by inches. His hunting coat hung comfortably about his broad shoulders; yet he was rather slender than otherwise. He rose, and he said casually:

"You-all will be wanting to get home to breakfast, I expect. There won't any of us get any turkeys now."

He turned as though to walk away, but Lingo caught up his gun and slipped a shell into the breech, and he said sharply: "Just a minute!" Shad checked and turned to face the other man, and Lingo said slowly: "I'm not through with you." He spoke to Norma. "This man has no business here," he said. "I think we'd better take him back to your father."

Norma suggested, watching Shad, "Elegy may know who he is."

But Shad shook his head, his eyes twinkling. "I know her, ma'am, but she don't know me," he assured her.

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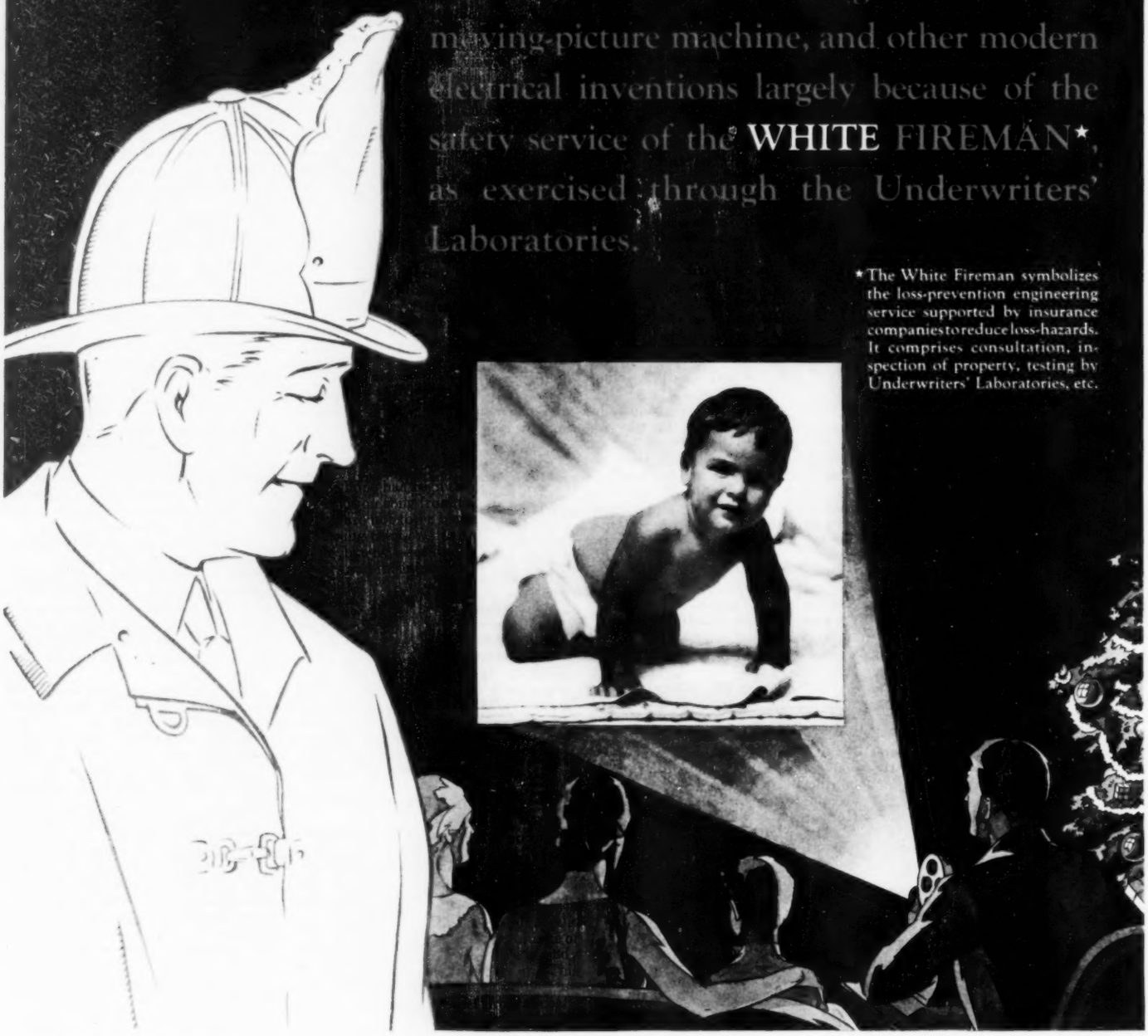

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Norma hesitated. "We might see what Badgero thinks," she decided. "But it's a half mile around to where he is."

"Why, not so far, ma'am," the strange young man corrected. "I can take you across the swamp a short way if you-all want to come after me."

He did not wait for their assent or their dissent; he turned away, and Norma, after a moment's hesitation, nodded to Lingo. So they followed him.

Shad led them through the swamp as he had promised. The way was tortuous; it depended sometimes on hummocks of dry ground, sometimes on fallen logs, sometimes on tufted sod that swayed beneath their feet, yet still sustained them.

When they emerged upon the other side Norma exclaimed in admiration: "You know these woods, Shad!"

"Ma'am, I learned that path when I was thirteen years old," he told her. "Yes, ma'am, you might say I know the woods."

"On St. Anne's?"

"All along the islands and the marshes and the main," he assured her. "And the water, too, if it comes to that. Yes, ma'am, I've navigated around here, afloat and ashore, a long time, I reckon."

A crow cawed somewhere in the distance. They moved up through the tall trees toward where Badgero waited with the horses. They heard a shot from the direction of the landing, and Norma recognized the sharp explosion of a pistol or a rifle. One of the Negroes, doubtless, butchering a hog. Shad had turned his head at the sound, but made no comment.

They saw Badgero and the horses ahead of them; and Lingo said in her ear: "Norma, you go along. I'll handle this guy."

Before she could reply a peacock whined in the woods north of the swamp, the high shrill cry resounded. The woods were full of stir and movement now, and bird calls were no novelty. Since dawn Norma had heard occasionally the far clamor of the peacocks toward the south end of the island, screaming to one another from their lofty roosts while they waited for the sun to burn away the dew before they risked their trailing plumage on the ground. But she had not supposed they ranged this far north. She wondered a little, and scarce heard what Lingo said, and then they came to where Badgero tugged at his cap and bowed before them.

The old Negro gave Shad no single glance. "Didn't hear you-all shoot, ma'am," he protested, his teeth showing in a wide grin. "Didn't dat big gobbler come along?"

"No luck at all, Badgero," Norma confessed. "I'm afraid I can't call them up as well as you."

Then Lingo asked crisply, "Badgero, do you know this white man?"

Badgero looked at Shad and shook his head. "Naw, suh. Don't know nothing about him," he confessed.

Lingo turned to Shad, but Shad, who had hitherto been so composed and calm, was frowning now. He seemed to be listening too.

Before Lingo could speak he said softly, "There's trouble at the landing!"

Norma, about to mount, turned again. "Trouble?" she repeated.

"That shot we heard was there," said Shad. He seemed to grope for words, listening as though he picked them out of the air. "That shrimp boat come in to land, and Elegy went down and warned them to keep off, and they shot her."

"Shot her?" Norma cried. "Elegy? How do you know?" She looked at him in complete perplexity.

"She's not dead," Shad reassured her, still as though listening. Then suddenly he nodded. "No, but they lifted her into the boat and took her away."

Norma cried, "I don't believe you! It can't be. You couldn't know. We'll go see!"

"The man's crazy," Lingo said harshly.

"We can be there quickly," Shad agreed. "But someone ought to send word to Mr. Masteran."

Norma swung into her saddle. "If it's true," she pointed out, "there's a telephone in Elegy's cabin." Her horse plunged, eager to be away.

She had given Badgero her gun. Lingo, with a glance toward Shad, surrendered his to the old Negro while he, too, mounted. But his horse was restive for a moment, and when he had quieted the beast, Badgero had already scrambled on his pony, had both guns under his arm.

"I'll have mine back," Lingo called, but Badgero grinned and wagged his head.

"Please, suh, you-all left a shell in de barrel," he explained. "Better let me tote it now."

Lingo swung his horse toward the old man and there was a cold anger in his glance; but Shad, at his stirrup, said mildly:

"I'll tow by your horse's tail. You won't have to wait for me."

Lingo hesitated; then he grinned in a humorless way and kicked his beast viciously and followed Norma through the wood, crouching to avoid the hanging vines. Shad ran easily beside Lingo's horse and Badgero came loping behind. Once they were at a loss, and Norma, in the lead, checked at a barrier of swampy ground; but Shad called: "Right!"

She swung that way, and found herself suddenly emerging into the open salt marsh, with hard footing for her horse along its border toward the landing at Château.

The cluster of houses called Château stands on the northwest shore of St. Anne's, facing a wide creek and the broad expanse of marshes toward the main. There is a spring here, where old Bartram, the botanist, once made his camp. A hundred and a quarter years ago the good Chevalier de Cuny had here his home; and though of his house there remain only the ruined broken walls of ancient tabby, half hidden by sour-orange trees and tangled vines, the locality is still Château. The half dozen Negro cabins range along the border of the wood behind, but Elegy's, larger than the others, is near the shore.

When Norma and Lingo pulled up their horses at the door of this larger cabin, there was no living soul in sight, no movement anywhere; and Lingo cried:

"You see! If there'd been trouble the Negroes would be here!"

"If there hadn't been trouble they'd be here," Norma corrected in a still concern. She swung from her horse. The door of Elegy's cabin was open, and she called:

"Elegy! Elegy!"

She had no answer. Lingo dismounted and joined her. But the man who called himself Shad Darrell had moved down the hard-packed mud of the steep bank toward the creek, his eyes upon the ground. He was presently out of sight below the bank from where they stood.

Norma pressed her hand against her mouth, hesitating, uncertain what to do. Then she ran along the path toward the other cabins and knocked on a door there.

A Negro girl opened the door to her reluctantly.

Norma cried: "What has happened? Where is Elegy?"

The girl started to shut the door, but a woman behind her said:

"You, Sal, leave the door wide. It's all right if young missy come." She appeared, an old woman with gray hair kinked about her ears. Her face was grave.

"What is it, Molly?" Norma asked her.

"Dey done shot Elegy, missy," the old woman said gravely. "De boat come up de creek and put in, and she went down an' tol' 'em to put off. So dey got to argifying; and one on 'em, he 'gun to git mad. And Elegy, she come back to de house and git um gun. Den we-uns didn't stay aroun' dere no more. Somebody shoot, and de boat gone away, and Elegy gone too. Yes, ma'am."

Norma hesitated; she turned to Lingo in a slow bewilderment, and he said sharply:

"This is rotten, Norma. It's terrible."

She nodded, almost inattentively. "But how did he know?" she whispered. "Don't you see? He was with us all the time, but he knew. How did he know?"

Lingo looked around. "He's gone," he told her. "Sneaked away. He's in it himself probably. Came to keep us out of the way. Or no, wait a minute! The boat put in to get him. That's the answer."

She shook her head. "I don't see how he knew," she insisted. She went past Lingo, back toward the little cottage where Elegy had dwelt. She stopped at the door there to call Elegy's name again, hopelessly.

She had no answer from within the house, but Shad came up over the bank from the creek side. "There's a splash of blood on the bank," he told her. He was twirling a chicken feather between his fingers.

"Where?" she asked.

"Down there," he said, and pointed. "But you-all don't want to look at it. Telephone Mr. Masteran, please, ma'am."

She turned obediently back toward the house, and Lingo descended the bank to see the traces Shad had found; but Norma stopped at the door and looked toward Shad again.

"Stay here," she bade him. "Don't go away. I want to speak to you."

"I'll see he does!" Lingo promised.

But Shad smiled faintly. "Yes, ma'am," he promised. "I surely aim to stay."

IV

NORMA went into Elegy's cabin to telephone Mr. Masteran, and Lingo climbed down the creek bank to see the spot of blood where Elegy had fallen, to seek for traces Shad might there have missed. But Shad Darrell stayed by the door of the cabin, squatting on his heels there, his shoulders braced against the wall. His eyes were narrowed as he stared out across the marsh.

Inside the house, Norma was at the telephone, but Shad paid no heed to what she said there. Then Lingo came back up the bank, and after a moment's hesitation, approached Shad; and the red-headed young man said in an undertone:

"Look here! I want to talk to you. What are you up to? What's your business on the island? What were you doing in the swamp this morning? And how did you know what was happening here?"

Shad grinned, and his tones, when he spoke, were mild and calm. "Business?" he echoed. "Why, I don't have any business to talk about," he drawled. "Do I look like I had business? Eating's my business, please, sir, and a place to sleep, and some sunshine to keep me warm. Eating's my business and I've got a tooth for turkey. If I hadn't been in the swamp yonder I'd have been somewhere else. And as far as knowing what happened here ——"

He became conscious of Norma at his side, standing in the doorway; he looked up at her without moving to rise.

But Norma urged, "Yes, how did you know?"

Shad scratched at the ground with his forefinger thoughtfully. "A man can know things and not know how he knows," he pointed out. "I can look at a deer track and know when the deer came that way, without being able to tell how I know. A man in the woods gets used to reading signs, noises, and the wind, and the way the birds act, and the animals."

"You live in the woods?" she asked, curiously intent.

He chuckled. "Yes, ma'am," he assured her. "Ever since I was big enough to pack a fish pole or a gun." He jabbed at the soft earth with his finger. "Used to have me a little boat, and then a bigger one. Ma'am, you can wake me up in the middle of the night and give me a glass of water out of the creek, and I can tell you what creek we're in, and how much water there is under us, and what's the shortest way to get somewhere else."

Lingo made an incredulous sound, but Norma looked at him, argued thoughtfully:

"I don't know. He can imitate a turkey marvelously, and he knows the woods. And he knew what had happened here." She swung to Shad. "I know the channels myself," she told him, a challenge in her tones.

"You know the main channels in calm weather and full tide," he corrected. "But I know 'em when the wind's east, or west, or south. I know 'em in the dark or in the light, ebb or flood. And I know all the little creeks besides." He cast a sidewise glance at Lingo, but Lingo was watching the girl. "Why, ma'am," said Shad, "I could take that big yacht of Mr. Masteran's and hide it away within ten miles o' here so an airplane couldn't see where it was."

She smiled incredulously; then her troubled thoughts turned back to this which had happened here, and she appealed to Lingo. "What do you suppose this means?" she asked him. "Who would want to—hurt poor Elegy?"

"Probably some drunken fishermen," he suggested. "Elegy warned them off, and they shot her."

She considered. "There was a gamekeeper killed on St. John's Island two years ago," she remembered. "He met a poacher whom he'd warned repeatedly, and he told the man to get off, and the poacher shot him."

Shad interjected, "He cussed the man! You can't swear at a Georgia cracker, ma'am, without getting hurt."

Norma nodded. "I know. The jury didn't convict him," she agreed.

"That's what this was," Lingo urged. "I'll bank on it."

But Shad suggested: "Or maybe bootleggers! They say there used to be pirates along this coast, but I reckon there's men along here now that'd make the worst of them old ones look like lambs."

Lingo protested, "Rats! Why should they shoot an old Negro woman?"

"Maybe the same reason a Western man might shoot a Mexican," Shad offered. "A man that's used to killing kind of gets an itch for it, I guess."

Norma shuddered faintly at his word; she looked along the road which led down the island. "I'll be glad when father gets here," she confessed.

"He's halfway here by now," Shad remarked. "He's crossed the bridge by the old ditch."

Her eyes widened. "Are you just guessing? Or do you know this too?"

"He'd start quick," Shad said evasively. "It wouldn't take him long."

Lingo lighted a cigarette, offered one to Norma. She refused, shaking her head silently. Then she saw old Badgero standing a little way off with the horses, and she told him to tie the horses and go back and bring up the car from the forks. He obeyed her, mounted his ragged marsh pony and loped away till he disappeared in the wood.

The sun grew warmer; the waters of the creek ruffled in the morning breeze. The tawny green of the marshes stretched for miles before them, and beyond lay the black mystery of the forest on the main. Half a dozen ducks came darting like bullets up the creek, flying low above the water, near the bank where they stood; abreast of them, the birds lifted and slanted away, and passed well out of range.

"Sheldrake," said Lingo absently.

"I'm beginning to remember that it's a long time since breakfast," Norma remarked, smiling at her own appetite.

Then a car emerged from the cover of the trees. "There comes Badgero," Lingo said, but Shad corrected him.

"Mr. Masteran," he amended.

And almost as soon as he spoke they saw that he was right. Masteran and Hollis, who acted as his superintendent and overseer. They came in haste, the car bounding over the rough road; they swirled to a halt, and Norma went quickly toward her father as he stepped to the ground, and Lingo followed her. Shad stayed where he was, squatting on his heels.

Masteran was in riding boots and breeches; his garments had seen use and wear. There was always a simplicity about this man, and a way of friendliness; yet shrewd wisdom too. He touched Norma's shoulder with his hand.

"All right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she told him.

Masteran smiled at Lingo. "Any luck?"

"No, sir," Lingo confessed. He looked toward Shad. "We might have got one, but we weren't the only gunners in the swamp."

Masteran followed his glance. "Who is that?" he asked.

"His name's Darrell," Norma told him. "Shad Darrell."

Her father's eyes were thoughtful. "Darrell?" he repeated. "It's an old name hereabouts." He hesitated. Lingo was watching him. "Well, what about Elegy?" asked the owner of St. Anne's, dismissing for the moment this stranger's presence here.

So Norma told him as much as she knew, and Lingo led him to the bank of the creek and showed him the blood splash there. Hollis followed them, and Masteran asked him:

"What do you make of it?"

"It ought to be possible to trace the boat," Lingo broke in.

"Did you see it?" Masteran inquired.

"No, sir," Lingo confessed; but he added pointedly: "But that fellow yonder knew a lot about it. He could describe it, I expect."

Masteran hesitated. "I'll talk to him presently," he decided at last, and Lingo returned to where Norma waited by the car.

Masteran consulted with Hollis; then these two ascended to the level again, and as they approached where Norma stood Hollis said:

"I can get on the telephone; send word around, Mr. Masteran."

Masteran shook his head. "Wait," he directed, and he moved on toward where Shad was. Norma and the others, after a moment, followed him.

Shad, at Masteran's approach, did rise; yet Norma thought, even in that moment, that there was in his bearing none of the fear, none of the foreboding which he might have been expected to feel. He did not show confusion or concern; he simply waited, as might any man, while Masteran drew near him.

Masteran said cheerfully, "Good morning, Darrell."

"Morning, sir," Shad returned.

The other studied him for a moment. "My daughter tells me you were in the swamp after turkeys."

"Yes, sir," Shad agreed, and smiled.

Masteran seemed faintly surprised at this confession; he stayed a moment silent, said then: "Well, never mind that just now. You know what's happened here?"

Shad nodded. "I knew it before we came to the landing," he explained.

"Yes, so Miss Chasteen says," Masteran agreed. "Does your knowledge extend to a description of the boat?"

"Just a shrimp boat," Shad replied. "Like a hundred others."

"Don't know whose boat it was, do you?"

"I know a hundred boats like it," Shad repeated.

Masteran frowned a little. "Did you know Elegy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." Shad's eyes twinkled faintly. "I'd seen her, but she never did see me."

The other gave no answering smile. "I suppose the men in the boat were poachers, eh?" he suggested.

"Poachers wouldn't start in by arguing with the gamekeeper, Mr. Masteran."

Masteran did smile then. "You're sure of that."

"I ought to know," Shad drawled; and Masteran nodded.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he asked, appealing to the man.

But before Shad could answer, Lingo said impatiently: "I'll tell you, Mr. Masteran. I think they were this fellow's own gang, come in to pick him up here. He was poaching himself. You can't believe anything he says."

"If they did come for me, they wouldn't look to find me eating breakfast with Elegy," Shad pointed out.

Lingo ignored him, spoke still to Masteran. "It's not my business, of course, sir, but there's something queer about him. He was poaching. He knew the boat was coming, and he knew the woman had been shot before we ever left the swamp."

Masteran hesitated, looked toward Shad. "How about that?" he challenged.

"It's worse than he makes out," Shad confessed, with a dry humor. "There's more that Mr. Lingo don't know yet. He don't know that I'm asking you to give me Elegy's job."

Masteran stared.

"So," Shad pointed out, "it looks mighty much as if I'd fixed it to get rid of her and get her place." He swung to Lingo. "Don't it, Mr. Lingo?" he challenged.

"It sure does," Lingo said angrily. "I'll bet on it."

Masteran hesitated; he laughed at last, but without amusement. "Well," he said, "that does top off the picture, Darrell, certainly. Think you'd make a good gamekeeper, do you?"

Shad stood with his hands in the pockets of his hunting coat, at ease. "Please, sir, I know I would," he returned. And he went on slowly: "I've fished these waters and hunted all this country for twenty years. Yes, sir. I can show you places on St. Anne's you never saw yourself, Mr. Masteran." He hesitated. "Do you know there's an old wild boar lives in the thick palmettos on the east side has got tusks seven inches long? I can get his head for you. Do you know there's a buck deer that'll weigh all of a hundred and ninety in the middle swamp by the big ditch? I can tell you where he's using today. Yes, sir, I'd make a good gamekeeper." He smiled, somehow appealingly. "If I was to put myself to it, Mr. Masteran."

"A hundred and ninety. That's a big deer," Masteran commented.

"The old boar is bigger," Shad assured him.

Masteran seemed to consider. "You may know the game," he said at last, "but what I want in my men is reliability."

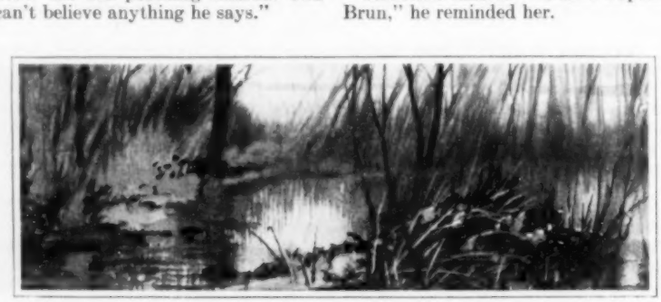
Shad grinned easily. "I've been relying on myself for a good many years, and I've come out pretty good," he said. There was an engaging impudence in his eyes.

But Masteran shook his head. "I've men enough," he said at last; and he moved as though to turn away.

"You may not have," Shad argued calmly; and when Masteran swung back, half angry, Shad continued: "You need a man like me, Mr. Masteran, even if you don't have any use for a gamekeeper. I can do other things."

Norma spoke softly to her father. "He says he knows all the channels, all the waterways," she suggested.

Masteran smiled. "So does Captain Brun," he reminded her.



But Shad said regretfully: "Brun went to Darien last night, Mr. Masteran, and he got in trouble there. He's hurt bad. He won't be working for a while."

Lingo uttered an ejaculation and Masteran frowned. "Brun hurt?" he protested incredulously. "I'd have heard before now."

"It was late last night," Shad assured him. "They wouldn't telephone you till they knew you were up this morning."

"Brun took the Ganymede up there to meet some guests I'm expecting," Masteran insisted. "He wouldn't look for trouble."

"Trouble looked for him, Mr. Masteran," the other insisted.

"How do you know?" Masteran challenged. "Were you there?"

Shad turned slowly back toward the house; he squatted on his heels again. He picked up a bit of stick and began to poke at the dust between his feet, without replying at all. Masteran watched him for a moment, thoughtfully.

"It can't be," he said at last.

"You all go back to the Big Tabby," Shad mildly proposed. "I'll wait here till you send for me."

Masteran hesitated; then he looked toward Hollis, and these two drew apart from the others. Lingo touched Norma's arm; he spoke to her in a low, angry tone. But Norma smiled. Then Masteran looked toward her, over the shoulder of his superintendent, as though to ask her counsel; and Norma nodded faintly.

Masteran came back toward where Shad squatted. "I'm expecting a number of guests during the next few days," he explained slowly. "I may have use for an extra man. They will want to hunt, perhaps; perhaps to try for that big boar you tell me about. You think you can locate him?"

"I can," Shad assented. "If it's the right man, and he'll take the time."

"How long?"

"It might be a week. You can't drive a pig!"

Masteran frowned. "Of course, what you say about Brun is nonsense," he said, half to himself, yet shaken despite his certainty. "But stay here," he decided at last. "I may have use for you."

Shad nodded his assent. "When you hear about Brun, you can send for me," he suggested.

"Brun!" Mr. Masteran exploded. "Pshaw!"

But as he spoke, and in the very moment that he was about to turn back to the car, the telephone in Elegy's cabin rang. Masteran hesitated and glanced at Hollis, and Hollis stepped in through the door and picked up the instrument. He spoke in low tones, but there was a quick surprise in his voice, and consternation. Then he came out to join them again.

He drew Mr. Masteran aside. When he had reported to the other man, Masteran stared at Shad; and he said at last, crisply:

"Darrell, you'd better come back with us. I want to talk to you."

Shad got easily to his feet. He nodded his assent. But Norma asked in quick astonishment: "What is it, father?"

"Brun is hurt," he admitted. "The police at Darien telephoned. Badly beaten, half killed." And he added: "Come."

He led her toward the car. Hollis and Lingo stayed behind, escorting Shad; they walked beside him alertly, and their hostile eyes were vigilant upon the man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 11)

the car in neutral, he stepped on the self-starter. There was a whir and that's all. He tried again. Nothing doing.

"Say, are you going to pull over like I tell you?"

"I'm trying." Sweat standing out all over him, Emerson pushed again and again. "I'm afraid ——"

"What's the idea coming out with a car that won't run?" The cop beckoned to the fellows who were crowding around to hear the fun. "Gimme a hand here. Get 'er over there on the side." They all put their shoulders to it and got Emerson across the road. The second car followed, with the big friend with the bumper standing on the running board.

"Somebody's got to pay for this," he kept saying.

"Now," said the cop, getting a black book out of an inside pocket, "let's have a look at that license."

Traffic started again, and the cars rushed by, with now and then an amiable jeer as Emerson reached for his license. Then he caught a quick breath. He didn't have it with him. It was in another suit. He turned a slow look on Louise, who was sitting far back in the corner, watching him innocently.

"Awright," said the cop, "come on!"

"I'm sorry," Emerson said. "I guess I must have left it at home."

"Yeah?" said the cop. "Where's your owner's license?"

"It's with my driver's license."

"Who's paying for this?" the little bristly man demanded. "Somebody's got to pay for this. I just got this bumper new ——"

"You'll get paid for it," the cop said; and then to Emerson: "You know what you ought to get? You ought to get a smack in the nose for raising all this trouble."

Well, they never got to that party. It was after seven when they finally got back to Louise's house. Mr. White was sore because he had had to go over to Emerson's house and get his licenses and take them to the police station. Emerson had a summons for court the next day with three charges on it, to say nothing of whatever the garage would charge him for fixing the other guy's car. Louise hadn't said a word since her last ill-advised remark on the turnpike. Everybody was sore with everybody else, and Emerson just grumbled good night and went home without going into the White house.

It was a week before all these little memories managed to evaporate enough to permit further sociability, but Emerson rather figured, as soon as conditions had sort of righted themselves, that perhaps they had been worth it, because when finally they were once more en route in the same vehicle, Louise was conspicuous for her admirable ability to keep her mouth shut. This state of affairs lasted three weeks.

Matters finally settled back into the old arrangement, but the ghost of that little episode on the turnpike still hung over Emerson's car. It was without doubt what kept Louise lying low, and for all that Emerson tried, he couldn't help knowing it was there, thank God, and peace reigned. At times it was almost as if Louise did not know how to drive.

One day, then, as fall was approaching, she seemed jollier than usual. Her old spirits seemed to be coming back. They were sprawled in front of a log fire in the Whites' living room.

"Weren't you out with somebody the other evening?" he asked casually. "I tried to get hold of you."

"I was out," she replied.

"Who with?"

"Pat."

"Pat?" He looked at her. "Who's Pat?"

"Pat Dodge." She paused. "That 'Yale boy."

"Oh, yes?"

"We drove over to Henri's for dinner." She paused again. "I drove back."

Emerson looked at her politely. "Is he out yet?"

"Out?"

"Out of jail," he explained. "You're not going to tell me nobody got in jail!"

"His car," she said coldly, "doesn't fall to pieces every time the wind blows."

Emerson stared at her blankly.

"He carries his licenses with him too," she added.

"What's he doing down here now?"

"He's left school."

"School probably left him," Emerson said.

The next time he called up she was out again. And also the next time. It was seven days before he succeeded in getting a dinner date with her. They drove down the island to a place near Garden City that she liked.

"Pat and I were down here the other night," she commented as they sat down. "I drove."

Emerson didn't say anything.

"It was the most gorgeous trip! One of those clear, cold nights—you know! We just went back like the wind!"

"Fast?"

"I stepped on it a little."

It wasn't as happy a meal as Emerson had expected. He didn't have much to say himself, just eating, but Louise kept the conversation going. She had a lot of things to say. Emerson just kept quiet and thought. And the more he thought, the lower in spirits he got. He loved life, Emerson did, but in the end, he decided, he loved Louise more.

"What does Pat—this Yale chap—say about your driving?" he asked finally.

"Why, I told you."

"I mean now."

"He says I'm even better!"

"A good driver, eh?"

"Pat says some people are just born to be drivers, that the second they put their hands on the wheel they know exactly what to do. He says other people, even if they try forever, never get to be anything more than just technical drivers. He says you can drive technically all right ——"

"This Pat," he said, "he's crazy about you, isn't he?"

She looked down at her salad.

"Isn't he?"

She spoke so softly he hardly heard, "Yes."

"Is that why he came down from school?"

"He says so."

"And you." He was suddenly cold with fear. "How do you feel about him?"

"He's—awfully nice."

"No more than that?"

"I—I like him," she said.

The rest of the meal he said nothing at all. He had been driving around New York for seven years, and he wasn't blind. He could guess what a woman driver who'd learned that summer from a Yale boy would be. He shuddered.

As Louise talked on, talking away from the subject he had raised, he began having fantastic notions. He began imagining things. Once when he shut his eyes a second he seemed to see himself in a city of women drivers. He was at the wheel of a car, bound for some rational place, when everybody in this city became a woman. All the drivers were women, and all the pedestrians.

It was ghastly, dreadful. He saw what were once fairly regular streams of traffic suddenly become crazy maelstroms of cars going in every direction. He tried to drive through them. Hands stuck out from the sides of cars, some up, some down, some straight out, but none of them meant anything that they seemed. Cars backed up, went left in streams of oncoming traffic, stopped suddenly, darted out of alleys, went wgong in one-way streets.

It was a nightmare—but a nightmare in which nothing happened! For all that everybody did everything wrong, nothing happened! Luck, chance, fate, God—something took care of them all. Women-driven cars that darted suddenly out of side streets miraculously found clear paths. Cars that turned blindly and blithely into cross traffic went through like wraiths. It was all magic, with every move a wrong one, and every wrong move the narrowest of escapes—but escapes!

Women pedestrians moved blandly out from the sidewalks, looking neither to the left nor the right. They walked out, ignoring red lights and green. They got out of cars suddenly stopped in the midst of roaring traffic, and walked away with never a look, before, behind or to the side. They all, by the mercy of God, reached the other curb in safety. The day of miracles was not past.

Emerson shuddered again. His face, when presently they were in the parking yard, prepared to start home, was white, but his mind was made up. One can die but once, he thought dully, and what better way to die than for the girl one loved? He faced Louise.

"Dear," he said, "would you like to drive?"

He had somehow expected a moment of pause, a moment of appreciation of his gesture. He looked, perhaps, for at least one negation, however feeble. As it was, he was nearly bowled over as she leaped, with scarcely a murmured word of acknowledgment, to the wheel. Emerson got into the other seat slowly.

"Which of these pedals is the brakes," she asked happily, "and which the gear shift?"

He looked at her forlornly. "The right is the brake," he said, "and the left is the pedal for the gear shift."

She studied the dashboard.

"This is the ignition," he continued, his voice growing more sepulchral, "and this is the choke."

"It's all quite different on Pat's car," she explained cheerfully, "but I'll get the hang of it in a few minutes."

"The prisoner ate a hearty breakfast," he murmured irrelevantly.

"Ready?"

"Go ahead."

She snapped the switches, studied the pedals on the floor, and finally decided on the self-starter. Sitting forward, she gave it a noble push, and the

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car leaped backward seven feet against a board fence. Emerson's hat fell over his nose.

"It must have been in gear," she explained.

"It must have."

"Ready now?"

"Go ahead."

This time, Emerson said, it shot forward like a tiger, directly at a limousine, but the girl was right on the job. She stepped on the brake in time, making a record quick stop and turning the limousine chauffeur's hair white.

"Hey, there!" he shouted.

"I'll get the hang of it in a minute," she assured him. "I'm a little nervous at first."

"You nervous!" exclaimed the chauffeur. "What about me?"

Many, many times in the past, Emerson told me, he had deliberately sat down to ponder whether he was exactly fair in his opinion of women drivers. "Perhaps," he said he used to reflect, "my experiences with them have been peculiarly unfortunate. Perhaps, somewhere, there are fine skilled women drivers, better drivers than men. For surely they can't all be as bad as I'm quite certain they are." He devoted much thought to this question.

"I no longer have any doubts," he told me recently. "The matter is so settled that I am now free to think about other things."

Louise got the car out of the parking yard by the simple device of going through a privet hedge that melted like butter before her determined rush. The road, fortunately, was free of cars, and when presently she maneuvered into position on it everything was fine except that she was headed in the wrong direction.

"I'll turn around soon," she promised. "I can't imagine why I should have done such a thing."

Emerson said nothing. He'd decided that as long as he had gone into it he'd take what came. He'd give no advice. This admirable resolution fell at the first signal light. It was red, and Louise went through it like Sherman through Georgia.

"Nobody saw me," she commented.

At that second a cop's whistle blew.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "Now we're sunk!"

"Yes?" She stepped on the accelerator pedal and in fifty feet they were going sixty an hour. The whistle blew again. Emerson looked back. A motorcycle was cutting past the corner.

"Are you crazy?" he gasped. "Stop, I tell you!"

"I don't believe he can catch me!" she shouted. "Besides, I hate cops!"

He couldn't and didn't catch them. On and on through the dark, down lonely roads and through brightly lighted village streets, occasionally on the left side of the road, occasionally on the right, as it sent other cars scampering for safety into ditches, on lawns and up alleys, the Juggernaut roared through the Long Island night, performing miracles never even dreamed of by its most enthusiastic salesmen.

The cop gave up. He was a bold man on a motorcycle, trained in the hard Long Island Sunday traffic school, but he knew his limits. Two other members of the constabulary touched on the situation momentarily, but with as little success. They all contented themselves with notations in their reports that a maniac was loose in the vicinity, recommendation being made that the smaller children be kept indoors for a few days, pending an arrest.

To Emerson it was one of those nights by which time is marked. Within two minutes after leaving the restaurant he had accepted the certainty of some monstrous fate; and he remained in a deep, religious melancholy, resigned and hopeless and patiently awaiting the end. "Emerson McBride may die," he reflected grimly, "but they'll never say he offered advice to the driver." So his jaws ached from clenched teeth and his right foot pressed steadily on the floor, jamming a brake pedal that was there only in fancy.

He became aware after a while that Louise was trying to shout something through the rush and roar of the ride.

"What?" he yelled.

"I say I couldn't get a driver's license!" she shouted.

"No!" He eyed her bleakly. "Why on earth not?"

"Meanest man I ever saw," she declared. "I hardly got started on my test when he jumped out of the car and said I wasn't ready for one. But I don't care!"

"Don't care?"

"If you're a good driver and don't get in trouble," she bawled, "nobody'll ever know you haven't got a license."

"I guess that's true," he said.

"What?"

"I say I suppose so."

Eventually, Emerson said, after many exciting adventures far too numerous to relate in detail, they reached Great Neck, by way of Mineola, Far Rockaway and Oyster Bay. To skip over the trip briefly, they had slipped past other cars by half inches, snaked through towns as these towns had never been snaked through before, and, *Deo volente*, would never be snaked through again; they had nipped pedestrians by heel and schnozzle, brushed their clothes before and behind, sent them home in lathers of horror.

In Great Neck, Emerson's firmness broke and collapsed. He pulled the hand brake just in time. The car slid to a standstill with the front bumper delicately pressing the traffic cop's coat tail; on the other side of him, a scant two feet away, stood the sturdy concrete pillar of a signal light. When the officer of the law turned and saw his most horrible position, speech left him. He stood paralyzed with fright as his glazed eyes took in the car and the traffic-light column. He began to shake.

Emerson waited no longer. He acted. Before Louise knew what was happening, he had jerked her to the right and wriggled over her into place behind the wheel. Putting the car into reverse, he backed a few feet, twisted the wheel, and threw it into low. The car picked up speed quickly, but the desperation was unwarranted. The policeman, trembling violently from head to foot, was tottering slowly toward the sidewalk, seeking some place to sit for a moment or two until he could pull himself together. His eyes were those of a man who had looked upon the red-hot hinges of hell itself.

On the way back to Manhasset, Emerson got the hiccups, for the first time in ten years, he told me. Louise, silent most of the way, looked at him curiously, but Emerson said he didn't care. He had good reason for the hiccups, he said, and he didn't care what anybody thought.

"Everybody's a little shaky in a car they're not used to," she said when they reached her house, "but I'll get the hang of it before long."

"Nope," Emerson said, hiccuping.

"What do you mean?"

"Not in—hup!—this car you—hup!—won't."

"Why, you aren't angry, are you, Emerson?"

"Nope—hup! Just scared to the very gizzard."

She studied him contemptuously. "Pat never minded," she said.

"Pat—hup!—must be—hup!—a complete fool."

So he drove off, very much relieved for some reason just to be a safe distance away from a girl capable of so much potential death and violence.

Time heals all, of course. It had its effect on Emerson, for a week later he could think of the ride without a single hiccup. During then he deemed it wiser to keep away from Louise, fearing a recurrence of his attack. Then he telephoned her:

"What about dinner tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Emerson," she said coolly, "but I have a date."

"Tomorrow night, then."

"I have one tomorrow night."

"What about Saturday night?"

"And Saturday night too."

Another week passed and he called again. She still had dates, had them for every evening he mentioned. Nor could he feel that she was even regretful about it. Aloof and detached, she indicated very clearly that his status now was that of a young man to whom she would be patiently polite, but no more than that.

When finally he hung up the receiver Emerson was sore. He loved Louise, and by all the signs they were engaged. If this engagement was ended she would have to say so definitely. He refused to permit the present situation to exist any longer. He got out the car and drove directly to her house. She had gone down to the village, but he waited. He sat grimly waiting, determined to straighten everything out. Louise frowned when she found him there.

"Look here," he said. "This is all a lot of nonsense."

"Yes?"

"Absolutely. Everything is all right between us; we're engaged and happy; and then because we have that crazy—hup!—automobile ride, you simply toss me out on my neck. Is that right?"

"Aren't you assuming too much when you say we were engaged?"

"But, Louise, we were!"

"I can't remember any such thing, I'm afraid."

He stared at her. "Why, darling," he exclaimed, "you know very well that we have even planned for the future!"

"Emerson," she said, "I hoped that this scene would not be forced on me. But whatever you may have understood about our relationship, get it straight now that I have no intention of marrying a man who has no confidence in me."

"Hup!"

"What?"

"Pardon!"

"I hope we shall continue to be friends, but that is all we can be."

"It's this Yale fellow, eh?"

"We needn't discuss that aspect of it."

"I suppose he permits you to drive his car."

"All I can say as to that," she said distantly, "is that Pat has confidence in me."

"God help Pat," he said, and stood up.

"Is there anything else?"

"I suppose not," he murmured. "But I want you to know, Louise, that I love you. I've always loved you and I always will. I'm sorry about this, but all I can say is, if you change, if you find you would still have me, I'll always be here, loving you and wanting you. My love won't change."

"Thanks, Emerson."

You would have said, in view of everything, that that was the end of that. Certainly Emerson's last hope died there. When he walked out of the house, he walked out of the last pretty dream he had of their home together in the future.

He went away for two weeks to forget. He and another fellow went off on a hunting trip. It was a melancholy business. Louise was still in his mind. His thoughts were filled with what might have been. He returned to town tired and unhappy.

Town was no good either. He worked hard and late, to keep his thoughts busy. Nor did he ever see any of the old crowd. He didn't want to. They reminded him of too much.

Then a month later he got the telegram: "Apparently impossible to catch you by phone. Is this a way to treat an old friend? Why not call sometime?" It was signed by Louise.

That day Emerson was another man. Whatever had happened, it was all for the best. He banged through his work like an inspired man. His voice trembling, he called Louise, and she answered in low, sweet, gentle tones, in which were undercurrents of tragedy.

"Come this evening," she said.

He was there ten minutes ahead of time, devouring her with his eyes. Never had she seemed so beautiful, so bewitching. But in her eyes, in a certain sadness of countenance, there was that same suggestion of tragedy that he had sensed in her voice. But somehow, he felt, it became her, added subtly to her charm. Where she had been an enchanting girl, she was now a woman.

"Emerson," she said, "did you mean—what you said?"

"More, darling," he whispered.

"You still love me?"

"I do, I do!"

"Emerson," she said, her eyes lowered, "if I consented to our marriage right away, would you be satisfied with that, and not—not ask questions?"

"You mean—Pat?"

"Never mention that man's name!" she said angrily. "Never mention it again to me as long as you live, do you understand?"

"I understand, darling."

"Do you love me, then, enough for that?"

"If you say so I'll marry you today."

Naturally, Emerson wondered what had happened, but his word was given and he was bound not to ask. His pride kept him from asking anybody else who might have known. He might have worried, had it not been that nobody seemed to give the matter much thought. Louise herself, for instance, entered into a formal engagement with all the vivacity of the old days. Emerson finally dismissed the whole unfortunate incident from his mind.

As I say, I've just got back from the wedding. It was a marvelous affair. They were married in the rose garden, with all the ushers uncomfortable in striped trousers and cutaways, and the bridesmaids very gay and colorful in their pastel shades. Everybody had just a trifle too much champagne and was happy.

Emerson and I and a fellow named Henderson were talking together after the ceremony. Henderson had had a little more champagne than anybody else, and rattled along at a great rate.

(Continued on Page 50)

Holding OUR HERITAGE

BECAUSE electric power reduces the labor costs of animal care, it is becoming a powerful agency for the conservation of our greatest natural resource—the soil. Animal husbandry has been long recognized as the kind of farming which uses soil values most effectively.

Animals can convert grasses and legumes into food for man. Thereby we derive nourishment from crops which keep the soil from washing away. By converting stalk and leaf into food as well adapted to human needs as the grain or seed of plants, animals enable us to realize more food values from crops.

The present trend of American agriculture is toward the production of more animal products, vegetables and fruits. These types of culture are leading America away from farm practices which impoverished our soil when we boasted we were the world's granary.

American agriculture has become conspicuously efficient in the production of milk and meat. About two-thirds of the increase of farm output since the war is assignable to an increase in animal products. Much labor once devoted to raising field crops has been diverted to animal products. This is timely. The Department of Agriculture tells us that "farming today in the United States is too much like hydraulic mining. The growth of agricultural science points the finger of scorn at the one-crop farmer, the 'soil robber,' the 'fertility miner' who grows constantly decreasing crops of the same variety and returns nothing to the soil."

How electric power, which is available about the barnyard for pumping water, grinding feed, filling silos, hoisting hay and scores of other tasks, fits into animal husbandry is shown by the great preponderance of man labor over horse and machine labor in pre-electric animal culture.

On one group of 21 Minnesota farms, 83 per cent of all the horse labor was used in the production of field crops, and only 33.8 per cent of the man labor, while in the care of live stock only 9.5 per cent of the horse labor was used, but 52.7 per cent of all the man labor used on those farms was devoted to the care of animals.

It is just that kind of farm labor in which electricity can be used either to substitute for man labor or to increase its productivity. For that reason electric power induces farmers to expand their production of animal products —the best method of preserving the fertility of the American soil.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

(Continued from Page 48)

"You lucky dog," he kept saying. "You certainly have taken a swell girl out of circulation!"

"Greatest in the world," Emerson laughed. "There's nobody like her."

"You're certainly a lucky fellow, all right."

"I admit it."

"What about this honeymoon?" I asked. "You still keeping it a secret?"

"You bet I am!" Emerson declared. "I'm taking no chances on a lot of low tricks by you gorillas! We're taking off in about ten minutes. We've got the rumble full of bags and we're going to hit through to the city, and if anybody tries to trail us, then he's going to find a job on his hands. The next thing you hear of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson McBride will be two weeks hence, my boy, in our own home in Roslyn. I've got everything worked out."

"You driving?" I asked, kidding.

"I'm driving," he replied, suddenly serious. "At least most of the time."

"You mean you're going to let her drive at all?"

"Well," he replied again, a little embarrassed, "after all, Louise has had a lot of practice, and she tells me she's improving. I told her I'd let her have the wheel on country roads. Everybody's a little nervous at first, you know. She's probably O. K. now."

"A mighty lucky fellow indeed," Henderson said.

"She realizes she needs a little more experience for city driving," Emerson explained to me, "but the worst of the beginning is about over, and I'm not worried about it."

"You nearly not got her, though," Henderson said waggishly. "You came very near coming in second, you know."

"What do you mean?" Emerson asked sharply.

"What I mean, a fellow I went to school with—fellow named Dodge—was giving you a pretty stiff race for a while. If it hadn't been for his misfortune you might have had even a closer race."

Emerson caught his breath. "Yes?" he said. "What—what about Dodge?"

"First, he lost his job," Henderson said.

"Yes?"

"Yes, he lost his job and couldn't get another."

"Go on."

"Dodge's old man is a watch manufacturer, and when Pat quit school the old man said he had to start at the bottom, in the watch-repairing department. Pat was going great for a while, and then his hands suddenly got to shaking so he couldn't hardly get them in a grandfather's clock, much less a watch."

Emerson's eyes began to widen in horror.

"Something was happening," Henderson went on after emptying his glass. "Something that he never told anybody about. He didn't seem the type that would be taking dope, or hasheesh, or anything like that, but there it was. Just headed downhill, that's all."

"You—don't know yet?"

"We asked him," Henderson said, "but it seems he couldn't speak about it at all. If you asked him, he'd just get to shaking worse than ever. We just had to watch him sliding down and down and down, getting more and more nervous, so he could hardly put on his shoes without fumbling for about twenty minutes."

"Yes!"

"Then," Henderson said, "they took him to that place."

"What—hup!—place?"

"They call it a kind of rest home, if you know what I mean."

"A kind—hup!—of rest—hup!—home?"

"You know, when a fellow's nervous system goes completely, they stick him away somewhere, where he can undergo treatment."

"I—hup!—see!"

At that moment the bridegroom looked terrible. He turned slowly as Louise, laughing and happy, came up. He looked at her just about the way that Great Neck cop looked at Emerson's car that night.

"Oughtn't we to get going, dear?" she asked.

"I suppose—hup!—so," he said vaguely.

"Why, dear," she exclaimed in sympathy, "you've got the hiccups!"

"Yes," Emerson said, "and got 'em—hup!—bad!"

That's when everybody got to laughing. Everybody did what they could to cure them, but the more Emerson looked at Louise, the worse his attack got. There wasn't any use waiting any longer, so they got in the car.

"Who's driving?" asked Henderson.

"Emerson," Louise laughed. "Later, when we're out of the worst traffic, I'll relieve him. We're going to take turn about, aren't we, dear?"

"Yes—hup!—darling."

He was still at it when the car turned out of the drive. Everybody was waving and throwing shoes and rice, and some of the fellows had hung the regulation humorous signs on the rear bumpers. But it seemed to me I could hear Emerson's hiccups even above all the other racket that was going on. I oughtn't to have laughed, because if ever there was a bad attack, this certainly was one.

THROUGH ONE BANKER'S EYES

(Continued from Page 7)

men who are like that. They are like clocks that must be wound up at stated intervals. Yet after a year of gloom these men are starting to smile again. They seldom smile without reason.

A local container manufacturer sells exclusively to other manufacturers and to wholesale distributors. His products are of a number of types and cover a broad field—food, drugs, novelties, toilet accessories, confections, tobacco and others.

"How is business?" I inquired when he dropped in for a chat.

"Funny thing," he said; "up until early August it was pretty dull. We kept going, of course, but it took hard pulling to get an order. Then, without warning, orders began to come in by telegraph. They were mainly from food manufacturers at first. Practically every order was marked rush, showing that somebody was hammering at them for goods. We took on more men. Still we couldn't keep up with orders. Now we're working day and night shifts and I think we'll do as well as we did last year."

Creating New Business

"What is your explanation?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "A lot of big producers were low in stocks; so were retailers. It may be that these stocks became exhausted in the natural course of events. Again, maybe it's due to a picking up of demand. I've a hunch, though, that what's really happened is a delayed response to hard work all along the line. Take ourselves. The moment things began to look bad last year we redistricted our whole sales territory. We cut down the size of the districts and hired more salesmen. This meant that each district had to be worked more thoroughly by the men, and as an additional incentive we established a bonus plan for sales that, in effect, increased commissions. We tightened up the supervision, got right on the heels of every inquiry that came in. We tried to create business.

"One drug manufacturer, for example, hadn't changed some of his packages in years. We designed a bunch of new packages for his retail line and went after him. The very fact that he complained of bad business was what we drove home—he needed to put new dresses on his goods to stimulate sales. He agreed to try the new packages experimentally. That took time, of course. Now orders are coming in from him marked rush.

"A popular soap for years had been sold in paper wrapping at a price considerably higher than other paper-wrapped soap. We argued that the price and quality of the soap warranted a good-looking box for it. The story I've just told you was repeated. A nice box helped the sale of the soap and we got a big customer.

"We kept our eyes open for new things. Scores of them are introduced during just such years as this has been. When business is good manufacturers are prone to let well enough alone and their attention is centered on production. But let production drop off and they begin to try new tacks; the development department gets a hearing. One day in a grocery store I noticed a new kind of confection on the counter. I ate one, and it was good, but the package was a poor arrangement. Next day I was in the manufacturer's office with a new package. It was just what he was looking for. Tests of it resulted in an immediate jump in his sales. That little confection is going great guns in this district, and it has the whole country ahead of it yet.

"Dry ice, as it is called, is still another example in point. A year ago few people had heard of it outside of one or two cities where it was used in packing ice cream. During this year all sorts of uses have been devised for it in the handling and sale of fresh fruits and meats. One man tells me he is going to ship the fresh juice of oranges and grapefruit packed in dry-ice containers that can be handled over retail counters. It all has meant new business for somebody, including ourselves."

Previously in this discussion I made mention of a new-type steam power boiler that is about to be introduced by a local manufacturer. He tells me that he is three months ahead of where he would have been with this boiler had it not been for the depression.

Taking Advantage of Dull Times

He explained: "We simply hadn't the time to push our development work as we should have when production was at a peak. The lull has given us a chance to concentrate on it.

"Incidentally," he continued, "this new boiler involves entirely new practices in the manufacture of large boilers. It will be necessary for us completely to reëquip the plant with new machinery, though the machinery we have isn't ten years old. The advanced stage of the work will put us into the machinery market three months earlier than we would have been.

"Another thing. Since we've had time for it, we've been giving more attention to our organization. We uncovered a lot of little wastes we had overlooked, and tightened up generally. An unusual number of good men have applied for work and we've taken advantage of that to replace deadwood with live material. The result is an improved personnel."

I asked the common question of the day as to business. "We're about 30 per cent under 1929, but we blame only a part of that on general conditions," he said. "We had some troubles strictly our own that grew out of a merger. On the whole, we feel pretty good about the year. We'll make a nice profit. It will be about on a par with 1928, and we called that a mighty good year at the time."

I hear from a hosiery manufacturer who was in a bad way a few months ago. Cut his costs as he would, a competitor steadily underbid him. The mill was working at only one-quarter capacity. The future did not look at all good. One morning this man called his employes into open conference. He gave them all the facts.

"The only thing we haven't cut is wages," he said. "If your wages remain as they are, we simply can't give you more than part-time work. If you'll take a temporary reduction in wages, however, I'm confident we'll quickly get back to full time and all of us will gain. It's up to you to make the decision of what's to be done in the emergency."

The employes voted to reduce wages. Before the month was up the mill was working a full week. Now it's running overtime.

The president of another company, which operates four large cotton spinning plants in the region, is enthusiastic about the year, despite a falling off in profits amounting to 15 per cent under 1929.

The other evening he told me: "We took a licking during the first half of the year, but came back strong the second half. We'll pay our usual dividend in full, and put a little away besides. Next year, unless I miss my guess, is going to be a record breaker for us.

"You know," he went on, "we had an idea a year ago that we had attained the last word in efficiency. During the preceding two years we had overhauled everything, put in the latest wrinkles in machinery, injected new blood and all that. Well, we learned a lot in 1930. Right now with 2700 workers we are turning out as much stuff as we did with 3000. Reckoning from a basis of costs, we are 16 per cent more efficient in our manufacturing operations. Nor is that all. We see now that we've only scratched the surface of possible improvements."

"Evidently you changed your spectacles," I suggested.

"We had to," he agreed. "We couldn't make money under existing conditions. Costs simply had to come down somehow. So old Mother Necessity, as usual, made us inventors under pressure. I owe the lady my sincere thanks. Here is what happened: I had gradually been bringing young technical-school men into the plants. The plan was to start them at the bottom and let them get acquainted as they worked up. Too, they were to keep in touch with any advances being made elsewhere. This was all part of a general program designed to keep us constantly up-to-date.

"After the stock-market break I called these young fellows together, talked to them like a football coach before a big game and turned them loose. They had been coming along fast. They know how to work together. Whenever one of them got an idea, all pitched in to help him develop it. The results were surprising. We had not realized how many obvious chances we had for improvement until we began to look at things with a knowledge that they had to be made better regardless of how good they seemed to be.

"Let me give you an illustration. We had a row of machines each of which wound cotton skeins onto a single large, long spool. Each machine required an operator, which meant there was a worker for every spool being wound. Somebody asked why two spools could not be wound by the same machine. 'Make that long spool into two short ones; then double the thickness of the wind,' he suggested. The idea was so simple that, once stated, it seemed as if a schoolboy could have thought of it, but it cut the labor costs on that operation in half."

Reports of Increases

"All through the plants we uncovered similar opportunities, many of them small, some quite large. Just now we are putting in a machine that will replace five machines. It takes up half the floor space formerly used, gives us a third more output on the operation, and requires three attendants, whereas the five machines demanded twelve. Judging by our own experience, I would say that we have only begun to realize on the production economies possible through the combination of machine units."

"I wonder if no small percentage of those who lost their jobs during the year weren't the victims of mechanical progress made, and not of depressed conditions," I said.

"I'm afraid that's true," he granted. "Others, like ourselves, are doing the same work with fewer workers. It's the ugly phase of plant efficiency. But we can't stand still. On the other hand, it is my guess that prices will remain lower. This should increase the consumption of goods. It remains to be seen whether or not the wider demand will be sufficient to take up the labor slack."

Not all the reports come from manufacturers. An owner of hotels brings word of a 25 per cent increase in his business for 1930, and adds that the tourist traffic in the section was heavier than ever. Also more salesmen traveled by automobile and so spent nights in hotels that otherwise would have been spent in sleeping cars.

The demand was for higher-class accommodations, the swing away from the cheaper hotels.

The local power company has for its territory about three-fourths of the state of Tennessee. The total of kilowatt hours of power it supplied to industrial users is about 12 per cent less than that of 1929, I am told. But this is low-rate current. The high-rate retail consumption of electricity, mostly by homes, shows an increase of about 8 per cent; and merchandise sales were about 11 per cent better. The consequence is a net increase in dollar profits amounting to about 4 per cent, which is nothing to be sad over.

An executive of the company explained: "We would have never got this increase without a greatly increased sales effort, and in a normal year, with the same effort expended, it would have been much larger, of course. It has showed us, however, that people do have money to spend and, if properly solicited, will spend it. During one month, for example, we made a campaign to increase the sale of electric-light bulbs. Every employe was commissioned as a salesman. Departments were organized into teams and prizes offered for the best records made by individuals, by teams and by departments. A sales quota was fixed, based on what would be double the normal sale of bulbs in the territory. The object of the campaign was to fill the empty light sockets and thus increase the home use of current."

Selling Electric Current

"The campaign was the most successful of its kind we had ever conducted. In Nashville, where our organization was very good, we sold $20,000 worth of lamps against a normal of $5000. The territory's sales were 145 per cent of the quota set. Practically all our appeal was made to private homes."

He continued: "We've discovered that guesswork doesn't go in sales today. The customer insists on facts backed by proofs. To this end, we've tried to inject scientific methods into sales work. Not long ago a large manufacturer perfected an instrument for easily measuring the illumination in factories, stores, homes, and in the open. It is called a candle-foot meter. Then, by tests, a vast array of exact data was gathered to show just how good and bad illumination affected productiveness in shops, selling in retail stores and individual health and efficiency. We asked this manufacturer to lend us one of his experts and opened a school under his charge. The pupils were forty district managers. We bought a number of the candle-foot meters. When the school closed, the managers went home and instructed their men. Now we are carrying this science of better lighting to customers, with excellent results to them and to ourselves.

"Here in Chattanooga we formerly employed one expert in home economy. Lately we established a bureau of five experts headed by an experienced domestic economist. The bureau experts are visiting homes, working right in the kitchens with housewives, teaching them not only how to use properly the electrical appliances they have but also informing them of the newer things. Again the work is of mutual benefit.

"Along with these efforts we've increased our sales forces. Manufacturers have brought out new lower-price lines of electric refrigerators, stoves, heaters and kindred appliances. We liberalized installment terms. In brief, we've made it easier for the customer to buy, and at the same time have increased the inducement to buy and sales solicitation. And we have no complaint at results."

"Are you having any trouble with installment payments?"

"Practically none," he replied. "People are paying what they owe without any extra pressure from us. I am speaking of our own experience only, of course."

Such are the reports. They are the high lights of the local picture. However, there is no denying the fact that the picture also has its dark spots. A cotton-mill operator states that out of 5000 bales of cotton bought by him, only 100 bales were shipped to him by rail. The others came by truck. The ease with which motortrucks may be bought with little capital, plus the need of many workingmen to find new pursuits, has resulted in a marked expansion of trucking facilities and a growing loss to the railroads.

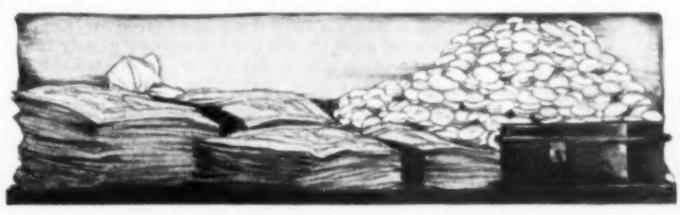
Real-estate men report a doubling up of two and three families to a home. Many local workers who had moved into town from the near-by country districts have returned to them and now come to work greater distances by automobile. There are many vacant houses in town. Not a few have been thrown back onto mortgage holders, who find it difficult to dispose of them. Builders admit a building surplus for the present.

No Warrant for Pessimism

The president of our university tells me that though student enrollments during the year increased 10 per cent they should have gone up 25 per cent. Many seniors dropped out, due to need at home. A portion of the increased enrollment that did occur was due to local boys who ordinarily would have gone to distant colleges remaining in town, where they could continue to live with parents. He says that numerous boys have told him that they had planned to enter college, but had to go to work instead.

The darkest spot in the picture is unemployment. Nobody seems to know definitely just how extensive it is or how long the condition will continue. There is even greater indefiniteness in our knowledge of export conditions. China and India are a long way from our town, but they are the world's greatest buyers of cotton goods, and cotton is a mighty factor in the economic life of Tennessee.

Still, the good reports come in. And looking again at the bank's latest statement of condition, I note that out of more than $16,000,000 we have outstanding on loans, less than 3 per cent is in arrears. It is hard to be a pessimist in the face of such encouraging facts.



THE ONE AND ONLY WOMAN IS A

G·P·A

She is a buyer of cabbages and draperies, of toilet soap and easy chairs, of sedans and of socks.

She is the General Purchasing Agent of the household—for example, 84% of all the tooth paste used is bought by her.

Perhaps she knows Ipana—knows it well and buys it. But, on the off chance she doesn't—we list, for your advantage and her own, the three great virtues of this modern and successful tooth paste.

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

•

Ipana is modern in formula, effect and taste. Thousands of dentists approve of it—recommend it.

It combats "Pink Tooth Brush," it keeps the gums firm and healthy, and the teeth in fine condition.

Hand the coupon to your wife!

Beloved Keeper of my Nose to the Grindstone

When in the course of your next shopping cruise, you halt your light footsteps at some druggist's shop, may I request that you enter and, on my behalf, please buy a tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed.....

Look Ahead

Men enjoy a good laugh at their childhood fears. One confesses he was afraid of the bogeyman, another was afraid of the dark, the next was always afraid of a policeman. They laugh about those old fears now.

Last year some of the grown-up children who had not studied too closely the history of business throughout the ages, and more especially the history of the United States, were frankly scared at the abrupt interruption of boom times.

Business depressions have always followed widespread, reckless speculation. The readjustment period is a trying time for even the wisest and most stout-hearted.

But while the United States has been in the doldrums again and again, a review of its history should make even the most pessimistic person optimistic. The prosperity which follows hard times comes sounder and stronger and the country keeps on growing richer.

It is no more sensible to worry over gloomy predictions concerning the business future than it was to worry about the bogeyman.

From the time the country was founded, men have worried about its future and the ever-increasing scale of wages. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was disturbed by the growing cost of living in 1784. He wrote, "Wages of mechanics and labourers which are very extravagant", at a time when skilled mechanics were paid sixty cents a day and laborers thirty-nine cents.

The history of panics and business depressions followed by mounting levels of prosperity, with higher wages and shorter working hours, is worth reading. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send free a copy of "The Development of Prosperity in America." Ask for Booklet 131-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

YOU GOT TO LIVE

(Continued from Page 9)

"How do you do, Mr. Liebl?" he said primly, but his chilly greeting was lost in the strong rush of Liebl's words:

"Goodness gracious, Mr. Keppler, three whole years it is now since I have that show here and don't sell any pictures. So unlucky we both were, but that don't happen again, no, sir. Why, good gracious, I am a child then, a baby. Since that time I work, work, work; I change my style; I find myself. Johann Liebl is born two years ago, Mr. Keppler, a new man. You shall see my pictures; you shall say at once, 'Hallo! Hats off!' Eh? Like that. 'Hats off! A genius!'"

Mr. Keppler could feel himself growing smaller and weaker under this vigorous onslaught. But he had scarcely needed young Swann to remind him that times were bad and that Mr. Thorogood reacted to the name "Johann Liebl" much as a cat with kittens reacts to the neighbor's dog. Johann Liebl had cost the firm good money. He had been a total loss. No exhibition that had ever been held within and upon the renowned walls of the Keppler Gallery had been such a disastrous failure. And although Mr. Keppler himself put a good deal of this down to bad luck, bad weather and a Stock Exchange crash that had occurred at the same time, he had no wish to repeat the experience. You had to tickle people's fancy nowadays with the unusual and the bizarre. Those astonishing water colors of Frommel's, fantastic to the point of madness, were what they liked. Or Vaudier's bold impressions of tropical sunlight upon lithe, brown bodies. Two-thirds of those were sold a week before the exhibition. But Liebl was neither original enough to please the moderns nor traditional enough to suit the conservatives. And Mr. Keppler hardened his heart and steeled himself against that ebullient personality.

"Though I am very pleased indeed to see you again, Mr. Liebl, I must tell you at once that I'm afraid there is nothing I can do for you. Nothing at all. I told Mr. Swann, my assistant and secretary, that I couldn't possibly see you, but he said you particularly wanted to see me, so I gave way. The fact is, conditions at present do not warrant any risks. You are quite unknown in England, in spite of the efforts I made three years ago, and, believe me, this is a far less propitious moment ——"

"Please?" interrupted Liebl.

"—— a far less propitious, a far less advantageous moment to attempt to launch an unknown painter. Frankly, Mr. Liebl, I was very glad when I heard you had gone to America. There is more money there, people spend more freely, and the foreign artist has a better chance of establishing himself within a comparatively short time than he has here. I ——"

"Please, Mr. Keppler, sure, I like very much America, but goodness gracious, I got a wife and son, Mr. Keppler, and try how I like I cannot get those two people into the country. Well, I am a family man; I don't like my boy should grow up and not know his own papa, or my wife should maybe get too lonely, so I come back. Then my good friend, Mr. Shapiro, is dead. That is a terrible blow for me—terrible. Well, then, I am friendless. There is no more someone who will say to me, 'Liebl, I believe in you. You are a good painter. One day you will arrive. Till then, here is money, for you must eat in order to paint.' Now there is no one at all. I do not go back to my own country, for in my country people are very poor. They do not buy pictures. They must first buy bread."

"Conditions are very bad everywhere," said Mr. Keppler with a dry little cough. "But one must live, Mr. Liebl, and one cannot make a success in this business otherwise than by offering the public what the public wants. I have tried offering them what I think they ought to want, and it doesn't work. If I went on doing that I would soon have to put up the shutters."

"Sure, you're right, Mr. Keppler; you got to live. Don't I know that? I got to live, my wife got to live, my son got to live. Well, good gracious, how? Eh, Mr. Keppler? How, if nobody don't take maybe a small risk sometimes? And you should see my new work now; you say at once, 'But this is fifty, a hundred times more better than the old Liebl. He was good, sure, but this new Liebl is maybe great. If I give him a show this time there is only such a small risk it don't matter, it don't count. It is good for my gallery that he makes his name first here.'"

"Mr. Liebl," interrupted Mr. Keppler wearily, "really, really I have said my last word on the subject. Even if I were inclined to try again, I have my partner to think of, and I know he would never give his consent. In the autumn, in October perhaps, I am thinking of having an exhibition entirely for little-known foreign artists—painters, that is, who are not well known here, but have made reputations abroad. If you would care to send me two or three of your pictures then, I will gladly hang them. But further than that I cannot go. I am very sorry; I would help you if I could. And I must remind you that there are other galleries in London. Why not try ——"

"Sure there are other galleries. And they cost much money. And those others, I don't know them; I got no friends there. I want the Keppler Gallery should show my work."

Mr. Keppler waved his hands before his face with a gesture of dismissal.

"Please, please, Mr. Liebl. I cannot do it. It is quite out of the question."

For a moment Liebl remained seated without making a movement of any kind, and Mr. Keppler could almost see the forcefulness and vigor go from him. He seemed to contract and shrink up with one long, frustrated sigh. And he knew then what a tremendous effort the man had made to throw all that energy and confidence and liveliness into his words and bearing. After a silence that seemed to Mr. Keppler very long indeed, he got up, threw out his hands in a gesture of resignation and turned toward the door. Mr. Keppler tried to find words to soften the blow he had just dealt him, but there seemed to be none, and it was on the tip of his tongue to make him a blunt offer of ten pounds as a loan or gift, when he saw his back straighten again. Then he turned about and once more faced Mr. Keppler, and his manner was now quietly confidential and intimate.

"Listen, Mr. Keppler. I got something else to tell you—something I don't mean to tell you at first, but goodness gracious, maybe I am a big fool and afraid for nothing. Maybe it don't do no harm. Now, what I got to say is like this. I got a boy, Mr. Keppler, and that boy is a genius. So big

a genius he is that I get scared—yes, I get scared. I say to myself, 'Good gracious, a genius like this don't happen again in one hundred years maybe. What I better do with it?' I don't know. Now, Mr. Keppler, that boy of mine is only fourteen years, and I never see anything like what he can do. He never take lessons; I show him only a little bit maybe, but he got ideas like I never have in my life. Mr. Keppler, if people see what that boy can do, they wouldn't hardly believe their eyes."

"And what does he do?" inquired Mr. Keppler dryly.

Liebl leaned forward and, placing a large forefinger on Mr. Keppler's desk, said slowly:

"That boy of mine can paint fifty times more better than his papa. Mr. Keppler, never mind me and my pictures. I can paint, I know that. I am good, but I am not a genius. That boy is a genius. Goodness gracious, I never see anything like it. I know. All the time he work, work, work. I leave him in London with his mamma. When I come back I see forty pictures and sketches more better than I can do myself. All day he want nothing but to paint, paint, paint. Soon he gets sick; he don't run about enough like boys should do. I send him to Brighton with his mamma; with all the money I got left I send those two to Brighton ——"

At that, Mr. Keppler made a sudden movement. "So!" he thought. "That's queer. It's the lad I saw this morning with his mother." And there flashed across his mind those interested and highly intelligent blue eyes that had regarded him so steadily and with such a close and friendly scrutiny upon the Brighton platform.

"Where is he now?" he asked casually. "Still in Brighton?"

"No; he comes back this morning, so much better I say, 'Good gracious, here is another boy. This is not the same Fritz that went away two weeks ago.'"

"I'm glad he's better," said Mr. Keppler.

"Mr. Keppler, you got to see that boy's pictures. I don't ask for more but that you should see them. Just see them."

Mr. Keppler was thinking hard, and for a moment was silent. He remembered Mr. Thorogood's disappointment that they had not succeeded in acquiring and exhibiting the work of a sixteen-year-old girl whose pictures the Minturn Gallery had sold like hot cakes two or three years before. For a while her paintings enjoyed a considerable vogue and were much sought after by collectors. He had managed to acquire four later ones himself and had sold them all. It was time, perhaps, for another child prodigy. "We live in an era of fads and faddists and prodigies and nine-days' wonders," thought Mr. Keppler, "and the sooner one realizes that fact and makes capital out of it, the better."

"I'll see your son's pictures," he said, "but I'm much too busy to see them this week. Shall I come to your studio one day, or can you bring some of them here?"

"You don't even need to come by my studio," said Liebl eagerly. "I bring them here at your door when you say."

"Then bring some of them next Monday, at three," said Mr. Keppler. "But I don't want to raise your hopes. It's quite possible that when I've seen them I won't find them suitable for exhibiting. I make no promises, remember. But we'll see, we'll see. Where was your son born?"

"My Fritz is born in Maribor, while I am a soldier."

"Maribor. Yes, yes, I know it. It's also called Marburg, and is now in Jugo-Slavia."

"Sure, sure, that's right. Me, I am born in Graz."

"A lovely old town—lovely. I've often stayed there. I'm very fond of Austria, you know. And your wife?"

"My wife Mitzl comes from peasants, Mr. Keppler. She is a wonderful, fine woman. She is born in Burgenland."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Keppler. He was thinking, "That wasn't at all a bad guess of mine this morning."

And now that he had firmly declined to exhibit Liebl's pictures, but had made him happy by agreeing to see his son's, all his old liking for him, kept under with an iron hand, returned.

"Wait a bit, Liebl," he said almost genially as he looked at his watch. "It's very nearly luncht ime. I'll just look into the gallery for a moment, to see how they're getting on, and then we'll go and have a bite together at my club."

It was February when Liebl called on Mr. Keppler. It was on the twenty-fifth of June that the Keppler Gallery opened its doors for a private view of the work of the wonderful fifteen-year-old boy painter, Fritz Liebl. Swann, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the business, had seen that the right sort of publicity was not lacking, and half London, thanks to the picture papers, was now familiar with Fritz's photographs, showing him wearing a youthful white shirt open at the neck, or in Austrian peasant dress, or—and this was Swann's idea—wearing an Eton suit and collar—a boy with blunt features, an unusually fine, wide forehead, eyes that looked out from below it with an expression of simple candor and at the same time of high intelligence, and fair hair, worn German fashion. Never, from the moment Mr. Keppler and Mr. Thorogood showed they were definitely interested in him until the day of the private view, did the boy betray the smallest excitement or surprise; he seemed, indeed, to take the whole proceeding for granted, and neither doubted nor questioned. Mr. Keppler and Swann discussed him a good deal, and Swann said he was the most completely egocentric being he had ever come across.

"Did you ever hear of a genius who wasn't?" asked Mr. Keppler.

But self-contained though the boy was, and in many ways startlingly mature, with his parents he was a child. He adored them, and was unashamedly demonstrative. The little family fascinated Mr. Keppler, who understood them and the types they represented, and derived a special pleasure from watching Mrs. Liebl as she dominated her husband and son because of the child in them, and was in turn dominated by them because of their talents, to which she was the willing and subservient handmaid. She was too busy and too indispensable to possess an emotional life of her own, being entirely occupied with those of her husband and son. And though she and Liebl must have known well enough that they were the parents of a most exceptionally gifted boy, they treated him precisely as if he were undistinguishable from a thousand others, and never for one moment deferred to him as a prodigy, or suggested that they looked for more from him than hard work and good behavior. And Mr. Keppler, watching him, observed not a single sign of pride or conceit or conscious superiority; and yet he never felt he could guess what the boy was thinking about, and was a little intimidated by the mysterious maturity and precocity that he knew lay behind that boyish countenance.

A personage of note, who had already made himself well acquainted with Fritz's work, opened the exhibition with a short speech. He could recall, he said, only one parallel case, which was that of Turner, who was an accomplished draftsman at fourteen, and a painter of marked ability at fifteen. Like the boy whose work they were about to see, he was completely unconscious of being out of the ordinary, and was as modest as he was gifted. And he finished by saying that though he knew the word should be used with caution, he had no hesitation in expressing it as his opinion that they were here in the presence of genius.

The only member of the Liebl family to hear this speech was the boy's father, who, his heavy face flushed with excitement, stood opening and shutting his hands and now and then wiping his face in a far corner of the room. He was astonished at the number of people who were already there and were still coming. It seemed as though there would hardly be space enough for all these well-dressed, affluent-looking persons, most of whom, he imagined, might easily have the price of a picture or two in note case or hand bag. Meanwhile Fritz and his mother remained quietly in Mr. Keppler's private room. Mrs. Liebl spoke almost no English, and Fritz stubbornly refused to venture out into the crowd or leave her side. Every now and then Mr. Keppler or Mr. Thorogood brought in some patron of importance and introduced him or her to the boy and his mother, and Fritz then stood up and replied ingenuously and with engaging simplicity to the questions put to him.

"Sure, I mean to be great artist. I like only to work all the time. . . . Please? When I first begin to work? When I am six year old. . . . No, I don't go to school much. My papa teach me. Maybe I go to school again when I am older. . . . No, I don't like much games. I like the sea. I like Brighton, where is the sea. When I am rich I will have a big house for my papa and mamma by the sea, so we hear it all day. . . . Sure, I like much London. I like the streets and the people in the streets. All the time I watch them. I see every day many things I like."

When Mr. Keppler or some of the visitors spoke to him in German, he replied at greater length and expressed himself a little more freely, but he was at no time really communicative, and only answered questions because politeness made it necessary for him to do so. Mrs. Liebl sat placidly smiling and nodding in Mr. Keppler's armchair, and seemed to derive nothing but satisfaction from the proceedings. Thanks to the money advanced to them by Mr. Keppler, all three were neatly dressed in new clothes, and looked like a good bourgeois family in their Sunday best.

What the public outside saw were thirty-six oil paintings and a dozen pencil sketches of London street life. There was not one that failed to show striking and accurate character portrayal. In the paintings the pigment was put on with a decision and a sureness of touch that were admirable, but the greatest skill and the highest artistic insight were shown in the simplicity and effectiveness of the grouping and design. There seemed, in fact, to be nothing childish about them except a certain naïveté and freshness of outlook displayed in the choice of subjects. A youthful delight and zest appeared to lie behind a painting of rough, brown figures grouped about a street drill, the fascination felt by a boy in watching men working with a machine; surely, too, it was a child's eye that had been charmed by those bulky old women under their wet umbrellas who crowded about a fruit stall in the rain; or by that surge of pushing bodies toward the step of an omnibus; or by the busy figures unloading vegetables in Covent Garden Market, in bright sunlight.

"Perfectly astounding . . . incredible . . . such sureness of touch. . . . My dear, look at the drawing of that man's back. . . . Ask the price. . . . Of course, he's an absolute genius; anyone can see that. . . . Edith's bought that one . . . completely modern in feeling. . . . The kid's just put down what he saw, I suppose . . . absolutely three-dimensional"—were some of the broken bits of talk Liebl heard as, his forehead moist with sweat and his mouth working nervously, he listened and watched and trembled and exulted. Whenever he came face to face with Swann or Mr. Thorogood, neither lost an opportunity of drawing him aside to tell him how well things were going.

"They're crazy about them," Swann told him. "It wouldn't surprise me if we sold every one. The boy's made. You'll see what the papers say tomorrow. Reinacker's here; he's the most important critic in London. He's just told me that Fritz was the first child prodigy he'd ever come across that he didn't want to spank and put to bed. He says he's a marvel."

Every now and then he saw Mr. Keppler, who, realizing the state of mind he was in, gave him a friendly nod and smile, and told him to go and help himself to a drink in his room whenever he felt inclined. And once the personage of note touched his arm and said:

"You're the boy's father, I understand. Really, I congratulate you. The lad shows an astonishing talent. I hope all this won't be bad for him. I always think it's a pity, in a way, when success comes too early in life."

"I know, that's right," said Liebl. "I get scared myself and think, 'You got a genius here. What you going to do with him?' But my Fritz don't get spoiled. Goodness gracious, he knows he don't know anything yet. I tell him all the time what I tell myself—that every day you learn, learn, learn till the day you die. I tell him what Manet said—that every time he paint a picture he throw himself in the water to learn to swim. The artist don't never know; he learn till he dies. And my Fritz is true artist."

"I see he is fortunate in his father," said the great man with a smile. "You, too, paint, I understand."

"Sure, that's right," said Liebl, nodding his great head. "All my life I paint. I am good painter—I know that—but my Fritz is genius."

"Ah, well," said the other, offering his hand in farewell, "whether you achieve fame or not, there is no more delightful hobby in the world than painting. Good day, good day."

When the crowd finally went at six, and the doors of the gallery were closed to any more visitors, Liebl wiped his hot face and went at last to join the others. He had kept away from them all day, as though he couldn't bear them to witness his agitation and nervousness, and had even lunched by

(Continued on Page 56)

CRAFTSMANSHIP

in volume production

ONE OF THE outstanding features of the new Ford is the precise care with which each part is made and assembled. Many measurements are accurate to within one one-thousandth of an inch. Some to three ten-thousandths of an inch.

This craftsmanship in volume production is particularly apparent in the pistons, valves and crankshaft—the most important moving parts of an automobile engine.

To insure perfect fit in the cylinders, the aluminum pistons of the new Ford are held true to within one one-thousandth of an inch of the specified diameter of 3⅞ inches. In weight they are not permitted to vary more than two grams (1/14 of an ounce). The wrist-pin holes are diamond bored within a variation of three ten-thousandths of an inch.

The Ford valves are made of chrome silicon alloy, selected because of its durability and resistance to the oxidizing effect of hot gases. The valve stems are held exact in diameter to within one one-thousandth of an inch along their entire length. There is never a variation of more than two one-thousandths of an inch from the seat to the mushroom end.

Each half of the hole in the guide through which the valve stem passes is made to limits of five ten-thousandths of an inch. This insures accurate centering of the valve and minimizes the possibility of gas leakage and loss of compression. It also reduces carbon deposits which cause sticking.

Ford

The Ford crankshaft is made of carbon manganese steel and is ground, machined and polished to measurements as fine as five ten-thousandths of an inch. Ford crankshafts receive more than 150 gage tests for accuracy.

The main and connecting rod bearings are polished to mirror-like smoothness within a tolerance of one one-thousandth of an inch. End clearances between the connecting rod bearing faces and those of the crankshaft are held to the unusually close limit of five one-thousandths of an inch.

Great care is taken also to insure the proper static and dynamic balance of the crankshaft. The machines used for the dynamic balance tests are set upon foundations of gum rubber and are so delicately adjusted that the very air which surrounds them is first cleansed and then held at 68° by thermostatic control.

Though weighing many pounds, the Ford crankshaft is so carefully balanced that it will remain motionless in any position when placed upon two perfectly levelled parallel bars, yet will turn if but two grams weight is placed on any connecting rod bearing.

In addition to the many check-ups and inspections in manufacture, every Ford crankshaft is set in the motor block and given a run-in test approximating actual service. Only then does it receive the final O. K.

This accuracy in manufacturing, combined with simplicity of design and the high quality of materials, has a definite bearing on the good performance of the Ford and its economy of operation and up-keep. Throughout, it has been made to give you many months and years of satisfactory motoring.

THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

A beautiful family car, distinguished by the beauty of its appointments and upholstery. You may choose either Bedford cord or luxurious mohair. A choice of body colors is offered also. Other features of the new Ford Town Sedan are its fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, more than twenty ball and roller bearings, and the Rustless Steel used for the head lamps, radiator shell, cowl finish strip, hub caps, and other bright exterior metal parts. The first cost is low and the economy of operation and up-keep will save you many dollars each year.

(Continued from Page 53)

himself on a roll and a slice of sausage, which he was almost too excited to eat. But at the door of Mr. Keppler's private room he paused to steady himself, and when he opened it and went in, he wore a spurious air of calm. He found them all there—Fritz and his mother, Mr. Keppler, Mr. Thorogood and Mr. Swann, the latter having just opened a bottle of old sherry, an invariable custom of the Keppler Gallery at the end of a private view. Mrs. Liebl had already been given a glass, and Fritz was accepting one from the solicitous hand of Mr. Thorogood, whose face wore what was seldom seen upon it—a satisfied smile.

"Ah, Liebl," Mr. Keppler said, waving a bit of paper in welcome. "I was just coming to look for you. Have you heard the good news? Well, listen to this. Eighteen of the paintings are already sold, ten at forty, seven at thirty, and one at fifty pounds. Six are reserved. The rest will probably go before the week's out. Of the drawings, we've sold eight, at ten pounds apiece. That's seven hundred and forty pounds, or about twenty-five thousand five hundred Austrian schillings, or, if you'd like it in dollars, three thousand seven hundred. It's the best day's work we've done since we had the Van Brock show last year. I must say, I never thought it would go so well. . . . A great deal of it's due to you, Swann, and the excellent publicity you got for it. Fill up Mr. Liebl's glass. We're all going to drink to the health and success of the artist. Fritz, my dear boy, to your very good health and to a long, happy and successful career."

Fritz got up from his chair and made a stiff little bow. His bright blue eyes went from face to face, and then rested upon Mr. Keppler's.

"I so much thank you," he said, "and please, if I have a success, that is because I have to thank my papa for that, and my mamma, and my very kind good friends, Mr. Keppler, Mr. Thorogood and Mr. Swann. I am very happy today. Please, everyone is so kind. That is all."

He took up his mother's hand and kissed it, and then sat down. A moisture came into Mr. Keppler's eyes and a tightness into his throat. These people had had their troubles, but they'd got that boy, and what wouldn't he have given —— He controlled himself and said lightly:

"Fritz, if your parents ever get tired of you, come to me. That's a firm offer." And as Mrs. Liebl did not understand this he translated it into German, and she laughed delightedly. "And now, Fritz," he said, "I just want to test your memory. Do you remember seeing me anywhere before you came here that day with your father?"

"Sure, please, Mr. Keppler," said the boy promptly. "At the station when we leave Brighton. You look friendly at me. Sure, I remember."

Mr. Keppler turned to Liebl. "I've hesitated up till now," he said, "to call your son a genius, but this has convinced me of it. Anyone who could remember such a commonplace visage as my own, after seeing it once in a crowd, really deserves the name."

When this was translated for Mrs. Liebl, she protested that he had a very nice, kind face, and that there were not too many such faces in the world, and after this exchange of compliments Mr. Keppler looked at his watch.

"Now, my friends, I have a train to catch, but first I will take you home. . . . Swann, will you see about a taxi?"

And when it came he bustled them into it and got in himself, and on their way to Pimlico, where the Liebls lived, he listened to the plans they made for a celebration that evening. They would have a fine dinner somewhere, with three courses and wine, and would then go to a cinema and sit in good seats. Mr. Keppler recommended a restaurant where they could get excellent goulash at a price that was not too extravagant.

"It won't be as good as mamma makes," said Liebl, "but tonight it is a *Fest*, and she must do no work."

When they reached the shabby house with crumbling balconies and peeling paint, where, on the top floor, they had a studio and bedroom, they bade Mr. Keppler good-by with warm and genuine gratitude and, after watching him out of sight, began the ascent of the stairs. As they went higher, their talk languished and then ceased altogether. Mrs. Liebl was growing stout, and the stairs took her breath away. Liebl was weary with the excitement and emotions of the day. Fritz, at no time a talkative boy, was deep in his own thoughts. It was as though the little family of three that had a moment ago been a unit had suddenly divided into its component parts. And there was a constraint upon each one of them. When they reached the top Liebl flung open the door of the studio and they filed silently in. He took off his new coat, tossed aside his hat, and going to a rickety sofa threw himself down upon it so heavily that it creaked and protested and threatened to give under him. Fritz hung up his hat in its proper place and went to the window, where he stood watching the struttings of some pigeons upon the ledge below.

Mrs. Liebl, with a swift look at father and son, took off her own hat and put it carefully away in a box. She then took a large apron from its peg behind the door and after putting it on began to tidy the room—no easy task, for it was crammed with painting materials, canvases, boxes, and the hundred and one things necessary for the feeding and accommodation of three persons. Mr. and Mrs. Liebl slept in a tiny alcove that was shut off from the studio, but Fritz slept in the studio itself, and it was there that they washed, cooked, worked and ate. Every now and then she looked up from her work and regarded her husband and son, and her eyes were a little uneasy. At last she could endure the silence no longer.

"So careless you are," she said, bustling about. "Nothing you put away, ever. You are like two children who drop what they are tired of playing with, never thinking that someone else must pick it up. Look, Johann; your new hat lying on the floor in the dust. Fritz, at least, knows better than to treat his good clothes in such a fashion. You will not buy a new hat every day, even though we now have money to spend. There are other things to spend it on."

There was not a sound from the other two. Fritz still stared out of the window, and Liebl was motionless on the couch.

"And these drawings," she went on, going to a table strewn with papers and sketches. "They must also be put away, for the dust and soot will soon spoil them. Tomorrow I find a good box for them, and then we will be tidier. Of course you will say, 'Now that Mitzl has made everything neat I can no longer find what I want,' but I do not listen to that, for I have heard it for sixteen years now."

Still there was silence, except for her footsteps and her scolding and the noise she made at her work. But glancing again at Fritz, she saw that he had turned and was looking uncertainly at his father. Something, then, would happen soon. She held her tongue, and going to a basket that was hanging on a nail, she took it and emptied its contents—socks and stockings and darning materials—into her apron. She then drew a chair nearer to the light and set to work.

Fritz now went, with slow steps, from the window toward the couch where his father lay.

"Papa," he said, and waited. Mrs. Liebl held her breath.

"Papa," he said again, and this time Liebl made a little movement and a small, unintelligible sound. It was enough for Fritz, who suddenly ran forward and flung himself down beside the couch, his head on his father's arm.

"I'm so sorry, papa; I'm so sorry," he sobbed. "I know how bad it was for you. All day I was so unhappy I could hardly bear it. All day my heart ached and my head ached, because I knew what it was for you, and I couldn't say anything. And when all those people came and said I was a genius and would be a great painter, I wanted to shout at them, "It's all lies—all lies—all lies!'"

Liebl sat up with a jerk and pulled the boy into his arms.

"Lies?" he cried. "Lies? Well, whose lies were they—mine or yours? Who has the right to be ashamed? Me or you? Eh? Tell me that. And who says my boy isn't a genius? Was that a lie? And what if I did suffer? Didn't Rembrandt suffer? And plenty of others? Lies, eh? Well, haven't we got to eat? Isn't it better than starving? Do you want your poor mamma to starve? Don't you want to go to Munich and have your lessons? Eh? What does it matter? I know I can paint. I know those pictures are good. Too good for a boy just fifteen. Well, never mind. Some day I'll arrive; you'll see. But you've got to live, eh? And how are you to go to Munich and have your lessons without money? People are stupid, stupid. Nowadays the artist has no patrons. The public is his patron, and what does the public know? If the public is stupid and slow to see, and likes only to be shocked or startled, can we help that? And so you cry, just because your papa is a big baby." He brushed away some tears from his cheeks. "Well, now I am all right, only tired. And you are my good boy Fritz, and we don't cheat fools any more, see? Because maybe we don't have to."

Fritz laughed a little and brushed the tears from his own cheeks with his sleeve. His father kissed and embraced him, and then pushed him away.

"Mitzl," he cried, "now it is your turn to scold this boy, this miserable boy Fritz."

"I don't scold him," she said. She felt as though a heavy, suffocating weight had been lifted from her, but it was not her habit to show her feelings. "Now, Fritz, your papa is tired, and would maybe like to hear you play. Also you have not practiced for three whole days. Go and get your violin."

The boy went at once to a cupboard and, taking out a violin case, removed from it very carefully a fine instrument, which he raised to his chin. For a moment he stood thinking, swinging the bow at his side. Then he lifted it and began to play the Sarabande from Bach's Suite in D Major. His father sat on the sofa, his head in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, listening attentively, one foot beating time. Mrs. Liebl, a hand thrust into a sock, slowly drew the wool in and out, and missed not a single note. Not until the weaving, rhythmic, measured music had ceased to sound and the boy stood waiting did either speak.

"Well, Mitzl, now we can send that boy to Munich, eh? Isn't that fine?"

She nodded, smiling. "It's time, Johann. It is good that he goes now."

Fritz was about to raise his bow again, when from below, in the street, came the thin cockney tones of a street singer. Fritz glanced quickly at his mother, who was violently opposed to any forms of begging and particularly disliked this one.

"Papa," he said in English, "there's that man again. Can I maybe give him something?"

"Sure," said Liebl, reaching down into his trousers pocket. "Sure you can. Here's a shilling. Throw it out to him. Poor devil. You got to live."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

was—and he said somebody read about it and told Fred Scanlon about it. Well, I always said Ed had the stuff."

"Yep, I'd like to have Cora meet him. We ought to fix it up this vacation."

"Right, I'll speak to the wife, and I think she'll get around to getting in touch with Ed's roommate, who can probably get in touch with Ed."

"Fine. I think we can fix it with Cora. I imagine she's busy for the next week or so, but her aunt will be here, and she can probably fix it up with that Williams girl to get hold of Cora." —Parke Cummings.

This Thing Called Love

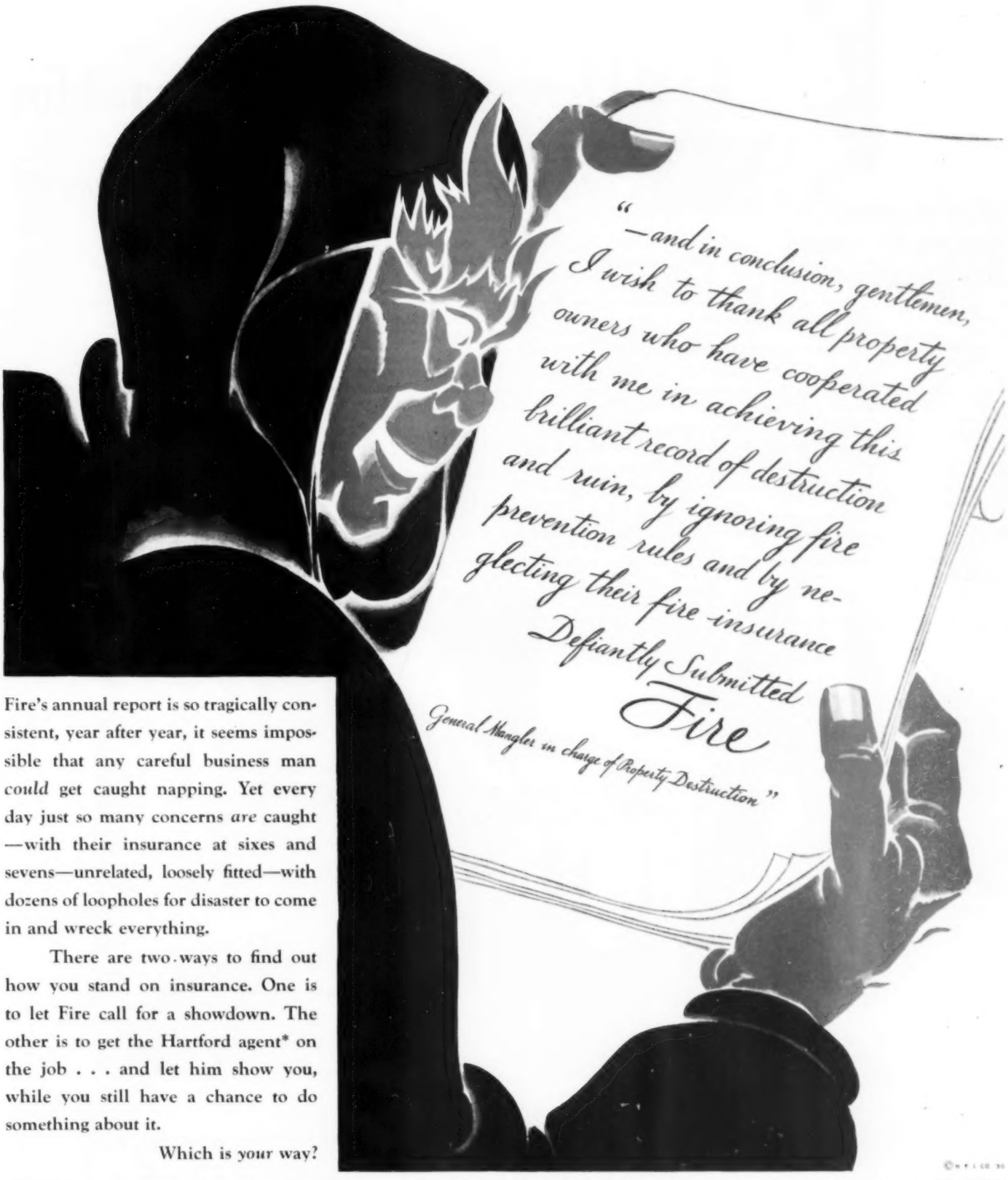
BLACK poplars in a frieze against a sky
Blue-black, intense . . . a star hung high
And yellow 'gainst the backdrop of the night.
(We quarreled. Gee, it was an awful fight!)

Fragrance of lilacs spilled from out the moon;
Faint and afar off twanged a guitar's tune;
The stars came close within an azure cup.
(Gosh, it was swell, the night that we made up!)

Remembering these I rack my weary brain,
I ask you for your help, but all in vain.
The night we got engaged I don't know whether
'Twas raining or there wasn't any weather.

—*Dorothy Ann Blank.*

FIRE PRESENTS HIS ANNUAL REPORT


"—and in conclusion, gentlemen, I wish to thank all property owners who have cooperated with me in achieving this brilliant record of destruction and ruin, by ignoring fire prevention rules and by neglecting their fire insurance
Defiantly Submitted
Fire
General Mangler in charge of Property Destruction"

Fire's annual report is so tragically consistent, year after year, it seems impossible that any careful business man *could* get caught napping. Yet every day just so many concerns *are* caught—with their insurance at sixes and sevens—unrelated, loosely fitted—with dozens of loopholes for disaster to come in and wreck everything.

There are two ways to find out how you stand on insurance. One is to let Fire call for a showdown. The other is to get the Hartford agent* on the job . . . and let him show you, while you still have a chance to do something about it.

Which is *your* way?

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

*If you do not know the name of the Hartford agent look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

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INCO MONEL METAL

POINT ARGENT

(Continued from Page 19)

"What does he look like?" Jonson asked stupidly.

"He is a little man with a big head," the bell captain replied. "You could see he thinks an awful lot of himself. All those size do. I went up with his bags myself, to hear what might be said, but he was just cool and polite. He held Mrs. Savile off while I was there, and I can tell you she wasn't cool. It seems like he surprised her, and she near to dropped. All she said was 'Charles.' And then, again, 'Charles.' He asked how she'd been, but before she got herself together to tell him, I had to leave. I sent a boy up with a pitcher of ice, on the chance he would catch something, but they made him put it down outside the door."

"Thank you, William," Jonson spoke absently. "There isn't anything for you to do here." He decided, suddenly, not to see Charlton Weld just then. He wanted to consider how Charles Savile's unexpected arrival might affect the course of events at the Point Argent Hotel. It would, of course, change them very materially. He moved his seat in the dining room to where he could see the Savile table. They came in just before the doors were closed. William China's description was excellent. Charles Savile was short; his head was too big; his manner was consequential. He was dressed with a great correctness—a single black pearl ornamented his stiff shirt; his collar and tie were flawless. Mrs. Savile, with no more on than the law allowed of a green dress, was quiet, but, Jonson Baley could see, radiantly happy. She smiled her pale, moving smile and watched Savile with her pale, disturbing gaze.

"What a baby," Jonson said softly to himself. "What a baby!"

After dinner he walked down the long corridor, where, through the early evening, there was music; he saw the Saviles—Charles Savile was smoking an enormous cigar—and he was preparing to pass them without recognition, when, to his complete surprise, Mr. Savile spoke to him.

"I want to thank you," he proceeded, rising, "for more or less watching out for Mrs. Savile. It was very good of you. Sit down." Jonson, without immediate means of escape, did as he was told. "Would you care for a cigar?" Savile continued. "You will find it rather special; I take a great deal of pains with them. Never less than three years in bond. A cigar is more like wine than Americans suspect. There are good years and bad, and it must be aged carefully."

Jonson said that that was all very probably so. He was one of the Americans who knew nothing in the world about such things. "When you go beyond a cheap cigarette or maybe a shot of nigger gin, I'm out." He studied Charles Savile in unobserved moments. His gaze, Jonson discovered, had no connection with what he might be saying. He talked along without looking at you. When he was looking right at you, he wasn't. His words, too, had little enough connection with his thoughts. Jonson Baley was conscious that he was addressing a man of great, and frigid, intelligence. Mrs. Savile was plainly, and gladly, it seemed, subservient to her husband.

Jonson Baley left the Saviles and went up in search of Sims Lewes; he was not comfortable unless certain of Sims at very short intervals. The boy, unoccupied and indifferent, was sitting with his tutor. Charlton Weld was sunk in thought.

Sims became more animated. "Now," he announced, "we can play chouette. You'll keep Mr. Weld's mind on the backgammon board."

Jonson doubted that, and Weld glanced swiftly at him. "What do you mean?" Charlton Weld demanded.

"I don't play whatever you call it," Jonson explained; "I couldn't learn another new one now." Sims Lewes relapsed once more into a listless state. Henry Planter came into the sitting room and went out again.

The silence grew awkward and Jonson rose. "Weld," he said in an uncompromising tone, "come down to my room."

Charlton Weld showed that he was surprised. "Are you inviting me to have a drink?" he asked.

Jonson didn't answer; he stood expectantly by the open door. Weld hesitated; it was evident he had no desire to go; Jonson saw that he was considering a refusal. Jonson Baley waited silently. Finally Weld followed him down the long corridor to the elevator. Jonson led the way into his room; he ostentatiously turned the key behind them.

"Sit down, Weld," he directed him with a sudden harshness. "Maybe you'll get a drink and maybe not. It depends."

He didn't mind sitting down, Weld asserted with an obvious determination to ignore the strangeness of their situation.

"Listen to me, and listen carefully," Jonson went on with increasing roughness. "When the time comes for you to speak, damn it, speak quick, if you want to save your hide. And remember I know what I'm talking about. I know what you know, Weld, only I have a fancy to hear about it from you. For example, who thought of drowning the Lewes boy—you or her? Did you think of any of it? Did she offer you any of the Lewes money or was love enough? That's what I want to know, Weld—was love enough?"

"What do you mean?" Charlton Weld cried. "I can't understand it a bit."

An acute uneasiness invaded Jonson. He might, after all, have to be hard. "Yes, you do, Weld," he insisted. Jonson moved closer to him. "Was it love or cash, cash or love? Did you fall for her or were you smarter than I think you are? Come on. Come on." Jonson grasped Charlton Weld's shoulder and shook him violently.

Weld said, "I'll knock your damned head off!"

Jonson Baley began to feel sick. He smacked the tutor sharply in the jaw and Weld hit him ineffectually.

"What does this mean?" Charlton Weld repeated. "You have gone crazy."

Jonson forced him back into his chair, then he hit him again in the face. Blood appeared. "This is horrible," Jonson Baley thought. There was a good chance he'd be physically sick.

"What the hell, Weld," he said. "What the hell. You're to do the talking now, and not me. The worst you'll get here will be nothing to what she hands you if you don't go careful. What did you want to drown Sims for? What did she promise you?" With horror in his heart, Jonson hit Charlton Weld once more in the face.

"You filthy coward," Weld managed to say. "Taking advantage of your authority because Mrs. Savile wouldn't have anything to do with you. When I am out of here you'll get enough."

Jonson laughed. "You may not get out. Did that occur to you? She made a fool of you—that was it. You acted noble, Weld; there was no money in it. Like you wrote her, the injustice of life made you furious. Even God had no business to let her be unhappy. That piece about the handkerchief was extra good. But the other note was the big number; I wouldn't be surprised, Weld, if that one saw you hanged. Short as it was."

Jonson Baley grasped Weld's collar and dragged him upright. He shook him until Weld's head fell weakly back and forward. There was a fine, cold sweat on Jonson's brow. Fresh waves of sickness swept over him. It was impossible, he thought, for him to go on. Jonson pushed Weld away and kicked him. It was not a very successful kick. However, the result was satisfactory—Weld tripped and fell. He rose uncertainly.

"You dirty coward," he said; "you—you comic detective."

He then fainted. Jonson Baley laid him on the bed. He didn't, the truth was, know what to do next. All his brutality, it seemed, had wretchedly failed. When Weld came to, must he begin again? The answer to that was simple—he couldn't. The fact that the tutor had fainted spoiled Jonson's plan. The poor devil, it was clear, had had a rough enough trip without this additional frightfulness.

What, Jonson wondered, would he say to Charlton Weld when he recovered consciousness? Weld's hands were already twitching. He couldn't, naturally, apologize; the impossibility of any further beating was absolute. Jonson's familiar difficulty faced him once more—he had no proof. "I have no proof," he reminded himself, "and if I don't get some pretty quick—well, then he would go for a ride." He telephoned for William China; the bell captain arrived and Jonson indicated Charlton Weld, lying silent but conscious on the bed.

"Mr. Weld," Jonson explained, "was drunk; he came in here and started something, but couldn't finish it. See what you can do for him and then help him to his room. If he needs it. I will speak to Mr. Harris."

Jonson Baley abruptly left the room. He didn't, the truth was, want to see Weld at that moment. Jonson could not, he realized, speak to Mr. Harris at all. He was cut off from all explanation and help. If Weld complained now, he was in a hell of a fix. That was the only incontrovertible fact he knew of.

He was, he told himself, sick of the Saviles and the Lewes will and of Sims. Jonson Baley was especially sick of being a detective. Jonson returned to his room, where he sat in a pair of trousers and an undershirt. William China arrived at his customary time, but there was nothing, Jonson insisted, for him to do.

"Mr. Weld wouldn't let me take him to his room," China related. "He washed his face off a little in your bathroom before he went. He got sober pretty quick."

Jonson made no reply to that; he sat staring moodily at the carpet. Weld had not, however, spoken to Harris yet, since Jonson had heard nothing from the office. He took a deep drink of gin. Warm and straight. Then he had another.

He was conscious once more of the scar on his side, of the essential ugliness of life. The room was filled with the lonely sound of the sea; suddenly Jonson Baley cursed and turned out all the lamps.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by Martin Harris. The assistant manager of the Point Argent Hotel, informal in white tennis shoes and a dressing gown, was clearly upset.

"That tutor of the Lewes boy's," he said; "there was a call from his room half an hour ago, but no answer when a boy got there. He waked me up and I went in with a pass key. Baley, he was sitting dead in a chair." A cold dread invaded Jonson Baley. "Dead!" he repeated. "What—what killed him?" That, Harris didn't know. Jonson followed him to the room occupied by the tutor. He was still sitting, fallen sideways against the chair arm. A half-consumed drink stood on a window ledge within reach. Jonson picked up the glass and sniffed at it. He went to the closet, and, on a shelf, found a gin bottle almost empty.

"We will leave these until the coroner comes," he decided, "but see no one reaches them. They don't smell right to me. You get dressed and do some telephoning with the police," he told Martin Harris. "I'll wait for you here." There could be no shadow of a doubt about Charlton Weld. "Instead of beating him up," Jonson thought, "I ought to protected him. He never had a chance with her." His mind, however, instead of dwelling on Mrs. Savile, turned to her husband. Charles Savile's arrival at Point Argent hadn't made things easier, not by a damn sight.

The sitting of the coroner, early Monday morning, was brief and satisfactory to everyone immediately concerned and present excepting Jonson Baley.

"It's plain enough," Martin Harris told him; "now we know what was in his drink. It certainly denatured that Weld. He bought some liquor from one of the bell boys, and it was wrong. The body's gone to a funeral parlor. I've wired what people he seems to have, from his mail and all that Planter, the valet, tells me, in Wisconsin."

Jonson made no comment. What Harris said might have been correct but for the facts that Charlton Weld's death was not plain at all and that he hadn't bought liquor from a bell boy. His gin, Jonson knew, had been an admirable example of the resources of the Lewes cellar.

"We were lucky in spite of what happened," Martin Harris went on. "Practically nobody in the hotel knows about it. And won't."

Jonson had a pot of coffee in his room and then he went to see Sims. The boy was, characteristically, calm, unemotional. "I thought he brought all the gin he could need," Sims remarked. "He had a bag full, and it wasn't a little bag. I want everything done that is possible, of course. I mean about here and taking him home. You must let me know what it costs. I called Aunt Emily; she is in New York and she's coming to Point Argent at once. Day after tomorrow, I think. I'm to wait here and go to Locust Bank with her."

"I suppose you'll want to be on the beach," Jonson observed; "we can go

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down together. If anyone asks about Mr. Weld, I'll say he left suddenly. The newspapers are fixed. We don't want a lot of talk around the hotel. Anyhow, not until you are gone."

They were seated in the shade of a beach umbrella when Charles Savile came up to them. "I have just found out," he said to Sims, "that you are Sims Lewes. My wife, I believe, is a connection of yours." Sims rose, polite and unimpressed. "I am Charles Savile, and Mrs. Savile is a daughter of Jules Fencible. She recognized you, of course, but she did nothing about it on account of some ridiculous family disagreement in the past. I don't even know what it was. I told her she was foolish and that, probably, you thought no more about it than I did." Sims Lewes shook hands with him correctly. Savile spoke to Jonson. "The Point Argent Hotel," he proceeded, "could not get along without you. You are responsible for everything and everybody."

Jonson Baley said, "Thank you." There was, however, little gratitude in his heart; he considered that Charles Savile's apparent appreciation was a peculiarly unpleasant warning. Savile's mind was even sharper, more dangerous, than he had thought. "It would be pleasant if we could see something of you," that individual continued to Sims. "I understand there are interesting waterways back of the hotel. We might charter a boat. The truth is I want my wife to know you. She's only been Mrs. Savile a short while or this would have been managed before."

Sims' politeness became warmer. "I think I'd like that," he assented.

Charles Savile nodded. He had a quick, engaging smile. "We will take splendid care of him," he added to Jonson Baley, leaving.

"You wouldn't like it at all," Jonson told Sims vigorously. "It turns out this connection of yours is the woman Weld went with. You'll remember what you thought of that. She's no better now than she was then."

Sims Lewes did not agree with him. "I have always known about her, and now I've seen her and I think I'd like to talk to her." Sims' manner, even more than his words, showed that he thought none of this had to do with Jonson Baley.

"I didn't realize," Jonson said precisely, "that your manners were so bad. I had begun to think you were right. In spite of all your money. Personally, I don't care for money. Not for more than a few dollars at a time. It knocks people off. Them who have a lot think they know it all. Even if they are too young to know anything. I didn't believe you were like that, but it seems you are. Go with anybody you please. It doesn't matter what your father would have said."

"What do you know about my father?" Sims demanded.

"This much," Jonson replied with vigor—"this much—he never went a step with any Fencible alive."

Sims Lewes sat gazing fixedly at the sea. "I suppose Africa is over there somewhere," he said at last. "I am sorry," Sims went on; "I must have been pretty frightful. But I can't very well throw the money away, can I? I'll try to act as if I didn't have it. It would be pretty bad for me to see anything of those people."

Jonson patted the boy's brown knee. "It would," he echoed gravely. A contest, he saw, had set up between Charles Savile and himself. Savile regarded him with an interest that was, to say the least, unhealthy. Charlton Weld had been killed simply because he knew too much. Jonson, however, didn't care about that. His only concern, he recognized, was to keep Sims safe. Yet, back once more in his room, he did examine an open bottle hidden on an upper shelf in a closet. As a result of that, he poured its contents into his wash basin. For the moment, Jonson decided, he would be better dry.

Then, very naturally, and without gin, he desperately wanted a drink. His nerves, the truth was, were ragged from continuous strain. All the certainty of his convictions about the Saviles and the absence of exact information, of proof, had begun to trouble him seriously. He was increasingly irritable.

Jonson was oppressed, too, by further doubts. The question of his responsibility continued to harass him. If anything went wrong, he told himself again—and anything, everything, might go wrong—he was cooked.

There was a knock at his door. It was William China with a telegram. Jonson Baley read it with a careful attention; he studied the words typewritten on the yellow paper in his hand:

JULY TEN S DREW TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM THE ARGONAUT BANK SAN FRANCISCO STOP FIFTEEN DEPOSITED THERE BY WIRE FROM HARRIMAN NATIONAL BANK NEW YORK JULY SIX

The dispatch was from the legal firm in Baltimore, and highly interesting; for Jonson Baley it definitely connected Savile with the uprising in China. Jonson was convinced of that, and yet, at the same time, his greatest difficulty continued to pursue him—there was, in reality, no reason why Charles Savile should not go to San Francisco and draw twelve thousand dollars from a bank there. A dozen reasons could be invented for that. In the end the telegram only served to increase his exasperation. He put together a mental picture of late events that was flawless; every move logically succeeded every other move—the conditions of the Gardner Lewes will and the Saviles' motive; the death of the entire Persifer Lewes family; Mrs. Savile's appearance at Point Argent and her connection with Charlton Weld; Charles Savile's arrival and Weld's death.

"It's got to be right," Jonson said aloud. There were two ways for him to proceed—either to watch the Saviles for any mistake that could be pinned to them or force an admission from one or the other. Jonson had often heard that criminals always made mistakes; sooner or later, he had been assured, a lawbreaker exposed himself to detection, but he had a questionable faith in that. It might very easily be only another case of popular bunk. Besides that, Jonson didn't believe much in Charles Savile's talent for mistakes. Mrs. Savile—Acacia—was smart, and hard, but her Charles was just as hard and by far smarter.

He had an example of that directly after dinner: Mrs. Savile, listening to the music, smiled at him invitingly and, impelled by a restless hope, Jonson sat with them. Did he, she inquired, play contract? He didn't. Pinochle and rummy represented the extent of his games. Charles Savile, with another of his enormous cigars, said he was definitely finished with all forms of gambling.

Mrs. Savile laughed cheerfully. "You ought to be," she told him.

"In San Francisco," he continued, "where I always look for little Chinese stone carvings, I lost ten thousand dollars in a celestial gambling house. Usually I am lucky, and that is a big

amount for me to drop, but the atmosphere—the atmosphere, Mr. Baley, not the champagne—defeated me."

"It did like nothing you could mention," Jonson thought with satirical bitterness. Savile might have been—he probably was—in a Chinese gambling house, but he didn't give up the ten thousand like he said. That wouldn't be Charles Savile. He might be a dumb detective, Jonson continued to himself, but at least he knew that much about people. But he couldn't, yet, put his knowledge to a practical use. Savile's admission, with its disarming air of honesty, might be contradicted by his character, but aside from that, it was foolproof. A distinct and growing animosity for Savile possessed Jonson Baley. It increased the tension of his nerves. He hated Savile personally. He wanted to knock his big cigar down his lying throat. "I'll get that lousy bird if I have to go to China," he silently asserted.

Charles Savile rose and left the music; he returned shortly. "Sims Lewes," he said to his wife, "is in his room, and I'd like to talk a little to him. He seems to be a very nice boy. Will you stay with Mr. Baley?"

"Yes, I'll be here," Acacia Savile replied. "I can't speak for Mr. Baley." She turned to Jonson. "Are you planning to desert me?"

"Not exactly that," he admitted, "but I'll have to start on my rounds pretty soon. I generally take a slant at things about this time."

Charles Savile wouldn't, he added, be long. "I will look for you both here."

Jonson Baley watched him vanish in the direction of the elevators. "I can't think why Charles takes so much trouble with the Lewes boy," Mrs. Savile observed. "He doesn't interest me a particle. The family disagreement has gone on too long for any change now. It's hopeless."

Jonson studied her. Oh, no, Mrs. Savile didn't take any interest in Sims. Not if you said it quick, she didn't. He wondered what was going on in Sims' rooms. That speculation made him more uneasy than ever.

"Mr. Weld went away unexpected," Jonson said deliberately.

She lighted a cigarette. Her hands were steady. Her face was calm. "I liked him, a little," Mrs. Savile admitted. "He was extremely young." That was all she had to say about Weld—he was extremely young.

"I didn't like him, but later I was sorry for him," Jonson carefully explained.

She was immediately engaged. "Why were you sorry for him?" she demanded.

William China passed, and it seemed to Jonson he made a slight, significant motion with his eyes. Jonson Baley promptly rose.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I must attend to being a detective or Mr. Harris will let me out."

Jonson proceeded at once to the bell captain. "The Lewes' valet sent word for you to come up," the Negro told him. "The girl at the telephone said he called from 573, and it's an empty room. He didn't want anybody to hear him is the reason that was why."

Jonson found Charles Savile and Sims in an orderly and formal conversation. Planter appeared at the sitting-room door. "Excuse me, sir," he addressed Baley, "but some more of our clothes have disappeared. I have a record of them, if you don't mind stepping this way." Jonson followed him to the bedroom, and there the valet spoke in a low, agitated voice: "Nothing is missing, sir. Perhaps there was no reason to call you upstairs. But I just noticed something strange when I was taking Mr. Savile a drink. Both the window screens from the one side of the room have gone. The side that falls all the way to the brick terrace, sir. I didn't want to disturb them in there, so I got a maid to unlock an empty room and I telephoned the carpenter. I thought the screens might needed fixing, but he didn't know nothing about it. I became uneasy—it was strange, Mr. Baley—and asked for you."

Jonson informed Sims Lewes that he had lost some pairs of white trousers.

Sims complained about that. "They weren't expensive," he explained—"that is why I liked them. I don't think I can get any more."

Savile laughed. He knew, he asserted, exactly what Sims meant. "Now there," he turned to Jonson, "is something for you to do at last. Trace the inexpensive but desirable Lewes white trousers."

Jonson regarded him stonily. "I'm busy enough right now," he retorted. He was, Jonson felt, at the point of losing his temper completely, of going to pieces.

Savile rose. "Since you have, after all, deserted my wife," he continued, "I must go down to her." When he left, Sims entered upon a detailed explanation of Charles Savile's presence in his room. "I didn't really ask him. He wasn't asked at all. The telephone rang and he told Planter he'd be here. It's pretty hard about people when they're older than you are. You just have to put up with them. Mr. Savile talked all the time and, until you came, he couldn't sit still. First, he was looking at the stars out of one window and then out of the other, although they are both the same. I told him I hated stars and only knew about one that had something to do with dogs."

A swift determination possessed Jonson Baley. "Don't see the Saviles again tonight," he instructed Sims. "Not for any reason whatever. Keep Planter here with you—he can sleep on a sofa—and don't go out."

The valet had overheard him. "Very good, Mr. Baley," he assented.

"You will know the reason for this tomorrow," Jonson added to Sims. He went directly to his room and telephoned for William China. "I thought I was on the water wagon," he told the bell captain. "That's wrong—I ain't. See what you can get me."

William China returned with a pint bottle of Canadian Bourbon whisky. "To anyone else, even if it was Mr. Harris," he said, "this would be eight dollars. Three is enough."

Jonson gave him three dollars. "Let me know when Mr. and Mrs. Savile go to their rooms," he told China. Jonson then proceeded to drink the contents of the pint bottle with plain water and without ice. He had just accomplished that when his telephone bell rang.

"All right," William China's voice said.

Jonson put a flat black pistol without ornament in his pocket and proceeded to the Savile rooms. He was at once cold, hard and anxious. "I have to do it," he silently asserted. "If this goes on any longer I'll be bugs. I've got to make them come through. Anyhow, Savile can't do a thing to me if I just try. If it's right, I'll be right. I have to do it. If I don't, Sims won't last much longer than the Bourbon whisky. I'm a little drunk," he thought. "That's to the good. I wasn't much use with Weld, sober. This will be different."

He knocked sharply on a door. "Yes," Charles Savile's voice answered; "who is it?" Jonson knocked again, without speaking. Savile demanded again, more abruptly, who was outside. Jonson Baley knocked on the door. Suddenly it opened.

He went in, closing the door behind him. Savile in his shirt sleeves, with impressive red-silk suspenders, was facing him. Mrs. Savile, folded in a voluminous black-velvet dressing gown, stood back of her husband.

"This is outrageous," Savile declared.

Jonson Baley turned a key in a lock and dropped it into his coat pocket. He moved to a door opening into another room. "Don't seem too surprised," he said. "You ought to been looking for this. You knew I was close on you. I really got you, Savile, when you killed Weld. That was bad, but I understand your wife made the mistake. I couldn't guess, even when I saw through it, why she took up with him. A squash. He was bound to sink you, and he did. I know where Charlton Weld's liquor came from and how I got mine. They were different, but not when you got through with them. Savile, then they were the same."

"You're drunk," Charles Savile asserted.

"That's right," Jonson agreed with him; "I am. What of it, hey? Look here, I'm wise to what you are after too. What do the lawyers call it—taking under the law. Now things turned out good for you in China, all you got to do is put Sims Lewes on the spot. That would mean fifty or sixty millions, and it's where we meet. You and Mrs. Savile will have to get along without the Lewes estate, see? I came special to inform you of that. I'm interfering with it just like you guessed. Now, Savile, we understand each other thorough. I want an admission out of you, maybe an affidavit, but not to use unless you make it necessary. Only in case. You're nothing to me no ways, but Sims Lewes is."

"Your logic," Charles Savile informed him, "is perfect. But logic, Baley, has had its day. Logic, I am afraid, has been discredited. You have been reading detective stories when you should have had a glance at the latest knowledge of physics. Not philosophy, you will notice, but physics. You are still deep in the Euclidean error. Contemporary with Newton and the absolute. The law of relativity ——"

Mrs. Savile interrupted. "Charles," she said, "do you really want to go on with that? Is it amusing enough? I'm rather tired, and I'd like to have this over with. Do you mind very much calling Mr. Harris on the telephone?"

It didn't matter what he minded or didn't mind, Jonson informed her. "If there is any telephoning, I'll do it. Savile, you heard me, and what's more, you listened to me. You can be reasonable and get away quiet with your bride, or you can stay. If it would amuse you. I don't believe Weld thought any part of this was funny."

Mrs. Savile moved toward the telephone. It was near Jonson Baley, and he broke a cord loose from the metal box on the wall.

"We won't take any chance with you," he told her. "If you get unreasonable, I'll speak to him about it." Jonson indicated Charles Savile with the muzzle of his pistol.

Savile's eyes were narrowed in a cold glimmer. "This has gone too far," he declared, his voice level. "You can be sent up for it, and you can be sure I'll see that happens. I am, naturally, handicapped by the fact my wife is in the room."

Jonson demanded, "Who, her? Hell, don't let her bother you. Go far as you want. Remember I saw her on the beach watching Sims Lewes drown. Charlton Weld wasn't so good, but Mrs. Savile was easier than casual. Come on, Savile, with the goods. We can't stand here like this all night. If you won't open up, I'll lay the charges at the courthouse."

"By all means," Savile replied sharply; "that is exactly what I'd like. Go and lay your charges, or don't lay them, but go."

Jonson Baley walked up to him. "Damn you," he said, "stop trying to kill the boy! Stop it!" A violent rage swept over him. His self-control wavered and vanished. "First her and then you!" he cried in a high, unnatural voice. "You think you're safe because there is no proof. Hell, I can beat the evidence I need out of you."

He smashed Charles Savile on the head with the butt of his revolver, and, as he fell, Jonson hit him again. Immediately after that, Jonson Baley became profoundly still within. He stood, the pistol reversed in his hand, gazing down upon the figure at his feet. Mrs. Savile was motionless, silent. A hand on the floor stirred; there was a tremor; the body relaxed. Jonson said to himself, in measured words, "I have killed him." He said that, but he didn't believe it. He couldn't. Jonson leaned forward, on one knee, over Charles Savile's body. It was true. Rising slowly, Jonson Baley gazed with a troubled expression at Mrs. Savile. "I wish she hadn't been here," he thought laboriously.

Acacia Savile walked up to the body of her husband. She sank beside him and gazed into his face. "Charles," she said in a low voice, experimentally, "Charles." Mrs. Savile took his head in her arms, enveloping him in a gesture of infinite love and black velvet. "I want you to speak to me," she whispered.

Jonson Baley telephoned from the bedroom to Martin Harris. He found the key in his pocket and admitted the assistant manager. The body of Charles Savile was on the floor. Mrs. Savile, fortunately, had collapsed. Jonson carried her to a chair.

"What went on?" Harris demanded. "Baley, he's dead!"

Yes, he admitted, Savile was dead. "I'll tell you about it later. We'll be too busy here for a little to talk."

Jonson, in his room, was slow and methodical. William China had laid out his pajamas and worn bedroom slippers, and he undressed and put them on. Then he carefully wiped off his pistol. That was not necessary evidence. Jonson Baley found the empty pint bottle and put it gently in the wastepaper basket. "Well," he told himself, at last seated, "he's dead. I killed him." Jonson was amazed by Mrs. Savile's immeasurable quietness. Not a sound out of her. Just: "Charles, Charles." She wanted him to speak to her. "I guess," he went on, "that is what you call love." Yes, that was it. Love. He had never seen it before. No one had described it to him correctly. He returned with a shock to the realization that he had killed Savile. Jonson recognized he was in a bad place. "I got to have proof," he said still again. "If I don't, they might hang the limit on me. I'll have to show them how it was, so there won't be no mistake. Anyhow," he went on, "now the boy is safe." That accomplishment, for the

moment, was without any great power to relieve him. "I can make it clear," he thought hopefully.

Jonson Baley slept fitfully. Awake, he was concerned with the fatality to Charles Savile. He could, he repeated over and over, make it clear; but, asleep, he was concerned with Mrs. Savile. She advanced slowly toward him, her face shining like a star, silent in a silent dream. It was, however, more difficult to make his actions plain than he had hoped. Jonson, the following morning, sat in Martin Harris' office facing Mr. Roseample, Harris, the chief of police and a captain of the detective bureau. He had just finished explaining not only Savile's death but the whole course of events leading up to it.

"Is that all?" Washington Roseample asked. He was a tall man with a pleasant, concerned manner.

"It ought to be enough," Jonson answered antagonistically. He was worried.

"It's not much," the chief of police commented. He turned to his detective. "What do you think, Harry?"

It was nothing, Harry's opinion ran, without more. "I tell you," he continued, "this strong-arm business isn't so hot. Specially now. The public has no use for a detective, anyhow, outside of books. We kept the Weld death quiet, but this will go big. It'll have to. All the Lewes money couldn't buy the newspapers now. Chief, it's a sensation."

The chief of police nodded. "My opinion and Harry's are the same," he declared.

"I'll take the ride, then?" Jonson asked.

It looked that way, the detective admitted. "We'd like to cover you, but do it for more than a minute. Longer than it takes the night extras to get out. Why did you kill him? Don't you know how to hit a man with a pistol? The flat side along the ear. I looked at him, and the blows you struck were ridiculous."

It was, Washington Roseample said, horrible. Too horrible for expression. He gazed with a disturbed amazement at Jonson.

"What will the charge be?" Jonson Baley demanded. The policeman turned to the detective. "Justifiable homicide?" he inquired.

"You know better than that, chief," he was told; "unless something turns up we don't know about. Baley's position won't help him. The district attorney will demand just one thing, and you know it. First degree."

"That's right, Harry," the chief of police assented. He turned to Jonson. "Go up to your room and get some things together," he said. "Stay there until we send for you. This afternoon. We don't want to crowd you too much. Perhaps you had better give Harry here the gat and any other small thing like that you might have."

All this, Jonson recognized, was a favor; he wasn't looked on to be dangerous; the policemen thought he was a fool.

Jonson Baley began, absent-mindedly, to put a few clothes in a bag. He owned, he discovered, thirty-seven dollars and ninety cents, but another week's pay—fifty dollars—was due tomorrow. He was worried, rather than frightened, and his hands were cold and a little numb. William China appeared with a tray of lunch, an omelet with tomatoes, a green salad, toast, melon and a pot of coffee.

"Can't you prove nothing?" he asked, vastly troubled.

"I ought to," Jonson replied; "I ought to; but it seems like I can't yet. My mind won't work," he complained. "It's full of things that don't matter."

William China said, "I got it fixed so you can leave by the water. They'll never find you with us."

Baley frowned in an effort of thought. "Forget that," he told the Negro.

He sat waiting for the summons that would take him to the station house and eventually, it was more probable than not, to his death. His mind at last was clear. All the detective from the county seat predicted, Jonson Baley realized, would happen. He had no resources with which to conduct a long investigation and expensive trial. He was absolutely unimportant. He could see Mrs. Savile in the witness stand, explaining how her husband had been murdered. Jonson knew beforehand the questions he'd be required to answer. Well, he couldn't, with what he knew now, answer them. That was all there was to that. No proof. He asked to see William China.

"Find out can you locate the two window screens gone from the Lewes sitting room," he directed him.

The screens were in place. "The painters had them," China said.

It had been a mistake, Jonson recognized, to pour his gin away. If he had kept it and could show it was identical with the liquor that had killed Charlton Weld, it would have been a point. Everything he had done was wrong. "I'll take the ride," he told himself. A stubborn spirit of rebellion, the desire to live, animated him.

Once more he went over all the causes that had led to Charles Savile's death. They had to be right! It was impossible to escape from his deductions. Only they couldn't be established. A sharp prosecution would easily tear down the elaborate fabric he had so carefully constructed. No jury would listen to what he, Jonson Baley, a strong-arm dick, might say.

Washington Roseample came into the room. He was deeply troubled. "I can't tell you how distressed I am by all this," he said, sitting on the edge of his chair. "I liked you right away, Baley. I like you still, I must admit. Isn't there anything you recall that might be useful?"

No more than he had heard, Jonson replied.

"Miss Millard arrived," Roseample went on. "They left at noon—young Lewes and his aunt."

A vague disappointment, an increased depression, settled over Jonson. He had expected some message from Sims; perhaps, even, an offer of assistance. He had thought that—when you looked at it—the endless Lewes resources might be offered to him. "He's just a boy," Jonson reminded himself; he didn't have any say.

"There might be a chance to this," he proceeded: "If I could see Mrs. Saville, she'd maybe admit something. The way she's feeling."

"She is still here," Mr. Roseample admitted. "Shut in her room. I don't think it would be proper. For you, especially. Still, this is very serious. I want to do what I can for you. I could explain that it was legally necessary. Unavoidable. I'd like you to have that chance. Yes, Baley, we will try it. I must see her first, of course."

It was, Jonson recognized, hardly better than hopeless. Washington Roseample returned and led him to the Savile rooms; he stood aside and Jonson entered alone. She was seated gazing out over the ocean. The sky was a bright blue and filled with large white clouds. A bright blue sea broke in long white waves on the sand. Mrs. Savile didn't move; she looked silently, intently, out of the window; and Jonson Baley stood without speech. At last she sighed deeply and half turned. Her face was pale and composed, exactly as he had seen it in dreams. He thought that it shone.

"Yes," she said; "yes?"

Jonson couldn't manage to speak.

"Sit down," Mrs. Savile told him. "You must be tired. I don't believe you slept much."

He was tired, Jonson admitted; he had hardly slept at all. He sat in a chair across the room from her.

"It is such a brilliant day," she continued. "Everything is so polished and clean and new looking. . . . Why did you kill him?" she asked quietly.

All Jonson's planned words, his searching inquiry, left him. He was, before her manner, helpless. "I was mad," he answered simply; "I was madder than hell, and smashed him hard as I could." He had now sentenced himself to death.

"I thought that was the reason," she told Jonson. "You are not a very good detective, are you?"

No, Jonson said, he was not.

"Tell me," she went on; "what made you think of trying that?"

There wasn't anything else for him to do, he explained. "I wanted to be a lawyer, but the war happened and I didn't do so good. Before that I worked hard enough, in mines and the holds of steamers and around coking furnaces. I guess I lost my ambition."

She thought about him. "Have you ever loved anyone?"

"Never," he quickly replied.

"I wonder if you are fortunate," Mrs. Savile deliberated in a voice without inflection. "It depends, I suppose, on what you are willing to pay. For life." She gazed once more out of the window, apparently forgetting that Jonson Baley was in the room. At last Mrs. Savile spoke again. "This can't be kept out of the papers away from people."

"They tell me it can't," Jonson said.

"I hate that," she cried; "almost more than all the rest. More than what you did. I don't want everyone to know about Charles." He concealed the instant amazement created in him by her words. She was speaking, he realized, without any restraint. What he had said to Mr. Roseample, his slender hope, was correct. "In a moment," he thought, "she will admit everything." "I don't want people all over the world, in New York and England and China and California, to hear about it. Now that Charles is dead, I have to protect him. I am sure you will understand that. No one else seems to. They think it is only news or the necessity of justice." She stopped, looking at him, waiting intently.

"Yes," Jonson replied, "I understand it." Well, he did, he thought defiantly.

"The necessity of justice," Mrs. Savile repeated, but more to herself than to him. "A woman wouldn't think it was important. There are greater things than that. Love. . . . You see," she went on, "it never occurred to Charles it might go wrong. He was very determined. Highly organized men are like that. I tell you"—she rose and walked up to Jonson Baley—"it wasn't the money. He was different from that. It was all abstract to him. At first. Justice again, that men think so much of, so much about. Then, he was fascinated by his plan. He thought of it before our wedding, and I told him if he didn't give it up I wouldn't marry him." She smiled at Jonson Baley.

He nodded. "He didn't have to," Jonson agreed.

Amazingly she touched his shoulder with a hand. "No. I helped him all I could. All I was able. I didn't believe in it, but when I told Charles that, he got cross; so I stopped."

At least he had escaped her infirmity of the heart, Jonson reflected. His own idea about Charles Savile was totally different—he didn't believe a word of her explanation. Savile had wanted the Lewes money. Nothing more and nothing better. Jonson was glad now he had killed him.

"I am telling you this to show you how I feel about Charles' memory," she explained. "You have been through it all with me."

He determined to risk the whole precarious situation, his entire safety, upon one momentous question. "Did you think it would lead to murder?"

"I didn't care," she said. "Nothing mattered except to make Charles happy. The Lewes child was nothing. Mr. Weld was nothing. Only I didn't want Charles to do it. I wanted to kill them instead. I thought he'd be safer then."

He had been successful. He was free. That was an enormous accomplishment, and yet he got no relief from it. He was, if possible, more disturbed than ever. Jonson Baley was entirely wretched. Mrs. Savile left him and returned to the window. "Now," she said after a long silence, "the whole world will say dreadful things about him. I can't stop it," she made a desperate, imploring motion of her arms toward Jonson Baley.

"It couldn't be proved," he reminded her.

A knock fell firmly on the door to the corridor. Mr. Roseample appeared. "I am sorry to interrupt you," he admitted. "The men from headquarters are here, Baley. They won't be able to wait any longer."

Mrs. Savile stood with her back toward them. They left the room and Mr. Roseample immediately asked Jonson what he had learned.

"Nothing," Jonson Baley replied sullenly. "Can I go up for my bag, or will you send for it?" Roseample hesitated. "Very well," Jonson agreed. "I will come with you now." The disturbance within him changed to utter weariness. A fateful light-headed knowledge overcame him. He loved her.

(THE END)

THE RUSSIA THAT TOURISTS DO NOT SEE

(Continued from Page 21)

The Americans who are working in Soviet Russia enjoy to the full the benefits of the Soviet travel system as everyone except the tourists understands it. It is really most unfortunate for the tourists, since, as a fertile source for scintillating after-dinner stories, the private American's travel experiences through the land of the Soviet cannot be overestimated. The process goes typically as follows:

First, you go to Intourist, the official Russian travel bureau for foreigners, to book space for a certain train on a certain particular day, to, shall we say, Vienna. Of course, it is understood both by Intourist and by you that tickets for that train cannot be said to be sold until one-half hour before the train arrives, because important Communists, officers of the Red Army and visiting delegates always have right of way, regardless of space reservations, and since they are inveterate travelers, one never knows when or where they may commandeer any train. So, although you make every preparation for your departure, you really are not certain that you will actually get off at all. Added to the pleasure of this uncertainty is another recent development in the Russian railroad system—the fact that all the through trains are now anywhere from three to five hours late. However, since there is no way of telephoning the station beforehand to inquire about schedules, you go to the station, bag and baggage, and if there are no delays between your house and the station, you arrive say at eight P.M. for a nine P.M. train, only to be informed that your train will not arrive until 1:30 A.M. It is essential always to allow a full hour and a half for getting from your home to the station, for in Soviet Russia strange, unexpected things frequently occur. So you sit and sit, and wait and wait, surrounded by your luggage and resident Russians, fully conscious of the fact that even when the train does arrive at 1:30—although it is more likely to be three A.M.—there is an excellent possibility that there will be no ticket for you after all. It lends a delightful sense of suspense to the entire undertaking.

Where All Accidents are Fatal

Consider the case of an American engineer of my acquaintance whose home was in Kharkoff, and who spent seven consecutive days trying to leave for Moscow for an important convention—a matter of sixteen hours by rail. Every night he would pack his bag, put a package of cold lunch under his arm—for, advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, practically none of the trains have diners—kiss his wife good-by and depart for the railroad station and the Moscow train. And every night some three hours later, for six consecutive days, he would return home announcing his inability to secure a ticket. Finally, having persevered every day for a week, on the seventh evening of his ordeal he got away.

There is a reason for the studied lateness of Russian trains for the past six months. It seems that during the first half of 1930 there was a 33 per cent increase in railroad accidents in the Soviet Union over last year's figures, according to the official report published in Pravda, the official spokesman of the Communist Party. It involved great loss of life and damage amounting to several million rubles; a state of affairs calling for drastic action. So the Soviet Government, never at a loss at a time when stern measures are necessary, came to the rescue with the pronouncement that in the future every member of the crew handling a train that is responsible for a railroad accident is to be taken out forthwith, lined up and shot! So the trainmen are taking no chances these days by running their trains sixty miles an hour.

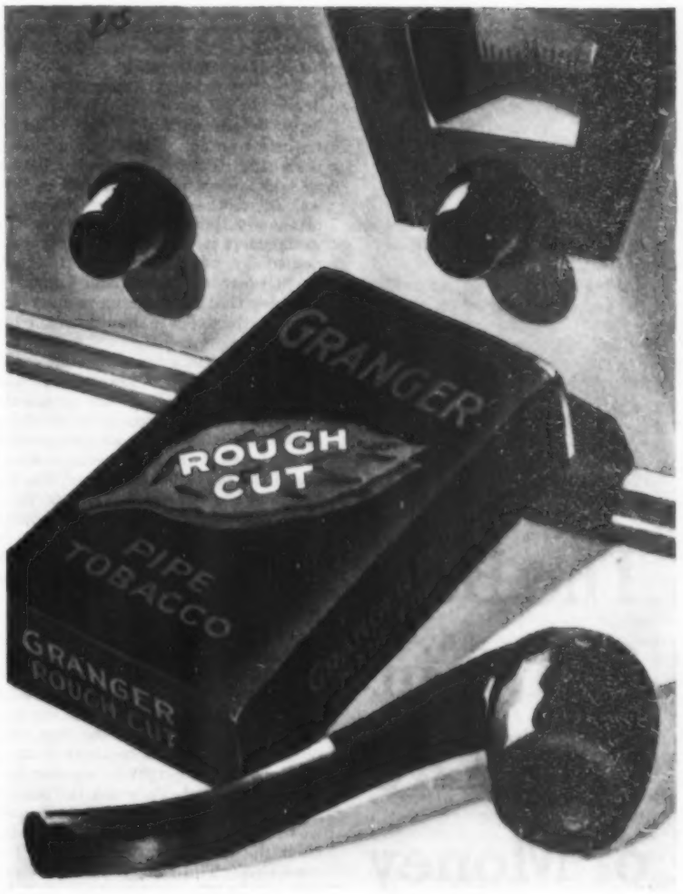
Hard and Soft Passenger Cars

As for the romantic adventure of Russian travel, here is another interesting custom which it is not the lot of the American tourist to experience. A man or a woman traveling alone, first class in the wagon lit, or Continental sleeping car, in which space is apportioned off in cozy, separate compartments, is more than likely to find himself or herself assigned to a compartment for the night with a member of the opposite sex. In Soviet law, men and women have equal rights; therefore, there are no fine distinctions in the matter of sex. Furthermore, compartments are arranged not only for two but also for four persons; so one who travels extensively is frequently invited to the experience of spending the night not only with one's husband but also with another man and woman in one single compartment. Once when I came down from Leningrad with my husband, three American engineers, together with a young, attractive woman unknown to them, were occupying a four-berth compartment in an international carriage.

Russian trains, in addition to the sleeping cars, also have soft wagons and hard wagons—in other words, cars that have cushioned seats and cars that do not. They are second and third class respectively. In these the passengers do not proceed with the formality of removing their clothes preparatory to sleeping, the principal reason being that no blankets or sheets are provided by the railroad. There is no drinking water on these cars, nor is there running water for sanitary purposes. Therefore, in soft and hard wagons one finds families fully equipped to set up light housekeeping and everything else that is regarded as necessary to human comfort.

Of course, when Americans travel, they do so fully equipped for every possible emergency, for at the close of the tourist season wagon-lit carriages are few and far between.

Closely allied to train travel in the U. S. S. R. is the experience of riding in the Russian trolleys in the principal cities—incidentally, another fascinating mine of material for adventure stories. Although to overlook a trolley ride in Russia is as glaring an oversight as to fail to ride in the New York subways in the course of the first visit to that city, tourists do not go in for it. Yet I can readily understand how, at first blush, they can be deterred. Russian trolleys are usually overcrowded, one risks life and limb to board them, and one's olfactory sense is certain to rebel at close proximity to the great, ragged, unwashed, proletarian public. But the persevering student of human nature is



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usually able to find somehow, somewhere, a trolley that is not too unbearable, and there he will learn much about Russian life and Soviet law.

The first practical application of the operation of Soviet protective social legislation in favor of women, of which we hear so much in the United States, that came to my attention in Russia was demonstrated on a trolley car. It was during the course of my first week in the republic, and as good fortune would have it, that day I was accompanied by my interpreter. I subsequently learned the language for myself in order that I might more fully appreciate the delicate shading of the life about me.

We were sitting quietly in our seats, the car had stopped to discharge and take on passengers, when suddenly there was a commotion up in the front of the car. The motorman, announcing in strident tones that passengers must board the car at the rear only, was attempting to block the efforts of a very-determined-looking young woman to get on in front. However, she seemed to feel that she was acting within her rights, and regardless of the man's words and gestures, mounted the platform and forthwith proceeded to produce the argument calculated to remove his objections. The argument which she advanced—one which was audible to every passenger, since both spoke in loud tones—was that she was *enceinte* and that it is the law that pregnant women and mothers of small children have the right to board trolley cars at the front. To which the motorman quickly responded that if such was the case, where was her certificate from the doctor stating it to be her condition? The woman said that she did not happen to have her medical certificate with her, but assured the motorman by all the gods that she was a candidate for the front entrance. So, in the presence of a carful of interested listeners, they debated in true Russian style and at considerable length, she claiming her rights under the law, he arguing that since she did not have her doctor's certificate he had no way of knowing whether or not she spoke the truth. Finally the motorman appealed to the passengers. Public opinion was *nichavo*—what does it matter?—let the woman get on the front end; so, with a shrug, he bowed to the proletarian decision.

When Honesty is the Best Policy

For many weeks, in the course of my studies of Russian life from inside the car window, I was struck with what I thought was a very admirable trait in the Russian character—one which, it seemed to me, had been little credited. Since in his veins runs a deep Asiatic strain, the virtue of honesty has never been considered to be a marked feature of his personality. Therefore, I was at a loss to account for the eagerness with which all patrons of the trolley system called the matter to the conductor's attention if he or she happened to overlook the collection of a fare. Russian conductors, male and female, are in a class by themselves when it comes to indifference and inefficiency, so it is a customary practice for fares to be overlooked. It certainly seemed to me that the passengers were wont to exert themselves unduly in order to pay their ten kopecks, considering that the cars are often packed as tight with people as a New York subway during a rush hour. Yet everyone seemed always to struggle manfully, at the risk of actual bodily hurt, to pay his fare and get his receipt. For days I rode in open-mouthed admiration of such whole-hearted exhibitions of honesty.

Then came the explanation for the zealous efforts I had been commending. It seems that it is Soviet custom to have an inspector board the cars at unexpected points along the routes and collect from each passenger the receipt he gets when he pays his fare. And woe to the passenger who has no receipt to show. He is fined heavily on the spot, and if he has not sufficient money, off he marches to jail. It is no wonder that in a country where the maximum wage is seventy-five dollars a month and the average about thirty dollars, the people make every effort to avoid fines. Still, perhaps, the law is fundamentally sound, for certainly I have never observed a race so helpfully concerned with the success of the operation of a trolley system.

Smiles for Americans

For example, it is a common event on any trolley car for the conductor to stand up front with a handful of bills that he or she has collected indiscriminately from the passengers, and say, "Who gets change for a five-ruble note?" "Who for a three-ruble note?" "A one?" And the passengers, in orderly fashion, speak up and the money is passed back, from hand to hand, to the owner of the change. Picture for a moment such a system on a public conveyance in New York, Chicago or Detroit! One day it even happened that a man had given a conductor a rather large bill, which she was unable to change. She, therefore, proposed to him that he ride along with her down to the transfer station, where she would be able to make change, and although he had intended getting off a mile back, he amiably agreed.

Perhaps the principal reason why I enthusiastically advocate trolley travel for visiting Americans who are students of human nature is because it was in the trolleys that I learned how misconceived were all my previous conceptions of the Russian character. In common with most western people, whose chief sources of information are the Russian novel, Russian graphic art, the Russian drama, and perhaps a superficial acquaintance with some of the revolutionary *émigrés* or agitators who drift to our shores, I had pictured the Russian as a dramatic, morbidly tragic person, possessed of keen intelligence and a tremendous cunning, but with such a subversively fatalistic attitude toward life that constantly sustained companionship with him was entirely too strenuous for comfort. The truth of the matter is, in my opinion, that the Russian, on his native soil, whether he be intelligentsia, worker, peasant or Communist, is no other than the true child of Nature, with all the fundamental characteristics of the child. True, he is emotional and fatalistic, but such is his heritage from a country of bloody history. But he is also instinctively gregarious, fun loving and friendly; his attitude toward his surroundings is ingenuousness itself, and he is naïvely trustful of kindly strangers. Even his faults of inefficiency—inability to tell the truth and lack of a Yankee sense of mortal sin—are characteristically childish weaknesses. I think the Russian is one of the most delightful creatures on the face of the globe. And who could help liking a people who display such wholehearted admiration for Americans as the Russian does? Truly, the tourist who bears grievances of a wounded ego from France or England can soothe his hurts by basking in the worshipful smiles of Russian citizens.

Indeed, in the course of riding on trolleys I have often had the feeling that I was part of a great, friendly family. It has never been an unusual experience to find that I was the object of interest on the part of the passengers, once they were certain that I was an American, and not English or German, and it was quite customary that I be addressed informally. For the Russian is always bursting with questions about America. For example, he wants to know when the revolution in America is to take place; the Russian press and the party leaders, in radio broadcasts and in speeches, announce that it will be any day now. He wants to know how much money my husband made in America, and why he came to Russia, where the life is hard; he inquires interestedly after the health of his favorite American authors, Mr. O. Henry and Mr. Jack London, and I am requested to give a complete and explicit list of prices of butter, eggs, bread, shoes, stockings and soap in America, as well as to describe at length and in detail the glories of that wonder city, New York. In fact, any American who feels disposed to talk, once the ice is broken, is given every opportunity that his command of the language permits to deliver impromptu little lectures on the economic conditions in America before a most responsive and eager trolley audience.

When the coin shortage first became acute in Soviet Russia several months ago, riding the trolleys took on an added zest. First of all, I was an American and did not understand what all the pother was about. Americans who live in Russia speedily learn to simulate noncomprehension of the native tongue in time of stress. Therefore, when I offered a one-ruble note in payment of my fare and the conductor was unable to give me proper change, I rode for nothing. It always involved a great deal of conversation, however, and the entire car was informed that I was *Amerikanka* and did not understand, and everyone would crane his neck in my direction and nod and smile pleasantly.

Ten Kopecks or Walk

But with fellow Russians it was an entirely different matter. If a man or woman did not happen to have the exact fare—ten kopecks—in hand, he or she was smartly ordered to get off the car and walk. And the car would stop and passengers with pockets bulging with bills would get off and walk. I was in a trolley in Moscow one day when one of the high officials of the government, who had an American car and a chauffeur at his disposal, happened to find it necessary to use the public means of conveyance. Unluckily he did not have the exact fare, so he meekly got off the car and walked to his destination. When one considers what it would mean if suddenly all the citizens of places the size of Detroit, or Philadelphia, or Cleveland, were to find themselves in the position of either being able to produce ten cents in actual change every time they patronized the cars or being obliged to walk to and from business each day, one can more clearly understand the hardship involved. There are no automobiles for the Russian citizen, and droshkys are prohibitive in price. But where, perhaps, in an American public conveyance there might be disorder, if not actual rioting, with the beating up of

a conductor or two, in Russian trolleys the people accepted the situation as just one more of the crosses which the process of the country's rebirth has put upon them.

Yet one can readily appreciate how business everywhere is paralyzed when all the small change of a country is removed from natural circulation. It means that you cannot buy in the shops, because cashiers cannot change your paper bills; you are denied admittance to the movies, the theater or the parks. You cannot even purchase a dozen eggs or a pound of butter at the public markets, because the peasants refuse to accept any currency except silver.

Such was the situation throughout Soviet Russia during the summer of 1930. And although the period of stress is not over at this writing, at least some relief is in sight. I doubt, however, if the tourists heard very much about it.

Various reasons have been advanced for the coin shortage, chief among them being the theory that many persons, including the peasants, suspicious of the authenticity of the paper ruble as legal tender, remembering their financial losses during the period of its inflation several years ago, have been gathering up and hoarding as many of the silver and copper coins as they have been able to lay their hands on. The fact that the government announced in the press that all citizens who were hoarding coins, unless they proceeded to put them into immediate circulation, would be considered as enemies to the public weal and dealt with accordingly, seems to lend substance to that hypothesis. Certainly, during the months of August and September, while groups of American economists were placidly touring down the Volga, or sunning themselves on the golden sands of the Russian Riviera, or standing in respectful admiration of the Russian crown jewels in the Kremlin, thousands of private homes in all the principal cities were being stealthily searched by the dread Soviet secret police, the G. P. U., and thousands and thousands of Russian citizens were bundled off to jail and many of them lined up and shot for the crime of hoarding, let us say, fifty dollars in silver! Although any tourist who was interested in glancing over the pages of Pravda would have read all about it, even to the names and the addresses of the men who were executed, I doubt if many did.

Food for Foreigners

Another interesting feature of Russian economic life during the spring and summer of 1930 which the American resident enjoyed to the full in company with his Russian neighbor was the food shortage. At this moment, all foreigners working in the U. S. S. R.—at least those who are living in the large cities—are as well provided with food as it is possible for the government, operating under its present policy, to arrange it. I may say, in passing, that it is doubtful if any of the Americans have now cause for complaint, for the Soviet is genuinely anxious to make its foreign technical experts and their families as comfortable as possible. The fact that for eight months the situation was far from pleasant was as much due to the indifference on the part of some American firms to the welfare of their foreign representatives as to the well-known Russian fault of procrastination. Be that as it may, the Americans who happened to be working under contract with the Soviet Government before the special stores for foreigners were opened and the restrictions of foodstuffs lifted, had the priceless opportunity of observing at first hand the efficacy of the government policy of rationing food to all its citizens—an opportunity that visiting economists, unfortunately, were not afforded.

For example, I will cite from personal knowledge: A group of American economists arrived in Kharkoff, the capital of the Ukraine, a thriving city of some 500,000 population, one day in July, in the course of a tour of Russia. One of the gentlemen encountered on the streets a young American woman he knew well, the daughter of an old friend back home. She was a member of the American colony in Kharkoff, her husband being under a three-year contract with the Russian Government as a mining engineer. The economist was invited to dinner at their apartment that evening.

More Russian Propaganda

The young American woman had been undergoing trying times, for up to September first all American technical experts, with the exception of a certain favored few, existed on food books which called for certain specified rations from the Russian Government stores in amount to conform to the rationing of Class A Russian workers, to which classification all foreign top-rank workers belonged. These rations for a man and his wife went something like this: Four pounds of butter a month, ten pounds of sugar a month, twenty eggs a month, varying quantities of flour and cereal foods such as oatmeal and barley, one bottle of alcohol—essential for operating the Russian primus stove—and one bottle of cooking oil. In July, moreover, the amount of rations for Class A workers was reduced, together with that of Class B and Class C workers, whose allotments were still more meager in the foodstuffs I am enumerating, with the result that the young American woman with whom my story is concerned had been allotted that month six pounds of sugar, three pounds of butter, no eggs and no alcohol.

Further, the stores seldom if ever had had fresh meat or fowl, or carried fresh vegetables, despite the fact that it was the height of the season for truck-garden products. The stores were frequently without such stand-bys as potatoes, onions and carrots. Oranges and lemons were not to be had anywhere, milk was fifty cents a quart, and cocoa $4.50 a pound. Of course in the open peasant market one could—and still can—purchase sugar at $1.25 a pound, butter at $3.50 a pound, eggs at eighteen cents apiece, chickens at $5 apiece and the coarsest cuts of meat at $2 a pound and up. But since the majority of Americans have been lured to Russia with the idea of saving money and not spending it, least of all on sugar and butter, it had been the practice of the American colony at Kharkoff, once their quotas of staples were exhausted at the government store, to do without them. So the prospective hostess knew that she had no butter to offer her guest that evening for his bread, and no sugar to sweeten his tea. She had, however, spent five dollars for a chicken, rice was to be had at the government store, and there was the usual cabbage and radishes. Dessert was taboo.

Quite casually, in the course of the conversation at dinner that evening, she happened to remark to her guest that the food situation was indeed very unpleasant for Americans in Russia. To which he agreed, saying that, as a matter of fact, he had been obliged to consult a physician. Both the young engineer and his wife commiserated, although they were not unduly surprised. American residents of Russia had frequent occasion to consult physicians regarding their diet during the shortage.

"Yes," went on the economist in sprightly fashion, "I found that I had been eating entirely too much."

"Too much!" shrieked his hosts. And then the story was out. It seemed that the economist was stating actual facts. He and his party had been living on the fat of the land. They had been wined and dined lavishly; the most succulent dishes had been put before them; their tables groaned with luxurious plenitude everywhere they went. The poor man was thunderstruck. This was actually the first time he had so much as even heard of food rations and a food shortage. I hardly need recount the remainder of the conversation that evening. It suffices to say that one American economist has been fully acquainted with interesting facts regarding Soviet Russia's economic situation.

Food Queues Everywhere

And while we are on the subject of food, let me clarify the matter of queues, or food lines, for you. In America one hears vague tales from time to time regarding the long lines of people who are to be seen standing outside the government stores everywhere throughout the Soviet land. Now, the fact that the Soviet Government has chosen to ration food and clothing among its people in meager quantities, and the fact that the Russians are content to endure hunger and privation and almost inhuman sacrifice from our western point of view in order that the Five-Year Plan may succeed, is certainly no more the resident American's affair, so long as it does not concern his own well-being, than it is the affair of the Soviet Government how the United States may dictate its economic policies at home. But from the humanitarian angle this matter of food lines, or queues, is everyone's affair. When a woman faints in line after having waited for five or six hours to buy her daily quota of bread; when the mother of a family has to rise from her bed at two A.M. and hurry to a shop in order that perhaps some twelve hours later she may be among the first to purchase a pair of stockings for her child or herself; when peasants who have put in a full day's work before the dawn must spend the hours that they should rightfully have for rest standing in line for the supplies which a store has long since exhausted; when such a brutal system of unconcern for the public well-being exists, certainly there is cause for severe censure. And here I should like to make a prophecy.

Year by year, in the Soviet Union, in the leading cities, the servant problem is becoming more acute. The untrained peasant girls who now cook the dinners and clean the apartments and stand in the food lines for the proletariat for twelve dollars a month are becoming fewer in number. They are getting their trade-union cards and are applying to the factories for work. They quite rightly regard it as a more pleasant, not to say more remunerative, sphere of life. For do not factory workers have all sorts of delightful special privileges, such as factory restaurants, community apartment houses, clubhouses, reading rooms, entertainments and wages up to seventy dollars a month?

The Soviet Servant Problem

Servants do not enjoy standing in line the better part of every day before the government stores, exposed to the chill blasts of winter or the daily, unexpected rains which are peculiar to Russian summer climatic conditions, in order to procure one day's supply of rations for their employers, particularly in the face of such alluring prospects as factory employment.

The day is speedily coming when the busy man of affairs in Moscow will wake up some morning to discover that unless he hastens in person down to the food store for something to eat, there will be no breakfast or dinner for him that day. After he spends just one day, or certainly two at the most, of standing in a long, wavering line for five hours, and then waits perhaps another hour at the counter while the clerk cogitates over how he is going to cut the few grams of butter that is everyone's portion, or stops to discuss informally with a coworker the matter of stacking up a few paper bags of grain, and then, when he is actually waited upon, being informed that he can only buy enough rations for one day at a time, so that the whole torturous process must be undergone twenty-four hours later—when, I repeat, some of the Soviet Government officials taste the joys of the queues for a day or two, then something drastic to abolish them will be done in a hurry. I have no doubt that immediately after they begin to take steps, Pravda will print long columns of the names of gentlemen sentenced to be shot as hagmers of the country's efficiency by allowing queues. Just recently such was the fate of forty-eight men accused of interfering with the delivery of meat to proper points of consumption. Surely nothing less should satisfy those who have suffered for many years without succor from the bureaucratic indifference of men who today adopt the policy of "the public be damned."

In conclusion, here is a titbit which I got from a Soviet guide who spent a busy summer piloting tourists about Moscow. He said that he was taking a large, very inquisitive group of Americans through the city, when a portly matron pointed to a long line of people standing in front of a government food store and excitedly inquired what they were doing.

To which the guide replied: "Why, madam, yesterday was pay-day, and today, as you see, the people are waiting to put their money in the bank."

Which explanation, he said, satisfied everyone.

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 17)

traffic; crowds, theaters—home! The girl's lips trembled suddenly, and human feeling filled her, and she set her teeth and smiled.

"Thank you," she said, "Christopher! How are you going to amuse yourself till breakfast?"

"Bill and I'll start breaking trail. We'll have to camp here for a day or so, on the off chance that planes come looking for us. Don't take it too hard if they don't; I was all wrong about the position of this lake. So it's my job to get us out."

He was quite matter-of-fact, impersonal. The wave of feeling died. She answered tonelessly, "All right. I'll see what I can do."

She found a stick and hunted a ruined wall. You couldn't see iguanas unless they moved; you hunted for the holes that they might use. Davison and her father came, but they were clumsy hunters too. They moved too noisily, and the small dragons flashed away too fast. It was an hour before Sylvester Maring got one.

Almost immediately his daughter got another; whacked it and broke its spine before it gained its refuge. But it didn't stop. Its forelegs dragged it on desperately; she saw its scaly little fingers clutching, queerly like human hands. She caught its tail that could no longer thrash, saw its white underthroat that gulped for breath, saw its helpless little eyes, and she whacked it grimly against a rock, for she was a stronger animal and needed food.

Kane's shotgun banged, surprisingly close by; in all this time they hadn't pushed five hundred yards.

Then she became aware of something else. That sharp report had stopped all other sounds; it was as if all life had stopped to listen. Nothing rustled. Nothing moved. In the bright sunlight the iguanas froze and became invisible. That was the way the jungle lived—between remorseless hunger and grim, instant fear.

She left the men to clean the lizards; she was a little sick. She went and sat on the great stone steps by the still water. She could hear the sound of chopping, still not far away, slow, slow. She saw the shape of the wrecked airplane yonder, cocked in the flat water, trapped in a flash of time, frozen to immobility forever. Forever? What did that mean? You felt time moving in you, but forever didn't move. You tried to stay alive, but time closed on you, leaving no trace at last.

She went back up the steps and cooked the lizards. Kane and Bill came back, sweating, measurably more cheerful; work had diverted them. Afterward Davison insisted on his turn with the machete.

Kane looked at him and felt his pulse, and said, "Nothing doing. You've got fever."

Davison said sardonically, "That's just too bad. I may not be a jungle expert, Mr. Kane, but I don't have to ask you how I feel. I'll take my turn."

"I wish I had a cigarette," sighed Bill.

Kane took out a plump tobacco pouch. He had his own pipe in his mouth, but it was empty. "Chew a few grains of this," he offered. Davison grinned and opened his cigarette case. There were two cigarettes in it.

"Miss Maring?" She shook her head. "Fifty-fifty, then, Bill." He gave the mechanic one and lighted one himself, using two matches.

Kane said dryly, "How many matches have you got left?"

"One," said Davison. "Sad, isn't it?"

"Not very," said the big man imperturbably. "I've got a lighter and a flask of gasoline. I'm only suggesting that it's a good idea not to waste what you've got when you can't get any more."

"I'm practically in tears," said Davison. "Are you trying to spoil my last cigarette for me?"

All that day, and the next day, and the next, they sat there by the blank, unstirring lake, two of the men chopping farther and farther off into the bush, while the others waited—more and more silent, hoping less and less for a swift roar of power from the sky. More and more, as they forgot to move or speak, the jungle took them in. The very insects crawled and stung with greater insolence.

The second night more than one pair of luminescent eyes stared at them from the dark; the third, a dappled cat, made bold by curiosity, crept out into the firelight. Lois Maring screamed. Kane woke and snatched a blazing stick and hurled it, and the cat vanished.

Davison woke and asked, "What was it?"

"A jaguar," said the girl, and was ashamed to find her voice unsteady. "Not a very big one, and I don't believe it would have hurt us; they're afraid of fire. I guess it was just inquisitive. Silly of me to yell like that."

"Best thing you could have done," said Kane.

Davison sat silent for a moment. Then, his eyes sardonic, he took out his useless automatic pistol and tossed it to Kane.

"In view of everything," he said, "maybe you'd better take this. It's got more impact than bird shot—when it's loaded."

The big man caught it, and his blue, impassive eyes studied the other. Seeming to reach a decision, he took out the clip of cartridges and slipped it in, and handed the pistol back.

Davison said sardonically, "You trust me with it?"

"I don't think you'll lose your head again. Just one tip, though: Don't try to shoot one of those cats unless you have to. They're a lot easier to scare than to kill."

"Thanks so much," said the military man. "Just one tip, though, Mr. Kane: I appreciate your superior knowledge, but I'm not a cat. I'm easier to kill than to scare."

"I'll keep it in mind," said Kane.

And even Sylvester Maring, who had fretted once about this animosity, lay down and went to sleep again.

On more than one point—outwardly at least—Davison had been forced to yield, but his attitude hadn't changed in the least particular. He wouldn't acknowledge Kane. The heavy dew had showed him the necessity of cutting up the fabric of the rubber boat for them all to sleep on; he had done it, not because Kane was right, but because he, Davison, could see the wisdom of it. He suffered for tobacco, but he wouldn't take any of Kane's. He said mockingly that he could stand the consequence of his own wastefulness.

Kane made no effort to placate him. Stone and steel, they worked together, grimly. There were times when Lois Maring hated both of them.

But she got used to it. You did get used to things—like being dirty; trying to wash your underclothes without soap, afraid to scrub them much, for there would be no more when these were gone. Like killing things—killing small animals that couldn't defend themselves, but wanted only to escape. That was the way the jungle lived. Birds ate insects and themselves were eaten, and their eaters died and fed the insects and the jungle roots. Life? There was plenty of it, and it had no purpose but to feed itself.

On the fourth day they had to leave the lake. The trail was cut too far; it was no longer possible to come back at night. It didn't matter. There was no longer hope of rescue. They must make their effort now, while strength remained—while they still had a little salt. Civilized stomachs wearied soon enough of meat, some of it very queer to taste, all of it freshly killed; without salt it would be unbearable.

Their strength would fail, and stronger animals would eat them without salt. It was no longer very shocking to imagine. Lois Maring, trudging through stifling hours along the narrow corridor the men had hacked into the underbrush, tried to remember streets and houses, a free, ordered world where people lived; and she remembered the green mounds about the lake that had been palaces and temples once—the heart of a peopled city once. How long ago? A thousand, fifteen hundred years; it didn't matter. Time itself had no measurement. It passed a tiny point you called the present, and its motion stopped.

Motion was life. It didn't mean much, but it helped you not to think. You were an animal, alive; you felt your muscles, felt a grim purpose in you—to go on. What for? Because you could. You could beat back the blind, unknowing fronds of green that tried to stop you, cut them if necessary, and go on. There was relief, a savage satisfaction in it. Let them claw at you, catch your flesh with thorns; you could go on. You felt the pain because you were alive.

Bill, the mechanic, felt the pain too much. Oh, not the pain alone; he could stand pain. A puckered scar along his scratched red forearm showed how cruelly machinery had hurt him once; he hadn't blamed machinery for that. He understood machinery. It had meaning. But this stifling forest had no purpose and no sense. You hacked and hacked, and it was still the same. You only made a longer distance for your legs to toil, a longer lane of thorns to struggle through, dragging your muscles to their daily torture.

It was that afternoon that Bill went berserk. He was taking his turn with the machete, hacking and hacking at the blind green stuff that prisoned them, when his drained nerves were flooded suddenly with desperation. He began to scream, a hoarse, inhuman sound of blasphemy, slashing insanely right and left.

Davison tried to stop him, and he tried to slash at Davison. It took the combined effort of the three men to pinion him and wrench the deadly blade out of his hand.

Then Bill went limp, and they released him. He didn't fall; he only stood there, looking at them. Lois Maring couldn't stand it. She'd never seen a human being whipped—beaten beyond resistance, utterly afraid. She couldn't stand it. She put her arms around him, begging, "Cry, Bill. You'll feel better. Cry. Don't be ashamed. We're all in the same boat. Go on and cry, and then we'll all buck up again."

But Bill wasn't built that way. His throat worked and his squat, sweating body twitched under her soothing hands, but he couldn't find the womanish relief of tears. He was a male.

XIII

SHE was aware of Kane's impassive eyes, watching her, disapproving. He seemed to think she oughtn't to waste sympathy on a man who had gone to pieces. She remembered how he had let her scream and scream in the first onrush of disaster, until he'd begun to fear she wouldn't be able to stand up and carry her own weight. Then he had slapped her out of it—coldly, with exact brutality. And when she had given up, when she had yielded to his overwhelming strength and wept—when a little tenderness might have saved her self-respect, he had thrust her roughly on her father.

He wasn't human. But Bill was. The squat mechanic wasn't pretty, but he had done his best. Was it his fault if his nerves cracked under an unfamiliar strain? Give him a little rest, a little cheerful kidding, and he'd try again.

She led him back to a clearer space under the trees and made him sit with her, soothing him.

He croaked, "We'll never get out. We'll never get out."

"Oh, yes, we will," said Lois Maring. "It's a long job, that's all. Hard work. I bet you can stand more of it than most men; you look awfully strong. But swinging a machete is tiresome, isn't it? There must be quite a knack to it. I remember an old peon on dad's last expedition—we called him Methuselah; he looked a hundred and fifty, and you'd have thought he was ready to fall apart, but he could sure make a machete sing. Want a sip of water?"

"Yes'm."

"Give me your pocketknife."

He gave it to her and watched with dull curiosity while she squirmed lithely into the bushes and hacked off a thick liana hanging from a tree and brought a piece of it and held it to his sunburned lips. A few clear drops of water trickled into his mouth. He didn't want a few drops, he wanted gallons, but he knew the big guy wouldn't let him have it. They had only two canteens, and the lake was a long way back.

He groaned, "I wisht I had a cigarette. I can't get no kick out of eatin' pipe tobacco."

"You shall have it," said the girl cheerfully, and went to Kane. "Get big-hearted, Christopher, just this once. Bill needs a cigarette. Got an old letter in your pocket? Any kind of paper; we're not particular. . . . Dad, give me a bit out of your notebook."

Kane handed her his lighter and his precious pouch, and turned back to his chopping—pointedly, she thought; he didn't approve of wasting tobacco, or wasting sympathy; he only humored her because she was a woman.

Well, let him! Bill was grateful. Bill's dull eyes were brightening perceptibly as she went back and curled her legs to a seat on the ground beside him. He watched her graceful hands try to roll him a cigarette.

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"You better let me do that. The big guy'll bawl us out if we waste his tobacco."

"That would be terrible," she laughed, and aimed a small grimace at Kane's back.

And Kane turned and saw it. His impassive face made her defiantly exaggerate her solicitude. She held the lighter for Bill's cigarette and let it burn a little longer than it needed to, smiling into Bill's grateful eyes. She felt Kane watching her. His heavy blade swung and his hands pulled back the fallen stuff for Davison and her father to dispose of, and his eyes came past them, watching with disapproval.

But solid tree trunks presently shut off the working men; the noise of chopping stopped, began again, far off; they'd found an open space for their advance. How far? Why was she suddenly uneasy? Bill felt better now. He sat relaxed against a tree, his short, bowed legs in their tattered dungarees thrust out; and his eyes rested on her, not with disapproval.

She asked brightly, "Where do you call home?"

"Chicago."

"Married?"

And instantly she knew how Bill took that. She didn't mean it to be personal; she was just groping for some commonplace, something to break the awful isolation, put them in touch with sane reality again.

Bill grinned and answered, "Not to hurt."

He wasn't pretty. Cleanliness had never been a mania with him; now, his hard face grimed with sweat and dirt and five days' growth of blackish beard, his torn, oil-stained, sweat-incrusted clothes showing hard muscle under hairy skin, he wasn't pretty. He was strong. She got up, smiling, and his eyes appreciated every movement.

"Let's go and see what's going on."

"Aw," he grinned, "what's the hurry? We're sittin' pretty. Let somebody else do a little work."

He sat between her and the distant sound of chopping. She would have to step over his legs. Dared she? He made no move to withdraw them; only sat and grinned at her.

And Christopher Kane came into view, his big machete dangling from its thong, his left hand negligently swinging a thick length of sapling, like a walking stick.

"Bill," he said, "what's the first thing an airman does after he crashes?"

"Huh?" said Bill.

"Goes right up again, doesn't he?"

"What of it?" said Bill, glowering.

"It's good for the nerves. You go and take a little workout." Kane unslung the machete from his right wrist and offered it—with his left hand; it was his right hand now that gripped the sapling.

"What's the idea?" snarled Bill. "It ain't my turn."

"Oh, yes, it is. You didn't finish out. You quit. You're fresh enough. Too fresh," added Kane gently, and then grinned. "Go on, Bill! Don't be a nut."

Bill took the machete and got up—suddenly. But Kane towered over him. Kane's grin faded, and his heavy boots shifted a little, and the stick was poised across his body, resting lightly on the fingers of his free hand. Dimly, absurdly, Lois Maring wondered if the man played tennis. That was the way you held a tennis racket, ready to strike from either side.

Bill turned and went. She said perversely, "Too bad he didn't give you an excuse to club him, isn't it?"

Kane held out his hand for the tobacco pouch and lighter, and it angered her to realize how automatically she obeyed the gesture. As if she were a child! Perversely, now, she knew his interference hadn't been needed. Bill hadn't said or done anything really offensive. It was her own nerves that had tricked her—the feel of the jungle crowding on her.

Kane said gravely, "I'd be careful, Lois."

"Yes," said the girl, "you would."

"If you want something to do, gather a little firewood. There's room to camp ahead. Just bring it there."

"I suppose you'll club me if I don't?"

"No," said Kane. "No, I won't club you, Lois."

And he went after Bill. What could she do? She couldn't follow him like a peevish child. She couldn't walk in the other direction; that went nowhere but the lake, far off, dead with its weight of centuries. And she couldn't stand there doing nothing, all alone.

You had to do something—something to remind yourself that you were human. Her hands trembled, but that wasn't fear; that was just anger. Her knees trembled, ranging along the breach in the bush, hunting dry sticks.

She wasn't afraid. She knew the jungle; it was merely woods—too vast, too thick, too rankly growing, that was all. Why did she keep wanting to look behind her? Nothing was there. Why did she dread to reach into the bushes? You could be stung by something poisonous anywhere, alone or not. Why did she keep looking up into the trees? If there were pythons, they'd be paralyzed with fear at this unusual commotion, the strange sight of human animals. They couldn't reach her anyway. The branches were too high.

She only hated to be left alone. It was broad daylight, and the forest roof didn't shut out the sun; long beams of glowing silver slanted in, glowing on living green. Nothing was human here. Nothing was here but life, life with no purpose but to go on living, procreate itself, unreasoning. And how was human life superior? Only in consciousness. Only in mastery of itself, knowledge of inner darknesses where things could rise, unreasoning, more terrible than pythons. That was the fear the jungle laid on you. That was why people dared not be alone. You needed human eyes to keep you sane, make you remember human dignity.

She needed human eyes to steady her, to make her be herself, the Lois Maring she remembered—flippant, modern, self-contained, not just a frightened female animal.

She wouldn't run. She walked, a step at a time, gripping the wood so tightly that it cut into her arms; she didn't notice that. She felt thorns catch her dress, but they couldn't stop her. Let the fabric tear; she could go on. Walking. She dared not run. Fear would leap on her shoulders if she did, and ride her shamefully into the presence of four human beings.

Victory! She saw them, and the jungle hadn't made her run. They didn't notice anything. Kane saw her, nodded approvingly and told her where to put the wood—absently, as if she were a child. She threw it down abruptly and went back for more.

These four self-centered males! They felt so virtuous because they did the heavy work, because she was a woman and not strong enough to chop effectively. They didn't know how hard it was to be the only woman. She didn't want any credit; she could do her share. She carried wood until her father cried, "My dear, we shan't camp here all winter! That's enough."

Davison was kinder. He said gallantly, "We'll have a roaring fire tonight, and crack all the chestnuts we can remember."

Bill was in the bush, behind Kane, taking the fallen stuff and ramming it savagely aside. They had to keep the rearward trail open, at least till they found water nearer than the lake.

Bill, too, felt a galling loneliness of inferiority. He was used to taking orders, and the rest were used to giving them. And he was tired of it. Who paid him wages here?

This big guy was the worst. "Do this! Do that!" Swelling around like he was the general manager or something. Butting in, just when you were getting somewhere with the jane; bawling you out and chasing you back to work. Showing you up. And the jane liked it; you could tell that by the way she looked at him. Mosquitoes didn't mark him up. He didn't need a shave; he let 'em grow. Heat didn't drive him crazy, make a fool of him in front of everybody. Big, strong guy, he thought he was—just as high hat as he had been before the world went smash.

Bill looked back wistfully at the fire. The jane and her old man were cooking supper—more half-raw meat, no bread, not even enough salt; the big guy wouldn't let 'em use enough. And Davison flat on his back, taking it easy. What if he did have a little fever? He, Bill, felt miserable too.

He croaked, "I'm quittin'. I'm all in."

Kane, chopping steadily, said over his shoulder, "Rest a little, if you're tired. You can catch up."

"You think I'm goin' to work all night?"

"It'll be all night with us if we don't work all day. No five o'clock whistle here."

"Says you!" snarled Bill.

The big man faced about and looked at him with hard blue eyes. "If you want it that way," he said, "says me."

Bill's eyes fell. He worked sullenly, his gaze fixed on the ground. The woods were dimming now toward sundown, and the butterflies came out, gay, irresponsible, like lovely, senseless thoughts in a weary brain.

XIV

MORNING and evening they came out and danced, wavering, fluttering, going nowhere; vanishing like an illusion. They had no need to go anywhere. Life was enough for them, life that was measured by half hours, confined to narrow spaces under blind, living green. The jungle had no use for space except to fill it. Only these five trapped human animals remembered distances, remembered free horizons, fighting the blind green stuff that prisoned them.

They were half mad with that baffled need. They killed to eat, for they were animals. They found a choked *cenote* in the bush, a limestone spring where other animals came down to drink; and they fell on it with queer creature noises, drank till they were sick, built their red fire and rested there, for they had bodies and could suffer thirst. There was plenty of water. They could have stayed there, having everything their bodies needed—water to drink, steel to supply their lack of fighting teeth and claws, skins that would toughen when their tattered clothes were gone, brains that could learn the craft to keep from being eaten. But they struggled on, for they were human and remembered distances.

The memory grew dim in Bill, the mechanic. He was used to living with his hands, and his hands served him here. He seldom spoke. His gaze was seldom lifted from the ground. It flicked at Kane sometimes, and sometimes at the woman. That was instinct. That was all.

But Arnold Davison, a pilot of the air, knew the need strongly; fear of death couldn't wipe out the memory of freedom. Lois Maring, feeling strange inner darknesses, no longer very terrible, pinned her thoughts bravely to a far-off world where people danced and laughed and hid their thoughts with words. Her father, weakest of them all, too old, too old to meet a thing like this, had mental distances the jungle couldn't close. Here, somewhere in the bush, were palaces and temples that had stood a thousand years, holding a secret he might read before he died.

And Kane? He was the strongest, knew the jungle best; his body didn't seem to suffer much. His sunburned skin was clear. If his mouth was drawn his golden beard could hide it. Only his eyes grew strange. He drove himself and drove them all—drove till the darkness fell, and drove again at dawn. Toward what? His eyes held more than the fear of death, and more than eagerness.

One day they gained a mile, and one day ten; the forest opened here. It closed again. They struggled on, northward by pocket compass, and that night they had to dig up roots for room to lie. That night, for the first time, even the big man's eyes were dull, uncertain.

But in the night he leaped to his feet and shouted, roared with strange words into the muffling dark:

"*Uinic ah Mayaa! Ahtohil! Ahoni!*"

Then his eyes woke. Sylvester Maring saw him across the fire, blinking, confused.

"I—I yelled, didn't I?"

"I'll say you did," snarled Davison. "What's the idea? Something bite you?"

"I—must have been dreaming." Kane sat down; his hands were shaking. "I had the feeling it was somewhere close. I—think it's over there somewhere." He gestured, hesitant.

"It?" said the sardonic Davison.

"The village. The ruins." Kane's eyes were curiously averted; he seemed somehow shamed, embarrassed. "Did anybody hear just what I said?"

"You called," Sylvester Maring told him. "In Maya. I didn't know you spoke the language."

"I don't," said Kane, his eyes evasive. "I've got no head for languages. I—picked up a smattering when I was here before, but I forgot it. Queer, isn't it, that I could remember it in my sleep?"

"The subconscious," said the scientist, "never forgets anything. What did you dream, exactly?"

But the big man's eyes were wary, masked, impassive now; he was awake. "I don't remember. It's all fading out. Mixed up, you know. What did I say, exactly?"

"You yelled, 'Men of Maya! Lover of justice! The well-dressed!'"

Kane grinned, but the humor didn't reach his eyes. "Well-dressed? That hardly applies to us, does it? And it can't mean the Indians. Must be a couple of other fellows." He stared into the thickset vegetation, backward and eastward from their course. "I've got the feeling that they're somewhere close."

"I've got it too," said the girl suddenly. "Maybe it's just suggestion; maybe I just imagine it because I'm crazy to see something human. But ——" Her voice trembled. "Yell again, won't you? Try!"

Kane tried. He roared, "Hello! Is anybody there?"

But the dead night refused the English words, made them too strange to hear. The girl leaped up and loosed a clear soprano scream: "Help! Help!" They heard it vanish, meaningless. Life had no value here.

And the dawn came, and the bright butterflies filled all the narrow spaces, dancing in mockery of these haggard human things. They sat and gazed at one another, listless, uncertain. Should they go back?

Kane offered nothing. Davison wanted to go on, northward, where they were sure to reach some human place if they lived long enough. Sylvester Maring was almost exhausted, but his life was lived with purpose, something beyond the weakness of his body. He was an archæologist. He might be passing by the great discovery of his career, something a hundred men had died in vain to learn.

He said, "I've got no right to ask you to turn back. But I'm afraid I can't hold out much longer. Maybe we can find the Indians."

Lois Maring said, "Let's try. How about it, Christopher? Still got your feeling?"

"Yes," said Kane.

Davison said bitterly, "That's a majority. Come on, Bill; Mr. Kane's got a hunch again. Let's go and hunt the well-dressed Indians."

Bill said nothing. His red eyes flicked once at Kane and once at the woman. He got up and followed.

They went back to where the forest opened, so that they could push eastward without too much hacking. Here and there, in this more open bush, there were dim trails; even the forest animals must walk somewhere. On one of these the big man turned, unhesitating, though it bore no sign of human use; no sign at all but a few tiny hoof marks.

"*Jabali*," said Kane. "Wild hogs. If we catch up with them, don't try to run; just climb the first thing you can reach—three or four feet'll be enough. They're not very big, but they cut your legs from under you and then tear you up."

"Sweet thought," said Davison. "Must we follow them?"

"I think this is the way," said Kane.

They shouted, and the sound of their strange voices made the jungle still. They were aware of life about them always—life that was mere life and nothing more. It grew out of the ground, senseless and fearless, or it flew or crept or burrowed, and was paralyzed with fear at the strange noises of these alien animals that were not satisfied to be alive. They heard the whir of frantic wings. Then they became aware that something followed them, creeping and rustling when they moved, stopping when they stopped.

"Jaguar, I guess," said Kane. "Sometimes they creep along like that for miles. But it's just curiosity. I never heard of one attacking a man in daylight."

They shouted, and it stopped. They moved, and it came on again, keeping its distance. It was trying to the nerves—that stealthy creeping. Davison jerked out his pistol.

"Save it," said Kane. "How many cartridges have you got left?"

"Three," snapped Davison.

"It might not be enough," said Kane. "Or you might find a better use for them."

Davison snarled. His inborn arrogance resented this unceasing interference, this persistent supervision, and his nerves were sick with heat and indigestion and the poisons of fatigue; his brain was flooded suddenly with rage. He snarled aloud, like an animal. He bared his teeth, gripping the automatic, glaring into the bush.

And something whistled through the air, whipped past his face and whipped into the foliage, passing too quickly for the eye to see.

XV

DAVISON had never heard the whisper of an arrow; his reaction was involuntary. The pistol banged. Kane bellowed, "Stop! That's an Indian!" Davison said between his teeth, "I thought it was a canary," and fired again. But Kane's big hand had struck the pistol up. Davison wrenched at it, and the last bullet wasted itself on empty air.

The shock of the detonations faded, and nothing came. He heard Kane saying queerly, "Davison! Davison! Listen to me. Look friendly!"

"Friendly?" said Davison. "I'll kill you. That's a promise."

"You'll be saved the trouble," said the big man, smiling queerly, "if they get the notion that we're human—and dangerous. We've already scared 'em. That's bad."

This hot, sun-spotted bush might hide a thousand Indians as well as one. But nothing came; no rush of attacking bodies, no singing whisper through the air. If human life was there, it had been paralyzed with fear like all the jungle.

Kane was saying swiftly, "Doctor Maring, please translate for me. I can't remember all the words—can't think fast enough, and we've got to think fast. Tell 'em we're not angry. Tell 'em not to be scared. Tell 'em Votan has come again."

"Vo——" said the archæologist, and stared.

"Votan. That's what they called me when I came before." Kane's eyes were oddly shamed, embarrassed. "It's—the name of one of their gods. You know, they're—not used to white men, and I guess they think no human could be as big as I am. Superstitious, I mean. They ——"

Now Sylvester Maring understood. He had known jungle Mayas, called, by the scornful urban halfbreeds, savages. They were not savages. They were a poor lost remnant of an ancient race that had built palaces and temples once, and worshiped gods as definite as the gods of ancient Rome. He knew the figure of the god Votan—called Kukulcan, the Feathered Serpent, the Fair God they shared in legend with the Aztecs of the north—a blue-eyed, golden-bearded deity, healer and builder, symbol of the sun.

Blue-eyed and bearded, as no Indian ever was. No wonder Kane had awed them—this big, blue-eyed, yellow-whiskered engineer from Kansas! Maring smiled.

"Of course. Of course that's what they'd think."

Kane grinned, but the grin didn't reach his eyes. They watched and listened. Maring shouted, trying to make his voice august and kindly, as befitted the announcement of a god.

And the sun poured in silence on the hot, unstirring bush.

"It's the gunshots," said Kane. "I had a gun when I was here, and they know it can kill things; they never did get over being scared of it. Look friendly, all of you. Smile if you can. Try again, doctor. Tell 'em we just shot off the thunder to let 'em know we're here. Say, 'It is Votan who calls to you with thunder. We who come with him are his brothers, and we are not angry. We await our children.'"

Davison said sardonically, "Gods, are we? And got children? This is so sudden!"

"Don't sneer," said Kane. "Use your head, Davison. They don't know what you say, but they can see your face."

That was an unreal thought to Lois Maring—that this grim, uncaring forest might have human eyes. She could imagine human bodies, yes—flitting brown animals that moved like men, killing to eat and to keep from being eaten. But human eyes? Eyes that could mirror human thought, deepen with human understanding? That was the need she felt with almost frantic tensity. She searched for them, saw nothing, felt that nothing human ever could have been here.

Kane murmured in her ear, "Don't fidget, Lois. Gods are supposed to have plenty of patience. Smile and be still."

She tried. And eyes came into view, abjectly, warily. Not human eyes. The shapes were human, yes—shadowy, jungle-lean and almost jungle-naked, with dull, toughened skin that almost matched the forest shadows; and they had weapons to supply the lack of jungle teeth and claws. Each of them gripped in his right hand a short, crude throwing stick, with a short, stone-tipped arrow set on its hooked lower tip, gripped in the same hand, ready to be loosed in the swift throwing motion.

Her father cried, "The *hulche!*" and his eyes fastened eagerly on the throwing sticks. Uncomprehendingly their eyes glanced too. Not human eyes. Jungle eyes, black, blank, without pupils; wary and quick to move, but without comprehension. They stared at you and made it hard to smile.

"The *hulche!*" cried the archæologist. "I've seen pictures of them, but I've never seen a modern tribe that used them. May I ask them to show me?"

"Hardly," said Kane. "They might use us as targets. They're still afraid. Tell them to lead us to the—I forget his name; they call him 'the real man.' How do you say that?"

"*Halach uinic?*"

"Something like that," nodded the big man. "Tell them."

Maring tried. But those black, frightened eyes had no perception of his human quality, seemed not to recognize his effort at human speech. He said helplessly, "Maybe they're

Quichés. I don't know the Quiché dialect."

"I don't know what they are. But I remember that they separate their syllables more than you do—when they talk at all, which is seldom. I guess they don't have much to say."

The old man tried again. And a voice answered him, flat, without resonance; it didn't sound like human speech. Kane asked, "What did he say?"

"Something about your mouth. I know!" cried the archæologist, his practiced mind completing the connection. "He asked why your mouth doesn't look at them—why you speak to me, but not to them. What shall I say? It wouldn't do to say you've forgotten their language, would it? Gods don't forget."

"Tell them I want to see the—what did you call him?—the 'real man.'"

"*Halach uinic.* It simply means the village ruler."

"He's realer than they are, anyway. Tell them."

And Doctor Maring, feeling the slow darkness of the minds behind those groping eyes, spoke slowly, breaking the sentence into the single sounds they knew for speech; flattened his cultured voice to the dull tonelessness their ears might hear less strangely. And they seemed to understand. They looked at Kane.

The big man grinned and said in English, "It's all right. Go on. Get going!"

They seemed satisfied that he had spoken to them directly. They turned back and slipped into the bush.

There was no trail, and they had nothing to chop with, but their skins were tough; they simply wriggled through. They looked back apprehensively at the sharp, slashing sound of Kane's machete, but they waited. Maybe they understood that gods had no need to wriggle, but could blast a way with violence.

They knew no steel. They were survivors of an age of stone, descendants of a breed that had built palaces and temples once; and the dead sea of time had drained away and left them stranded here. They were not savages. Sylvester Maring's expert eye saw the stone arrow tips, the clumsy carving of the wooden quivers, the childish decoration of the throwing sticks, and knew they were not primitive. Clumsy the weapons were, and poorly made, but they bore traces of conventions very ancient now—meaningless now; an ancient art decadent, dead.

The trees grew taller here; Sylvester Maring knew the soil was deeper. In this land the growth had little majesty, its roots blocked everywhere by solid rock. The whole peninsula of Yucatan was solid rock, that had been sea floor once—not long ago in geologic time, but infinitely long by human measurement—before those cities had been built that were forgotten now; before slow time had spread a little soil for farms to feed them, and before the jungle grew to swallow them.

Grew, but not tall, except by human measurement; on the earth's surface it was less than moss. Only to human bodies was it terrible. And here, where it took on a little grandeur to the human eye, it only shamed the pitiful small nests of animals that had been human once.

Their fathers once had built great roads, stretching away to distant Guatemala, pavements of stone cemented deep to solid rock; but these poor creatures only wriggled through the bush. They lived in huts not more elaborate than the nests of birds. You couldn't call it a village. Here, where a chance break in the limestone gave them water, where the feet of dull generations had worn down the undergrowth, clustered a hundred huts in the gloom of trees, woven of branches, patched with decaying tufts of straw.

Houses? They had no doors. They had no furniture. They had no occupants; the strange noise of approaching visitors had driven every man, woman and child in panic to the forest. The gods went down to drink, and the guides waited.

That was an unreal day to Lois Maring. She had seen jungle villages, but never one so pitiful as this. She had seen jungle Mayas, shy, stupid, but at least human; they could smile. But these had only the dull shapes of men. Their eyes were surfaces that took in nothing of your human thought; they never met your gaze exactly, but they watched your hands.

Bill, the mechanic, saw the poor fabrication of the huts with sullen scorn. He could smell cooking, but he saw no cooks. He grunted, "Are these guys all bachelors?"

Kane looked at him and said, "You'll never see their women till they learn to trust you."

The naked men went on again into the bush, leaving the human smells of smoke and food. Bill grumbled, "Don't gods get to eat?"

Kane answered, "One thing at a time. We told them to take us to the priest."

Bill snorted.

Kane's eyes showed faint amusement; he said patiently, "He's the boss around here; you won't get anything unless he says so. He'll feed us. Gods don't get hungry, though. We don't ask for food; we take it as a favor to them."

Davison said sardonically, "It's good of you to coach us. Who taught you the game?"

"Necessity," said Kane. "I nearly died, learning."

The girl asked, "How long were you here, Christopher?"

The big man said evasively, "Oh, quite a while." And his blue eyes took on the look that she remembered—masked, impassive, hiding an inner something.

Why? She could understand why a man like Kane might be reluctant to talk much about a strange experience, boast of being taken for a god; but why should he be evasive now? They were all being taken for gods. It wasn't very startling when you knew. In these dull minds, to which all mysteries were superhuman, even a little difference was enough. To these poor creatures, gods were very close to men. What did Kane know that he was hiding still?

There was a beaten trail here in the forest; they could have walked close to their naked guides. But Kane didn't let them.

Somehow, without a word, without a restraining gesture, he made them walk behind him, and himself moved with slow, stately strides. Davison grinned and murmured to Lois Maring, "He eats it!"

She wondered if this thing could get into your blood—being a god to these poor stupid things. She didn't feel like a goddess. She was miserably fatigued and miserably dirty, and her clothes hung in rags, and her feet were blistered in her boots; she had long since thrown away her shredded stockings. She envied Davison's detached, sardonic mockery. Hunger and fever and fatigue and strangeness couldn't break his inner quality. The man was steel.

And Kane was stone. Cold, ponderous, inflexible.

One of the naked men ahead spoke flatly, harshly, with displeasure. Bill, the mechanic, though, felt no displeasure, seeing the object of the admonition. It was a woman—a young woman. She was naked to the waist; her skin was copper, smooth, unroughened yet; the poise of her head was young. She paid no heed to the man's scolding. She stood staring, motionless, like some shy, fascinated creature of the woods. Staring at Kane. She didn't seem to see the rest of them.

Bill said with appreciation, "Hello, baby!"

Christopher Kane turned, and his blue eyes were cold with an intolerant vexation. "Get this," he said. "I've warned you. This child is the granddaughter of the priest. If you annoy her in any way I shall attend to you myself."

Bill snarled, "Says ——" But his voice stuck, and his eyes fell under that cold blue fury. They went on.

Now, as they passed, the girl sank slowly to her knees, her wide black eyes on Kane; and Lois Maring saw dumb adoration there, saw hurt bewilderment as Kane went by, not speaking. The girl got up and stood there looking after them, and Bill looked back.

Sylvester Maring touched his daughter's arm and said with a dry throat, "There are the *ramones*. We're close." *Ramones* were trees that always grew near Maya ruins, near the vanished reservoirs for water, near the city's heart. Already they were walking in a place of vanished homes.

Then, buried in vegetation, they saw mounds and fragmentary masonry; Sylvester Maring knew a sick disappointment. This was the city's center, buried in jungle rot. Where were the open temples Kane had promised?

There! They had come suddenly into an open space. They hadn't recognized the look of masonry, for these were not the usual gray stones that always gleamed so white in sunlight at a distance. These were not the usual flat walls that caught the eye by contrast with the formless work of Nature. These were not towers that could loom against the sky. These were low sculptured masses, and you looked down on them.

Here, where the trees stood back, the underlying bed of rock had broken once, leaving a circling cliff about a sunken area; that was the work of Nature, a mere incident to forces that could lift a whole peninsula, or a whole continent, out of the sea. You saw a channel on its outer rim, where water might have stood a thousand years, drained now by some new rift in the stone bed. You saw a slope, inward and upward to the center, that might have been a whim of Nature or the labor of slow swarms of sweating men; and you saw shapes that no unseeing force could have created. There was art in the odd grouping of the lower temples, leading the eye to the strange edifice that crowned the summit.

No flat walls were there. The massive coping writhed in undulating waves like a great serpent, broken here and there by the slow weight of centuries, upheld by massed and massive human shapes, not greatly high but greatly thick and strong, on which the blazing sunlight fell and broke into confusing masses of dull red and black. Only when you looked carefully did you perceive that there was nowhere any door nor any window, any opening at all.

The human mind seeks openings, darts here and there to find a way into the purpose of a thing. Davison, a pilot of the air, looked at this mass of rusty red and black, and wondered if its builders could have known the art of camouflage. And Lois Maring, seeing its likeness to a vast, carved jewel box, had the dazed fancy that its mighty lid could lift. Only Sylvester Maring guessed; he knew the legend. And his old legs trembled, and he clung to his daughter's arm—too old, too tired, too weak for such responsibility.

He gasped, "This is the House of Darkness!"

Bill, the mechanic, looked and then turned away, peering back into the gloom of trees where a half-naked woman stood. And Kane? He stood there on the cliff, his great hands clenched, his blue eyes grim on that closed treasure house of vanished centuries—this massive, sunburned engineer from Kansas, playing god.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When a Workingman Speculates

A MILLIONAIRE may lose money in the stock market and cause no particular harm. The result of his gambling loss will be, in most cases, simply a transfer of surplus funds from his account to that of someone else.

Now a workingman or a man on a small salary undoubtedly has as much right to gamble in stocks as has a millionaire—that is, as much political and legal right. But the result of his losses is very different.

When the man of limited means loses his money he is not losing surplus. He must deprive himself or his family of some necessity or luxury. It may be a new car. It may be an electric refrigerator. It may be some furniture. In any event, his inability to purchase the things he needs or wants injures the business of making and distributing these things. But as soon as merchandise cannot be sold, production must be curbed. This creates unemployment, and unemployment creates a further loss of buying power. This, in turn, results in further curtailment of production and still more unemployment, an ever-widening, vicious circle.

Workers who gamble in stocks may imagine that they risk nothing but their money, but when they lose their buying power they lose their work-giving power. Thus they create unemployment and, since this unemployment creates still further unemployment, they are actually risking their own jobs. —EDWARD A. FILENE.

LANDLORD AND TENANT, PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 27)

they seem also to demonstrate that the public is willing to spend if it can get full advantage of the increased buying power of the dollar. The value of individual effort on the part of the merchant himself can never be overestimated. I have noticed, for example, that those branch stores which pay their local managers bonuses based on sales of the individual stores, thus supplying a motive and a reward for hard work, usually progress more swiftly than those which hold their managers to straight salaries.

No Cheating of the Landlords

It is interesting to observe how the property owner's confidence in the ability of his tenant, as expressed in the percentage lease, can spur the merchant renter to increased efforts. Experience in this field has convinced me that the average merchant appreciates such coöperation, and in evidence of his appreciation works harder to justify the confidence thus expressed. This spirit is similarly apparent in his willingness to adhere rigidly to his contract. Naturally the percentage lease provides that the landlord or his agent may make periodical examination of the lessee's books. Although our firm has collected millions in such rentals for clients, it has yet to find one case where the renter willfully sought to misrepresent his income in the hope of outwitting or cheating his landlord—a significant commentary on the integrity of the American business man.

Experience has demonstrated, further, that landlord and tenant are not the only ones to profit by successful operation of the percentage-lease method. To a large degree the entire community in which the system prevails shares in its benefits. An outstanding example of this is the retail neighborhood, created within the past few years on the western outskirts of Philadelphia. After erecting many houses in that vicinity, a builder determined to improve buying facilities for the new home owners. On an unimproved property at a big junction of city and suburban car and bus lines he planned to erect a $150,000 structure, whose space would be rented to retail stores. His principal interest was not a large income from the property, but the encouragement of successful retail stores which would add to the general value and convenience of the neighborhood. We suggested the percentage-lease system of rentals. Immediately he saw its advantages and expanded his plans until a $1,500,000 investment, elaborately fitted for retail merchandising, was completed. Tenants were obtained after our most careful scrutiny into their ability to operate successfully the types of store in mind. Many were, of course, chain stores, ideally organized for such projects. After a thorough advertising campaign the new retail district was formally opened. About 50,000 persons, all prospective buyers, visited it during the first day and night. One merchant alone made more than 2500 sales. Virtually all the tenants are succeeding. In my opinion the property will bring its foresighted owner a minimum income of $125,000 a year from percentage leases. On a rigidly fixed rental system I doubt that it would yield more than $75,000. With the success of the project has grown the prosperity of the entire neighborhood. Other stores have sprung up to share the advantage of the heavy buyers' traffic established, homes and apartments are in greater demand, money has become more fluid and employment more plentiful. What has been accomplished here can, I think, be done elsewhere by much the same method—remembering always that percentage leases of themselves do not bring success, but demand careful selection of both lessors and lessees, as well as thorough knowledge of local and merchandising conditions, as prerequisites.

A Factor in Prosperity

This development, though extraordinarily successful, is not unique. Much the same thing is being achieved, though perhaps on a smaller scale, in various communities throughout the country. The success of the method offers, I believe, a valuable suggestion of means whereby a nation-wide quickening of business and prosperity may be accomplished. Real estate is logically considered as a fundamental business interest, whose commercial health is sooner or later reflected throughout all finance and industry. If a wider adoption of the percentage-lease system can increase retail activity, rental income and business property values in general, it can, in consequence, contribute tremendously to the general prosperity of commercial America.

PHOTO, BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

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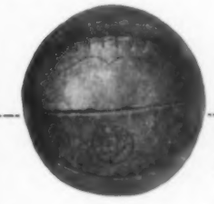

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THE NEW BEARS—NORMAL AND GRIZZLY

(Continued from Page 13)

me an opportunity to tell you that you are the worst salesman in this office. You will never make a success. It isn't in you. My advice to you is to get out of Wall Street and stay out. It is no place for a man like you.'

"Two years later, the worst bond salesman in that office was reckoning his very large stock-market winnings in another office.

"Somebody told me the reason Doe couldn't sell bonds was that they didn't interest him. On the other hand, a railroad report had for him a downright fascination. He decided that his forte lay in the statistical side of the stock-brokerage business and he went to the Harvard Business School. When he came out, he took a position with the firm through which he still trades. From his statistical researches he found such sound reasons for bulling certain stocks that traders in that office accepted them as though they had been red-hot tips from friendly pool managers. He was, and still is, a modest, unassuming chap, neither a recluse nor a sport. His intense dislike of publicity is not congenital secretiveness. He professes inability to see anything remarkable in his operations. All he does, to hear him tell it, is to dig the facts out of the figures and then get a line on the floating supply of the stock. A chap from his home town told me: 'We were boys together. I guess I know him almost as well as anybody does, and I can tell you I never would have suspected there was anything remarkable to him. He never impressed any of us so very much. Now that they tell me he has made a fortune, I cannot quite grasp it. I can't see him doing stunts in Wall Street!'"

Backing His Judgment

"He has refused partnerships in a half-dozen outside brokerage houses as well as in the firm through which he trades. In his individual capacity he is free to devote himself to the work he loves.

"He has the point of view of a true investor when he sells stocks short. It is always for sound business reasons—the same reasons for selling that would keep you from buying; active instead of passive. Once he determines the facts he is not affected by tips, rumors, official denials, precedents, or anything else. During one of his successful campaigns, friends would run to tell him that one or another big banking house was buying large blocks of the stock. He was grateful but unmoved.

"He has a complete set of files in his office and a duplicate set in the hotel where he lives. They comprise every document that can be of any possible use to him in his analysis of the business of the corporations in the stocks in which he trades. When he decides to analyze a report he is as good as dead to the world. Nothing is allowed to interfere. Nobody can see him. He concentrates uninterruptedly until he is done.

"He demands secrecy and secures it by taking precautions. He demands loyalty and obtains it by paying for it. Nobody is allowed to call any of his help out of the office during business hours. There must be no leak at times when leaks hurt. He has a score of expert accountants, statisticians, investigators, and so on, working for him. Even if they wished to, they could not get a line on his operations because no man is allowed to know more than a small part of each deal. They cannot lump their knowledge to advantage, if ever they decided to be disloyal; and no clerk would be asinine enough to call a meeting of the whole bunch in order to try to dope out what the boss was doing.

"The first time I ever heard of him was when one of my customers, who also had an account at the office where Doe works, brought me a report on a company and told me that the office had made a great deal of money on the bull side, following Doe's advice. I was impressed by his interpretation of the facts derived from the official figures. He turned bearish before the crash and those who claim to know assert that he and his clients have made more money than any other coterie in the Street."

Money That Comes and Goes

"He has a positive genius for analyzing balance sheets. He ferrets out all really important points. Much of the success of certain bear operations in 1930 was due to the devices used by the venders of securities in 1928 and 1929, when stocks of holding companies could be sold to the public at high prices and no questions asked. For example, the A. B. X. Corporation bought the X, the Y and the Z companies. If each of these in turn happened to be a holding company, the job of determining what really was back of the A. B. X. common stock was too difficult even for experts. It is in determining what is really back of such securities that Doe excels. He buys or sells as he deems a stock cheap or dear at the market price."

"What about the other bear operators?" I asked.

"Most of them have better market manners than the old. They are professional traders who can and do play either side of the market with equal skill. It is a tradition of the Street that no chronic bear ever succeeded in the long run. The late Addison Cammack, who came near to being that, left an estate amounting to a small portion of his winnings. He was a highly intelligent man, with courage and imagination, who today is remembered chiefly for his stock-trading 'Don'ts!' The active bear, being always a speculator and not an investor, is necessarily more of a gambler than the bull. Mr. James R. Keene, whose bear raids in the 90's were famous, died a poor man, having lost not only the millions that he brought from California, but also those he made manipulating stocks on the bull side for men like H. O. Havemeyer, J. P. Morgan and others. The most picturesque and successful of all the bear operators between 1907 and 1924 has lost more millions being bearish than he made as a bull. Of the 1929–30 crop, the most successful is a man who is not a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He admits that he is a bear by conviction and his friends will all tell you that he has never misled them or in any way camouflaged his position to their detriment. His frankness made the newspapers publish stories about his huge winnings on the bear side last fall, though he declares he made only $6,000,000. He instantly began to receive all sorts of threatening letters from cranks, and as he is very fond of his children, he has been compelled to avoid publicity. Otherwise he would publish his reasons for being bearish. A friend told me that this successful bear told him that his adoption of the bear side as the only profitable side for a stock speculator to take came about in a perfectly natural way. Like 99 per cent of humanity, he was and still is an optimist, which means a natural bull. He began his business life in a brokerage house. Eventually he traded for himself successfully enough to justify him in giving up his position. He made money, but he couldn't keep it. 'For instance,' he says, 'I ran up a stake of $300 to a little over $40,000 in less than three months. But three months after that I owed $1800. All I had done was to play the bull side consistently. I found another stake, built it up to a pretty fair amount and again lost it; always on the bull side. After two or three years of winning and losing, but always losing on balance, I came to the conclusion that there must be something wrong, not so much with me or with the game but with my position. The long side could not be the right side or I wouldn't lose. About that time The Saturday Evening Post published the Larry Livingston articles and then I realized that money could be made on the bear side. It isn't making money that is difficult in the stock market; it's keeping it. This is so true that I don't blame those writers who assert that you cannot beat the game. They mean that if you stick to it, the game is bound to beat you. For some years I have been a bear because I am convinced that successful speculation can be conducted only when you take the opposite side from that of the speculating public. You've heard stories of how my wife now makes me give her my winnings, if any. Well, they are true.'"

A Timely Trader

"The actual damage done by bear traders is not so great as people have been led to believe. These men, to begin with, succeed only in a bear market, when the damage is done by the public's fears instead of by the public's hopes, as in a bull market. Bill Blank is the most successful of all the floor traders. You hear that his trading and his winnings are enormous, but Wall Street always exaggerates. He is a picturesque character who expresses himself without diffidence in language that is understood by his contemporaries of all ages and degrees of education. He began life in a profession in which quick thinking and steady nerves were indispensable. He still has them. As a trader on the floor he did not differ much from earlier prototypes, and I for one cannot see how he has changed or improved bear technic. But in some ways his actions did not commend themselves to the governors of the Exchange and he has promised to moderate his enthusiasm.

"Another reputed grizzly bear is interesting because persons closely associated with him for years up to 1927 still refuse to believe that he can possibly have made all the millions that Wall Street credits him with taking out of the market, first on the bull and of late on the bear side. During the Coolidge boom he succeeded not only in being the first to discover the possibilities of certain stocks but in inducing millionaire plungers to follow his lead. He studies conditions, hires experts to analyze figures for him, but more important still, he has an uncanny sense of timeliness in trading. His customers were very rich men."

I saw this man myself later. During the Coolidge boom his office did an enormous business. He was a very successful bull for two years. Then, according to the Street rumors, he became a grizzly.

"What made you turn bearish?" I asked him.

"The magnitude and the quality of the pyramiding toward the end. There were too many unmistakable signs that the market had been bulled to a standstill for any sane man to ignore. Promoters formed companies to take over stocks that were no longer unloadable. Then they formed companies to take over those companies. Primarily it was not the high price of stocks that made me bearish, but the bulls. At the beginning of the bull market many of our customers merely wished to increase their principal. Their chief hope was to assure a comfortable old age. Toward the end the speculating public did not regard their uncashed profits as principal but as actual income. One man who had made a couple hundred thousand did not consider taking his profit, investing it and getting $10,000 a year for the rest of his life. No, sir; his wife made him buy three automobiles and move to a bigger house. He grew to think of that $200,000 as his yearly income and acted accordingly. All the bulls were like that. It was the obvious climax of the bull jazz period. It couldn't keep up. I begged my customers to take their profits. Men who had millions and tens of millions of dollars in paper profits overstayed the market and haven't a penny today. They not only ignored but even resented my advice. I couldn't stand it, so I sold some stocks short and went to Europe in September. Well, you know what happened.

"Of course it was plain that the long-expected bear market had begun. I begged my friends to sell their long stocks in September, 1929. That is as far as I have gone in raiding the market. I understand the gossip is that I have done too much trading on too slim a margin. But the reason I retired from my firm is that I am sick of Wall Street. Every few minutes someone asks me if I am buying stock yet. When I answer no, they tell me that some of the biggest people in the Street are buying. I realize the difference between price levels last year and now, but I am not going to buy stocks just because I made money selling them short. For some mysterious reason people think that when a man makes a profit on the bear side he should make some sort of restitution. Investing against his judgment is the favorite form recommended. And then I am black and blue all over from the touches. I am quitting for good."

Silence That Was Golden

If he quits while the quitting is good, he is more than intelligent—he is a genius! You must remember that the man who makes millions in the stock market, plunging, succeeds because he possesses highly developed faculties that inevitably insure his eventual failure. He fails precisely because he succeeded.

As luck would have it, I ran across a man who had been margin clerk in one of the big commission houses where a famous bear operator was the star customer. That operator, about whom much has been printed, once told me that this margin clerk knew the game from A to Z but lacked dollar courage. He magnified his losses in advance and that made him a consistent piker. In the office his fame had been based upon his ability to keep his mouth shut. "Part of my salary is for not talking," he used to say, however innocent the question might be. Since he told nothing, he acquired among the newspaper men a reputation for knowing everything they wanted to print. Somebody had told me that he had retired some months before, to enjoy a fortune of a million dollars.

"Hello," I said. "Lost that million yet?"

"Nope."

"Increasing it?"

"Nope."

"But, being a chronic bear and this being a bear market, you are begging the ticker to take it away from you, what?"

A Piker and a Plunger

"I am not a chronic bear. You may think so because you never used to ask me for information excepting in bear markets, when our star customer was plunging. Of course I have seen more dramatic incidents in bear markets than in booms."

"Did you really make a million?"

"Yes."

"Have you really kept it?"

"Yes."

"Will you go to lunch with me?"

"Yes."

I waited until dessert time before I said to him:

"The last time I saw you, late in 1928, you were very bearish and complaining of your losses. I take it that you made your money after that, on the bull side."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that. It just happened. As you know, I have had to do with some pretty big traders, but their plunging never thrilled me. My job was to look after their margin. Personally I was a piker. Everybody joshed me, but the money that stays by a fellow is usually what is made in small amounts by pikers. And also, such money is mostly made on the bull side. Of course, it is easier to take your profit on the long than on the short side. No need to tell you why. In the offices where I worked, I noticed that the plungers who made so many millions so easily invariably lost those same millions twice as easily. In the 1929 crash the biggest late losses were made by the biggest early winners. Imagine men who wouldn't take profits of hundreds of millions! That's what they got for not being pikers. Fellows like me, who piked, got out before the crash."

"Yes, but what I want to know is what made you, individually, turn from bear to bull? I understood you were associated with your pet plunger, who was bearish and, so I have heard, went broke."

"Oh, don't you know the story?"

"No, I don't," I assured him. Then he told it to me.

"I got a pretty fair salary for years and besides I had what everybody said were wonderful opportunities to trade on the side—in violation of the office rules, of course. But after knowing exactly what some of the biggest men in the Street did for years, and following in my small way, I scraped together less than $28,000 in cash. Of this I chipped out over $6,000 following the most successful bear operator of our time during the greatest bull market in history. One day, after the close, when your friend, the Great Bear, had covered at a whopping big loss, we were talking over the market. Suddenly he asked me: 'Who makes the most money in bull markets? I don't mean who keeps it, but who makes it while the bull market is on?' Of course I said: 'The sucker who knows the least. He is too ignorant to know what big chances he is taking.'"

"And what did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He stared out of the window, tapping the side of his nose with his forefinger as he always does when he is perplexed. Suddenly he turned to me and said: 'No matter what I have thought or still think, the fact remains that this is the biggest bull market we've ever had. Its very bigness fooled me and all the other wise guys. The craziest bulls have made the most money. From now on I am going to be the craziest bull in the United States. I'll buy stocks tomorrow morning. I don't know which stocks yet, but I'll know before the opening!'

"No man in his sane senses would talk that way, much less a great bear operator who should have figured that the turn was near at hand. But then, I realized, as he did, that in that market the people who not only talked crazy but acted crazy made the most money. All you could breathe was bull poison. So I didn't say anything to him."

"Great!" I said. "And what did you do then?" I always like to feel that I earn my stories.

"I myself had stopped bucking the bull market before he did, realizing that studying earnings and values merely made losses for me. Nobody knew how much more bull market was still to come. I had tried everything except to stop thinking. If I did that now I would stop listening to experience and I might join the winners. Here was the slickest stock operator of his day, about to bet on the probability of the speculative insanity lasting longer. I decided to follow him. I was not going to be bullish; I was going to be a lunatic. There we were, two bears buying a stock we had sold short fifty points lower, bullish when we had looked for a crash every day for months. Of course our stock went up. The hunch was right. Nothing paid like being absolutely crazy in a crazy bull market. I am nothing if not thorough, so I pyramided to beat the band. He did, too, and we went into other stocks."

A Nightmare of Profits

"And you both made killings," I said, half guessing his regret.

"We both made killings," he repeated slowly; "but only one of us kept it. Our principal stock was one of the first to break badly in the October crash. But by that time I had my million in cash in bank."

"Well, how did it happen that you took your profit and he didn't?"

"He had more, but I'll tell you how it happened: I was pyramiding like the craziest of the Pharaohs, growing richer by the minute and more frightened by the second. I expected to be wiped out any moment, but I stood pat. I can't tell you how many nights I woke up in a cold sweat, thinking of the hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper profits that I wasn't taking. It got so I couldn't eat. I might act crazy, but I couldn't make myself feel crazy enough to stop worrying."

"I still don't see what kept you from cashing in after you had a really big profit."

"Then you're not as clever as I thought you were. Cashing in is exactly what I could not do. The profits grew so fast that I simply could not sell. I was as helpless as if I were in a dream, only the profit piled up so fast that it was a nightmare. And at that, being unable to take my profit wasn't the worst torture."

"What was?" I asked, really surprised.

"That I couldn't stop pyramiding! You wouldn't believe me if I told you how much stock I was carrying toward the last."

"But how did you eventually wake up?"

Saving His Million and His Appetite

"Well, all this time my great leader was as uncomfortable as I was about it. He took to reading all sorts of financial magazines and papers, and every time somebody published a new book about the stock market or anything connected with the market he bought it and read it. He had always loathed this, so I concluded he was hoping to find somewhere an explanation for the crazy bull market so that he would accept somebody else's view of the advance that was making so much money for him against his strongest convictions. One day he asked me: 'Do you suppose there is something, after all, in this theory that we are living in a new era?' I told him I didn't know. That is how he gave me the tip I needed. You see, I'm a New Englander."

"I don't get you," I admitted, being a Vermonter only by adoption.

"Didn't you ever hear New Englanders talk about a new dispensation? A new order of things ordained directly by Providence, whereby everything is to be different in the future? Well, it struck me that there was no more difference between a belief in a new economic era and a new dispensation than there is between the piece of pie I just ate and the one I am going to eat. Thanks! The consciousness of that similarity woke me up. That very afternoon I sold out. The market ate it up. The next day my stock was higher than ever. The office laughed at me, but I not only had a million dollars but I could eat again. Watch me! The Big Bear was still a wild bull. When the smash came some weeks later, his stake was whittled down to a point where he could not do much short selling during the crash. Had he taken his profits when I did, he would have had several millions in cash to play with."

"Do you think he's doing much in this market? In one of the offices I was told they recognized his hand."

"I don't think you could recognize anybody's selling, as a matter of fact. I have known times when everybody said Larry Livingston was raiding the market and newspapermen would come in with circumstantial stories of how he had distributed selling orders among thirty or forty commission houses at once, so as to produce the impression of urgent liquidation, and so forth, when as a matter of fact it was the floor traders who were selling on a tip from someone else. But I'll tell you a true story about him. It happened one summer ten years ago, when he was motoring to Boston. He had been heavily long of the market, but had unloaded all but 10,000 shares of one stock. He had not made up his mind that the time was quite ripe for putting out a big short line, but he was no longer bullish. On the way he stopped at a town where there were two brokers' offices. Today there are five there. A year ago there were eleven. Well, he went into the branch office of one of the oldest firms in the Street, a fine

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conservative house. He glanced at the board for a few minutes. The market did not look right to him. He had no intention of going short but he thought he'd better sell what stock he was still carrying. With him, to think and to act are one process. He gave the branch manager an order to sell his last 10,000 shares of stock. When the manager learned that the stranger was the famous Larry Livingston, he was quite excited about it.

He sent the order over the wire to New York, and New York wired back: 'We do not execute short sales. We will not accept any orders, long or short, from that man.'

"That shows you what commission houses of the conservative kind, thought of short selling and of bear traders a few years ago. The poor little manager who expected to be congratulated, had a fit. He was so fussed that he showed the telegram to Livingston. Larry smiled grimly, walked out, went three blocks down the street to the other brokers, sold his 10,000 shares of long stock, did a little thinking and proceeded to sell stocks short in volume. He stayed in that office until he had put out 200,000 shares of various stocks. After the close, he went back to the other place, showed his reports to the manager and said: 'Tell your friends in New York what they missed in the way of commissions, will you?' That is a true story. I have often thought that it wasn't being peeved by the house refusing to take his order, but the realization that the bulls had begun to be frightened over the outlook that made him turn. And he was right."

"As margin clerk you must have had opportunities to learn what class of customers did the short selling."

Feeling for the Top

"I think you can divide short selling into speculative and manipulative. The speculative short selling is the kind that most people indulge in. It is greater at the bottom than at the top, which is natural, just as more people are bullish at the top than at the bottom and for the same reason. On the way up there is speculative buying and selling by floor traders who sell out before the close of the day what they bought earlier. On the way down, the reverse happens. They sell short and cover in the same session. All speculative. The active commission-house trader is apt to overstay the market because he is not used to this jumping in and out; and, besides, fractional gains wouldn't help him, with commissions to pay. After the market has had a prolonged decline, commission-house short sellers are much in evidence. What the big operators do, very few people know. A man whose short interest is of squeezable dimensions, does not broadcast that fact. Even if nobody is gunning for him, he dare not publish his position. But the one unfailing bull tip in a true bear market, is about the overextended short interest about to be squeezed. Big bears are never fatally squeezed in bear markets. It is because they don't turn when the market does that they go broke.

"In our house, the two most successful bear traders of the day were among our customers and they had educated the others to look on the bear side as a profitable side at times. There was considerable short selling of the kind known as 'feeling for the top.' I never knew a sold-out bull who didn't drop a lot of money, indulging in that pastime. More than one high record has been made by the covering of bears who had sold stocks short 'feeling for the top.' The very people who, in 1930, so seriously object to bear operations invariably laughed when they heard about the big losses the short sellers took in 1928 and 1929. The man who loses money on the bull side always gets sympathy; but if a short gets stung he is razzed by everybody. Perhaps the average outsider thinks of the average bear as a sort of cross between a grouch and a racketeer. Bull lies cause more losses than bear lies, but nobody is punished for bull lies, though bear lies are statutory crimes."

Normal Short Selling

"There is also the short selling that is in the nature of hedging. I know of no end of instances where bull operators have sold short stocks of competing companies as a protection against possible declines in their own shares. That is a kind of short selling the newspapers don't report.

"Big traders have to take advantage of sharp breaks to do their covering in. When or if they use rude manipulative methods to depress prices, they are merely seeking to bring a sufficient supply of stock into the market. It is not so easy to buy back 100,000 shares of any stock. But as for making the public sell out stocks at less than value by working on their fears, what are Congressional committees going to do when they learn that it is always at high prices that stocks leave investors' boxes to go into speculators' hands and that when the bear market has forced weak holders to liquidate, it is those thrifty Americans who did not lose their money gambling in stocks who do the most buying? Who buys at the bottom? The shorts who cover? Yes, sometimes. But most of all, men who have money to buy and the courage to believe in their country's future.

"What the president of the New York Stock Exchange meant the other day when he spoke about normal short selling, was that such selling is a necessary concomitant of stock speculation. There is nothing that can be said against that kind of short selling that does not apply with equal force to buying on margin. Modern stock speculation could not be carried on without this short selling and if you cannot have stock speculation, you will run up against all manner of problems in the world of finance and industry.

"From the experience of many years in Wall Street I firmly believe that the vicious short selling of which we hear so much, is and always has been very small in relation to the total. These vicious short sellers are really crooks, whether or not they trade through reputable firms. It is up to the Exchange to take the same precautions against this kind as against all other forms of manipulation based upon deliberate deception. I know that the governors are doing their best to end such abuses as they can control.

"As a first step, 'normal' short selling should be very clearly defined. I maintain, and any broker will confirm it, that relatively little of the selling in a bear market is short selling. There is constant, belated liquidation by pools and individuals. Sometimes the liquidating movement is speeded up by circumstances or special needs. That is why so many traders tell you that the lower a stock goes, the better sale it is.

"One thing about manipulative short selling that you must bear in mind is that it may come from large bear operators endeavoring to cover. It is not always actually criminal. You see, as a matter of fact, there are really very few ways in which a stock may be manipulated downward. A common method is to sell several key stocks as low as possible to convey an impression of a fresh flood of liquidation.

"If a bear is short of a big line and fears he has overstayed his market, he will endeavor to check any rising tendency until he has covered. With that object in view he may distribute many small selling orders and instruct his brokers to 'Close them as low as possible!' Reputable houses will not take such orders, if they know the intent or suspect it. Of course, all a manipulator has to do is to take some pains to cover his tracks. I remember how, more than once, a certain plunger would use a dozen or more brokers to give to the specialist in a certain stock several stop-loss orders somewhat under the market Of course, specialists aren't supposed to let anyone know what's on their books, but it is always a favorite pastime with floor traders to gun for stop orders. You will hear that such things are not done any more, but I know the Exchange still watches the specialists."

Who Starts a Rumor?

"Everybody knows the law about circulating rumors calculated to impair the credit of an individual or institution; but how are you going to determine who started it? And as for circulating it, if somebody told you that somebody told him that some dreadful thing about a company was on the verge of coming out, who is to determine the exact degree of guilt? Of course, you know that rumors grow as they move.

"If a difference of opinion is what makes horse-racing, so are bears as necessary to stock speculation as the bulls. Normal short selling then, would merely be a difference of opinion carried to a logical conclusion. When it comes to vicious short selling and deliberate misrepresentation you are no longer dealing with stock speculation but with an offense that is punishable under existing statutes. The vicious bears no less than the unscrupulous bulls are really crooks and they have no place in Wall Street, but don't blame the Stock Exchange. Blame the nature of the game and the motives of the players."

THE FLAMING CHARIOT

(Continued from Page 32)

weary and sore beset. The Prophet Ezekiel, garbed in his flowing robes, raised voice and arms in futile effort to goad them on.

"Row, row, ye shuddering sinners!" he stormed. "You, Shadrach, fer the love o' tunket put some beef into it! Hep! Stroke! Hep! . . . Wake up, Zeruiah, wake up, gol dang it, before I take this here tiller and flail the livin' wamus off'n ye!"

But his eloquence was of no avail. Leisurely the Inchcliffe Castle's boat crossed the line a dozen lengths in the lead.

As it did so, Mr. Glencannon turned, struck an attitude, and with a sweeping gesture thumbed his nose at his vanquished rivals. Then, reacting to the strain of it all, he took a final swig from his bottle and collapsed into the boat.

"Well, I never seen the like, sir!" said the crestfallen Mr. Montgomery. "'Ow in the world 'e ever myde that crew o' Liverpool riffraff row like so many Hoxford and C'ymbridge hexperts is a fair miracle to me!"

"Yes," chuckled Captain Ball knowingly, "but you never want to forget, Mister Mate, that when it comes to miracles, Mr. Glencannon's a pretty handy chap to have about."

"But 'ow did 'e do it, that's orl I arsks—'ow did 'e do it?"

"Huh!" Captain Ball snorted. "Why, when you was up there standing by for his word to lower Number 3 into the water, what do you spose he was doing through that loading door—fishing for bloaters?"

"I 'aven't the fyntest notion wot 'e was doing," sulked Mr. Montgomery.

"Well," whispered Captain Ball, glancing cautiously about him, "he was lashing a big steel ash bucket to Number 3's keel—that's what he was doing! Why, it was a regular sea anchor! It set up a drag in the water under that boat like towing a busted bass drum!"

"Lawks!" gasped Mr. Montgomery. "An arsh bucket! W'y, a team o' blooming lorry 'orses couldn't myke any speed dragging that!"

"No, nor neither could them whiskery psalm singers," agreed Captain Ball. "Maybe it'll learn 'em some sea manners!"

"It's learned me my lesson about Mr. Glencannon, anyw'y," said Mr. Montgomery ruefully. "Arfter I've forked out for my bets, I'll go below and 'ide my 'ead in shyme until the ruddy Flyming Chariot puts to sea. And I 'opes they sinks on their w'y to Barcelonia!"

Next morning bright and early, Mr. Glencannon strolled along the Quai du Port and turned into the sunshine which flooded the broad Rue Cannebière. There was a smile on his face and a song in his heart, for in the wallet directly over it reposed a portly packet of American bank notes.

"Weel," he chuckled, "it a' goes to prove ye dinna need whuskers to be sagacious! And it also proves that it's a costly pastime to gae aboot insulting decent people on the high sea. And noo I shall mak' arrangements for sending my winnings hame to Scotland."

Turning into the banking offices of the Credit Marseillaise, he made known his wishes and presented his notes at the grilled window.

The cashier moistened his thumb on a sponge and prepared to count the neat stack of tens and twenties. Suddenly he paused, frowned, looked up.

"Monsieur," he announced coldly, "this money is not good!"

"Not good?" repeated Mr. Glencannon, grasping the marble ledge for support. "Ah, noo, mounseer, this is no occasion for humor! I'll thank ye to cease yere leevity and do as ye're bid."

"It is not an affair of the drollery," insisted the cashier. "Have the goodness to regard, monsieur—why, one can easily see for one's self!" He pushed the bills back to Mr. Glencannon. "Read, monsieur—read there carefully what is printed."

With trembling fingers, Mr. Glencannon picked up a bill and examined it. Across the top, in large letters, was engraved CITIZENS BANK OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, and then, smaller, on the line below, CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"Weel, I'll be domned," he murmured weakly. "That old Yankee swundler!"

Then into his mind came a vague and tantalizing half memory, obscured by a strange silvery fog. He tried to summon the rest of it, but it eluded him. He shook his head sadly.

"It's a' vurra peerplexing," he sighed. "Vurra peerplexing indeed. But, yes, I do seem to recall somebody, somewhere, saying something aboot an American Ceevil War. A-weel"—and he stuffed the bank notes into his pocket and turned toward the door—"I fancy there's nowt to do but gae oot and find a pub where they haven't heard the war news."

DECIPHERED

IN HIS new volume, The Vulgar Tongue of the 1930's, which will be ready for publication in 2045, Dr. Jon Smydh accomplishes a task of great interest to philologists, who have hitherto been puzzled by the odd expressions appearing in literary fragments of that period. [Doctor Smydh's success in this undertaking is comparable to the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics by the discovery of the Rosetta Stone.] In the cornerstone of a ruined skyscraper he came upon a file of the Daily Tabloid, a news sheet of that period, together with a Dictionary of Proverbs and Old Maxims. By comparing the two he was able to clear up definitely much of the obscurity that had heretofore prevailed. Some of the expressions whose meanings he has established beyond question are added here:

Dumb Cluck: a wise woman. From the proverbs we learn that foolishness was typified by "girls that whistle, and hens that crow." Obviously, then, a dumb cluck, or silent hen, personifies a woman of intelligence.

Hard-Boiled Egg: an honest official. "A watched pot," we are told, "never boils." An egg which has boiled hard, therefore, has never been watched. The reports of governmental investigations and scandals that fill all the newspapers that Doctor Smydh discovered make it probable that the "egg" who did not have to be watched was indeed a trustworthy public servant. [Cf. "good egg," "good scout," etc.]

Hit the Hay: to work hard all day. An alternative form of "make hay while the sun shines." "Hit" is used for "mow" or "cut."

All Wet: quietly dignified. "Still waters run deep," "silence is golden," and many references to "silent, strong men" testify to the high esteem in which our ancestors held quietness, probably because of its scarcity. One who was "all wet" had plunged deep into the "still waters."

Give Him the Air: accord him great honor. Making speeches over the radio was commonly called "going on the air," and to give anyone the privilege of doing this was to pay him a high honor.

Necking Party: a visit of sympathy or condolence. To weep upon another's neck has been a sign of mourning from even more ancient times; nevertheless, this expression had long baffled analysis, principally because of the use of the word "party," which usually means a large, merry gathering—although contemporary references indicate that the necking party never consisted of more than two. Doctor Smydh completely clears up this inconsistency by referring to the current superstitions that "misery loves company" and that "two is company, three is none." The visitor who wished to offer consolation for a loss or calamity, therefore, was careful to come to do his weeping strictly *à deux*. This discovery of Doctor Smydh's, by the way, also clears up that other puzzling phrase, "to throw a party," which is now seen to be a corruption of "to three a party," meaning to play the spoilsport and ruin a good time—in other words, to turn an assemblage into the proverbial "three" that is no longer "company."

Doctor Smydh's researches have opened to us a new and strange territory in this hitherto incomprehensible literature of the 1930's, and many students will doubtless turn to it with the expectation of finding extraordinary and highly interesting material.

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SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

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Goodbye, old-fashioned WASHDAY!

Make a New Year's resolution that will bring you the leisure and freedom now shared by eight million women

FREEDOM . . . precious new leisure . . . riddance of Home's most bothersome burden, washday . . . you'll expect to receive all these when you make a New Year's resolution to start sending your clothes to a present-day laundry. And you won't be disappointed.

But in addition, it will be our aim as Laundryowners to give you an agreeable surprise *in the way your washing is done.* Clean, fresh, long-lived clothes—due to the multiple-suds method—greater safety for dainty silks and rayons . . . added protection for delicate colorings . . . these are features of present-day laundry service that will yield an extra measure of satisfaction!

Don't let washday worries spoil a single day of the coming year! The laundry can mean so much to you in health and happiness!

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Call an up-to-date laundry in your community and bid farewell to drudgery . . . through all of 1931.

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

Above—the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

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KEEPING AMATEURS THAT WAY

(Continued from Page 29)

brought the game sharply to the fore in America by his astounding victory over Vardon and Ray in the 1913 National Open Golf Championship. He was suspended for entering the sporting-goods business.

Then there was the case of the late Walter J. Travis, one of the keenest minds in all golf, who was barred because he became a golf architect. Travis, too, was later reinstated. Miss Mary K. Browne, finalist in both tennis and golf, was suspended from amateur competition in both sports because she toured with professional tennis players in the winter of 1927. Today she is an amateur golfer in good standing, but apparently her amateurism does not extend to tennis.

The Amateur Athletic Union, which assumes jurisdiction over virtually all important branches of amateur non-collegiate sport, with the exception of golf, tennis and rowing, has been forced to solve many complex and frequently disturbing problems affecting the amateurism of athletes. Probably the most famous of these is the case of Jim Thorpe, Carlisle Indian athlete and Decathlon champion in the 1912 Olympics. After he had won the prize and international fame, Thorpe was barred from all amateur athletics as a result of evidence that while a student he had played summer baseball for pay. Naturally, all his prizes were returned, and Thorpe became a professional ball player.

Charlie Paddock has been the subject of much heavy pondering on the part of Amateur Athletic Union officials. Several of the decisions reached in his case remain puzzling not only to the public but to students of amateur athletic legislation themselves. Paddock, for example, acted with full sanction of the Amateur Athletic Union in a certain motion picture wherein he took the part of a track coach. But when he planned to appear in another picture portraying him as an actual runner and showing his famous stride, officials threatened suspension. The picture, incidentally, was never shown. Despite this decision, Paddock has been shown dozens of times in news reels. Since, however, athletes are not paid for such shots, it could not be charged, as it might have been in the former film, that he was capitalizing his reputation as an athlete.

On another occasion the question arose as to whether Paddock was violating the amateur code by writing articles and lecturing on the subject of sportsmanship. The famous star escaped discipline in this case after it had been demonstrated that this was the career he planned as a boy, and that his subsequent athletic prominence had been only incidental although helpful to that career. My own opinion is that Paddock writes, talks and acts exceedingly well, and would have won success along those lines whether he could do the century in 9⅗ seconds or in 15 flat.

It is the cases of so-called international amateurs like Paavo Nurmi and Charley Hoff that prematurely gray the hair of the Amateur Athletic Union officials. The hardy Norseman, Hoff, held a world pole-vault record in 1926 and came to America, like Nurmi, the Finn, to exhibit his skill at various meets. His managers were charged with collecting or attempting to collect more than was due in the way of authorized expenses, and the case came before the Amateur Athletic Union for investigation. While it was still under consideration, Hoff went on the stage, giving pole-vault exhibitions. That brought his career to an immediate close, not only here but in all European countries that coöperate with the Amateur Athletic Union.

Nurmi underwent a similar suspension pending an investigation of charges

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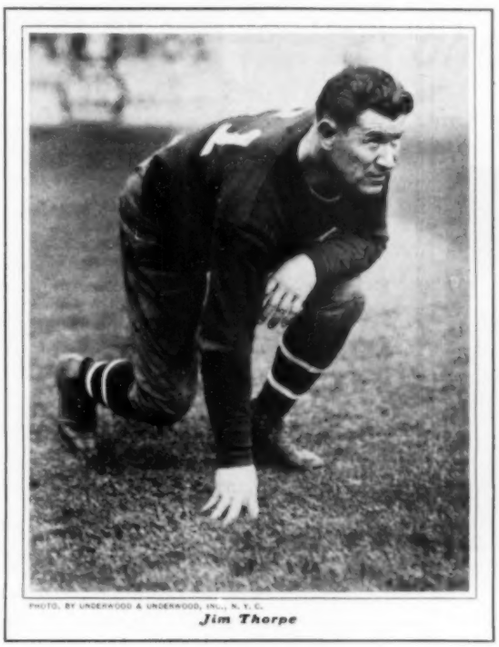
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

that his manager had demanded a large sum of money for his appearance in a Wisconsin meet. Investigation showed that the amount involved was reasonable and legitimate, since it covered the expenses of a number of other stars under the same manager's direction, and Nurmi's amateur standing was retained.

Visitors from across the Atlantic, like Nurmi and Dr. Paul Martin, the Swiss runner, can receive expenses for only twenty-one days while in a foreign country. This rule discouraged the Finnish and German teams from competing here last winter. If athletes defray their own expenses, however, their visits may be longer. In Olympic events the time limits are, of course, extended.

In spite of charges aired by the now famous Carnegie Foundation Report, the various organizations administering college athletics have promulgated and enforced many apparently harsh rules in the effort to keep collegiate sports above reproach. The Bruce Caldwell incident at Yale two years ago is typical of this form of discipline, although in that case the eligibility code was enforced by an individual university rather than by an association. Yale bars from its teams all boys who have played at other colleges. Caldwell, a brilliant back, was a transfer from Brown. On the eve of the important Princeton game, the fact that Caldwell had played for a few minutes as a substitute on a Brown freshman team was unexpectedly aired. In spite of protests from alumni and messages from rival teams requesting that Caldwell compete, he was barred by Yale athletic authorities from both the Princeton and Harvard games.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, INC., N. Y. C.

Jim Thorpe

Similarly drastic was the case of Oliver Cutts, one of Harvard's greatest football tackles during that now roseate period when I played college football. My own experience as an opponent prompts me to vouch for the clean sportsmanship and great ability of this star. Just before the Yale game Cutts was denounced as a professional, on the ground that while a prep-school instructor he had accepted money for giving a boy some lessons in boxing. He was thereafter declared ineligible to play on any Harvard team.

Barred From Competition

On another occasion Yale barred from competition five of its best athletes, including Harry Legore, famous fullback, because they had played summer ball on a Long Island team without first receiving permission from the faculty. The fact that none of the boys received pay or living expenses for their summer sport was not even considered in their favor.

The case of Elmer Thompson, a famous Cornell all-American guard, furnishes another example of the problems caused by various amateur rules. While Thompson was at Andover he received an offer to earn vacation money by accepting a position as a counselor in settlement work. Fearful that acceptance would damage his amateurism, he rejected the job and took another on an excavating operation for a subway, with a much smaller pay check. After some weeks of this work, he keeled over with a sunstroke.

Today his decision would be easier. Virtually all colleges permit undergraduates to work at summer camps and still play on their teams.

Author Athletes

Some universities bar any athletes who hold degrees. Thus, at the University of Pennsylvania all medical and law students are automatically ineligible for athletics because college degrees are required for admission to those graduate schools. The dental school, however, has a predental course of only two years, and dental students often play on teams. The explanation lies, of course, in the fact that such athletes use only one of their three eligible varsity years while in a general course, and thus have their second and third varsity years remaining while dental students.

Typical of the conflicts in various college codes is the fact that some of the smaller colleges permit freshmen to play on varsity teams, thus giving their students four years of competitive playing, while larger universities limit their activity to only three years. A few years ago Washington and Jefferson was among the colleges that permitted freshmen to play on the first team. Edgar Garbisch, known to all football enthusiasts, made the team as a freshman, played through four full years, then went to West Point, where he played four years more. Thus in his final year, as captain of the cadets, Garbisch, with eight years' college-football experience, was playing against men eligible, as a general rule, for only three years.

When I was head football coach at West Virginia University, there appeared for practice, as a freshman, Ira E. Rodgers, who had played on the Bethany College team for four years. That would have barred him for us had we not taken the Bureau of Education definition of a college as it then existed. One significant feature of that definition was that a college must have 150 male students. Bethany had a few less than this required number, and Rodgers, therefore, had not played on a college team. For four more years he played at West Virginia, earning a place as fullback on the all-American.

Summer baseball has been subjected to rigid legislation in the great majority of colleges. Yet, as has been indicated, it carries no penalty among colleges in the Rocky Mountain Conference.

A Yale story has been going the rounds as a result of the Carnegie Foundation Report. Eli, it will be remembered, received a high rating in that study for the excellence of its athletic code. Shortly after publication, an athlete alumnus discussed the subject with the chairman of the faculty committee. "I have just thought," the alumnus laughed, "of a wonderful slogan we can now use at the university. It should run like this: 'Yale will do everything possible to help a poor boy get an education—unless he is an athlete.'"

In all fields of amateur athletics the great popularity—and corresponding compensation—attached to newspaper and other articles written by famous stars has introduced new difficulties in the job of keeping amateurs amateur in spirit as well as in fact. In golf it is traditional for players to write. Virtually all former British champions, as well as many Americans, have boosted their incomes in this way. The United States Golf Association permits an amateur to write, but frowns on stuff that is instructive, on the logical grounds that teaching for money approaches professionalism. Tennis, too, permits writing by amateurs, although the author's title may not be used with his signature, and he may not report an event while he is a competitor. The Amateur Athletic Union has been stern in some of its edicts. When Jo Loomis, 100-yard-dash, 220-yard-low-hurdle and high-jump champion in 1914, began writing instructive articles, he was disciplined immediately. As explained by officials, this organization does not object to an athlete who pays his way by writing and receives what his writing is worth as such. It does discipline those who, after achieving stardom, change their professions to collect large sums as authors simply because their names have won prominence in athletics.

Amateur Committeemen

Now, what is the answer to all these contrasts, discrepancies and problems that confuse the enactment and enforcement of rules designed to keep the amateur's feet on the path of virtue? How can the welter of conflicting legislation be clarified into a few simple, inclusive and readily understandable laws and definitions?

The popular method of approaching the problem appears, to date, to be limited to the pastime of attacking those harassed officials who make and enforce the codes. This is not only futile but unjust. If the average sideline critic really studied the situation, he would probably be amazed to learn just how much sincere, able and unrewarded effort is given by such men in attempts to solve the problem of keeping true amateurism alive.

A common form of criticism takes this attitude: "Why shouldn't the stars get a good rakeoff in expense money or some other form of income for their playing? They are making lots of money and publicity for the moguls who run the games."

Such criticisms, like most generalizations, are wrong. With the exception of paid secretaries who do detail work, no committee member or official in the United States Golf and Tennis associations, or the Amateur Athletic Union, for example, profits financially from the games.

In fact, holding such office may prove an expensive pastime. The officials pay their own way to any tournaments they may attend, as well as to most executive-committee meetings. This, of course, does not apply to such actual tournament officials as starters, announcers, referees, and the like, some of whom are paid.

Local Option in Playing Codes

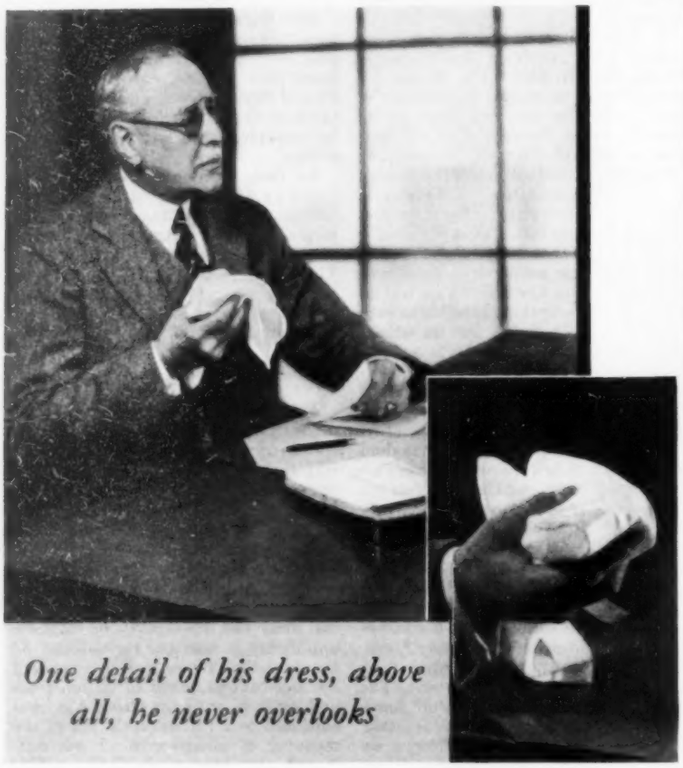
Various efforts have, in fact, been made by officials in all forms of amateur sports to enact an all-inclusive code. But they have failed, principally because the natures of the various sports and of their followers vary so widely. In this the code makers are not so different from the men we choose to enact our civil laws. One official recently described the situation to me in much the following words: "No one can deny the desirability of ultimate uniformity in amateur regulations. At the same time I wonder if it is not well for any central group to refrain from making laws until the public has been educated to a full appreciation of the meaning of amateurism. I am convinced that we cannot make people good by legislation, and it seems wisest for separate groups to enact their own rules rather than have some central organization prescribe rules for which all are not ready."

It might, perhaps, be argued that a group of men experienced in economic or political mediation could frame a code applying to all sports. Yet it has been truthfully said that the United States Golf Association—and probably tennis and track organizations too—can offer in court without cost, when necessary, the finest legal talent available.

Undoubtedly, many such friends of amateur athletics have pondered the problems involved without finding a satisfactory solution. Typical of this conflict of opinion is the fact that when one famous university president recently suggested that athletics accept the ideals of the Olympic games of early Greece, he was answered immediately by the erudite president of another famous university, who asserted that those ancient games frequently exemplified professionalism in its worst form.

In my own opinion official administrators of the various sports are meeting valiantly and sincerely the problems which confront them, in spite of the fact that public sentiment, naturally on the side of the spectacular player who furnishes the thrill, is so often inimical. But whatever codes are enacted, whatever rules enforced, the continuance of pure amateurism must depend in the end on the integrity and innate decency of the athlete himself. That, it seems to me, is his little responsibility to the public which accords him fame, as well as to the boy who makes him a hero and a model.

NOTE THIS *about the* Man of Big Affairs



One detail of his dress, above all, he never overlooks

SUCCESSFUL men—the executives of America's important enterprises—have one habit in common. They are extremely careful of the impression they make on others. For they know how seriously a business or social contact may be strained by a seemingly trivial lapse of personal neatness.

Especially is your man of big affairs painstaking about this one social nicety—his handkerchiefs. The two or three he carries in his pockets are immaculate. He plays safe because he never knows when a handkerchief may be needed—when a soiled or mussy handkerchief may offend. He knows that a fresh white handkerchief, peeking out of the breast pocket, is the finishing touch of the well-groomed.

On your way, freshen up

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NEXT WEEK

TARIFF TINKERING

By U. S. Senator David A. Reed

As told to *Theodore A. Huntley*

His state's vital interest in the tariff has given Senator Reed a close-up of tariff-making machinery. In the first of two articles he explains how and why so many wielders of monkey wrenches have a hand in the final product. And his conclusion is that a trial will demonstrate the essential soundness of the present tariff.

LÉGENDE

By Eleanor Mercein

This is the story of Nacio's opera and a girl's sacrifice for love of him. Mariflor, on the road to operatic fame, turns back in response to a stronger urge.

ALL CONFUSED

By Horatio Winslow

Sitting down to play poker with Bill Wordsworth, a fellow called Coleridge and a man named Shelley would confuse any young poet. But Wordsworth's beautiful daughter believed in him and taught him how to double or quit.

IF THE AMERICANS HAD NOT BEEN DISCOUNTED AS AMATEURS

By Captain Liddell Hart

The untried American Intelligence Division maintained that the new German attack would strike at Paris, but the French didn't believe them—and guessed wrong. What did happen at the Chemin des Dames in May, 1918, and what might have happened if the French had listened to our Intelligence officers is told in a dramatic article by a recognized military expert.

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by Clarence Budington Kelland, Roland Pertwee, Maude Parker, C. E. Scoggins, Ben Ames Williams, Will Payne, Kenneth Coolbaugh and Kenneth L. Roberts.

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1. Rich heat-resisting lubricating film	This should spread rapidly to all moving parts.	Required for proper lubrication
2. Proper viscosity	For cylinders, pistons, rings, bearings, timing gears and chains.	Necessary to prevent friction and wear
3. Minimum carbon deposits	Whatever carbon is formed should be soft and non-abrasive.	Required to maintain a clean motor
4. Freedom from wax (low pour test)	Wax solidifies the oil at low temperatures. It decomposes at high temperatures and forms hard flint-like carbon.	Necessary to prevent sticky valves and stuck rings

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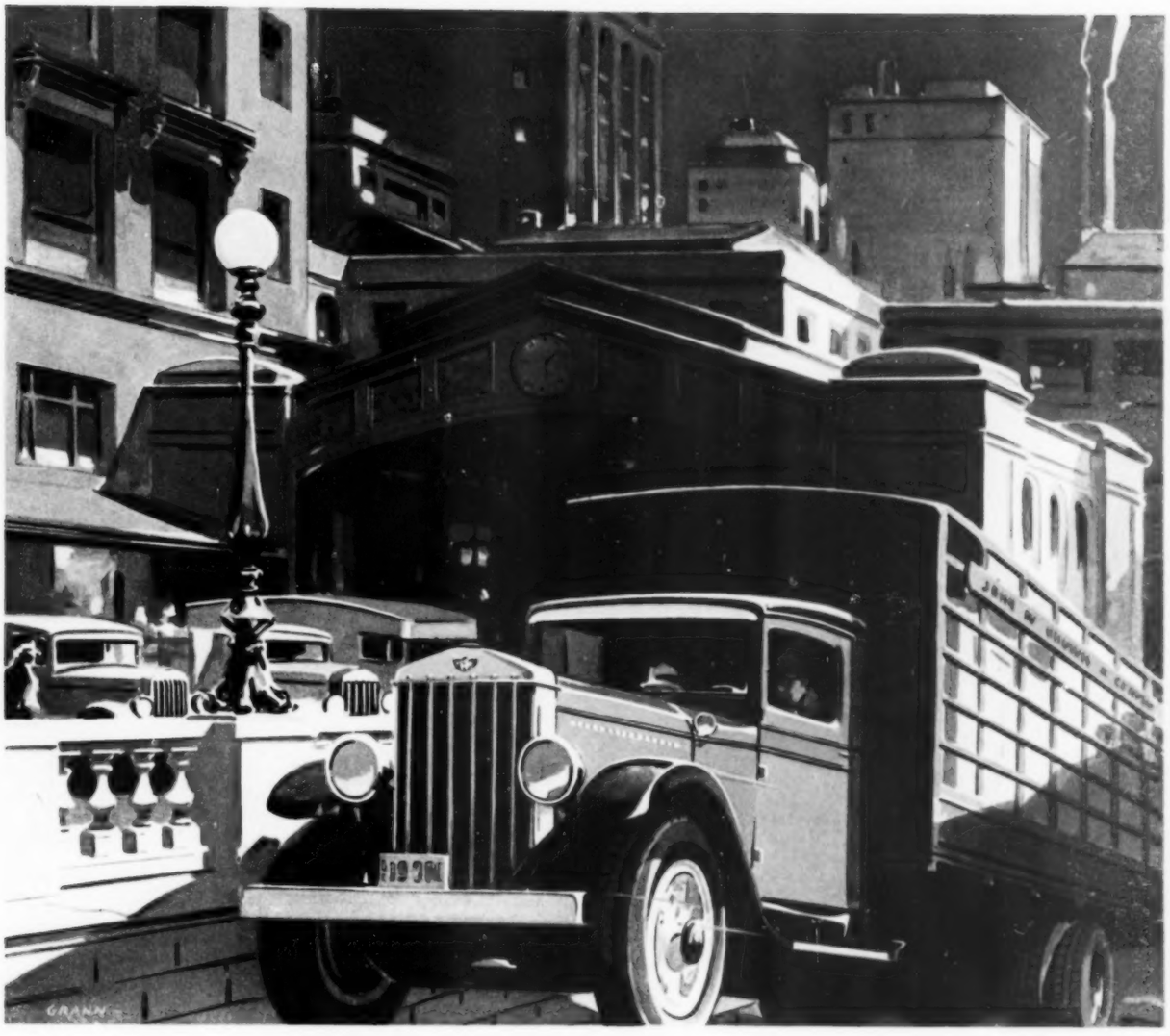

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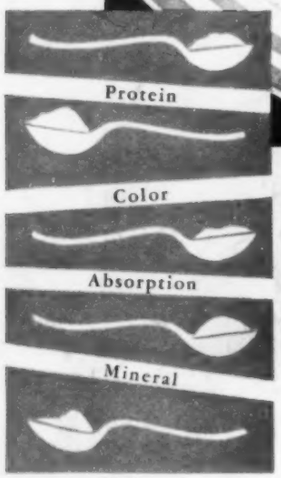

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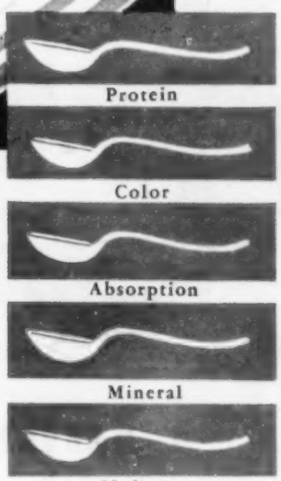

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